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THE

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY,

OR

ANTIQUITIES OF THE WEST:

AND

PIONEER HISTORY AND GENERAL AND LOCAL STATISTICS

COMPILED FROM THE

WESTERN GENERAL ADVERTISER,

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BY CHARLES CIST.

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CINCINNATI MISCELLANY.

CINCINNATI, OCTOBER, 1845. 816461

Estill's Defeat.

One of the most remarkable pioneer fights, in the history of the West, was that waged by Captain James Estill, and seventeen of his associates on the 22d March, 1782, with a party of Wyandot Indians, twenty-five in number. Sixty three years almost, have elapsed since; yet one of the actors in that sanguinary struggle, Rev. Joseph Proctor, of Estill county Ky., survived to the 2d Dec. last, dying in the full enjoyment of his faculties in the 90th year of his age. His wife, the partner of his early privations and toils, and nearly as old as himself, deceased six months previously.

On the 19th March, 1782, Indian rafts without any one on them, were seen floating down the Kentucky river, past Boonsborough. Intelligence of this fact was immediately despatched by Col. Logan to Capt. Estill, at his station fifteen miles from Boonsborough, and near the present site of Richmond, Kentucky, together with a force of fifteen men, who were directed to march from Lincoln county to Estill's assistance, instructing Capt. Estill, if the Indians had not appeared there, to scour the country with a reconnoitring party, as it could not be known at what point the attack would be made.

Estill lost not a moment in collecting a force to go in search of the savages, not doubting, from his knowledge of the Indian character, that they designed an immediate blow at his or some of the neighboring stations. From his own and the nearest stations, he raised twenty-five men. Joseph Procter was of the number. Whilst Capt. Estill and his men were on this expedition, the Indians suddenly appeared around his station at the dawn of day, on the 20th of March, killed and scalped Miss Innes, daughter of Captain Innes, and took Munk, a slave of Capt. Estill, captive. The Indians immediately and hastily retreated, in consequence of a highly exaggerated account which Munk gave them of the strength of the station, and number of fighting men in it. No sooner had the Indians commenced their retreat, than the women in the fort (the men being all absent except one of the sick list) despatched two boys, the late Gen. Samuel South and Peter Hacket, to take the trail of Capt. Estill and his men, and, overtaking them, give information of what had occurred at the fort. The boys succeeded in coming up with Capt. Estill early on the morning of the 21st, between the mouths of Drowning creek and Red river. After a short search, Capt. Estill's party struck the trail of the retreating Indians. It was resolved at once to make pursuit, and no time was lost in doing so. Five men of the party, however, who had families in the fort, feeling uneasy for their safety, and unwilling to trust their defence to the few who remained there, returned to the fort, leaving Capt. Estill's party, thirty-five in number. These pressed the pursuit of the retreating Indians, as rapidly as possible, but night coming on they encamped near the *Little Mountain*, at present the site of *Mount Sterling*. Early next morning, they put forward, being obliged to leave ten of the men behind, whose horses were too jaded to travel farther. They had not proceeded far until they discovered by fresh tracks of the Indians, that they were not far distant. They then marched in four lines until about an hour before sun set, when they discovered six of the savages helping themselves to rations from the body of a buffalo, which they had killed. The company was ordered to dismount. With the usual impetuosity of Kentuckians, some of the party fired without regarding orders, and the Indians fled. One of the party, a Mr. David Cook, who acted as ensign, exceedingly ardent and active, had proceeded in advance of the company, and seeing an Indian halt, raised his gun and fired. At the same moment another Indian crossed on the opposite side, and they were both levelled with the same shot. This occurring in view of the whole company, inspired them all with a high degree of ardor and confidence. In the meantime, the main body of the Indians had heard the alarm and returned, and the two hostile parties exactly matched in point of numbers, having twenty-five on each side, were now face to face. The ground was highly favorable to the Indian mode of warfare; but Capt. Estill and his men, without a moment's hesitation, boldly and fearlessly commenced an attack upon them, and the latter as boldly and fearlessly (for they were picked warriors) engaged in the bloody combat. It is, however, disgraceful to relate that, at the very onset of the action, Lieut. Miller, of Capt. Estill's party, with six men under his command, "ingloriously fled" from the field, thereby placing in jeopardy the whole of their comrades, and causing the death of many brave soldiers. Hence, Estill's party numbered eighteen, and the Wyandots twenty-five.

The flank becoming thus unprotected, Capt. Estill directed Cook with three men to occupy Miller's station, and repel the attack in that quarter to which this base act of cowardice exposed the whole party. The Ensign with his party were taking the position assigned, when

one of them discovered an Indian and shot him, and the three retreated to a little eminence whence they thought greater execution could be effected with less danger to themselves, but Cook continued to advance without noticing the absence of his party until he had discharged his gun with effect, when he immediately retreated, but after running some distance to a large tree, for the purpose of shelter in firing, he unfortunately got entangled in the tops of fallen timber, and halting for a moment, received a ball which struck him just below the shoulder blade, and came out below his collar bone. In the mean time, on the main field of battle, at the distance of fifty yards, the fight raged with great fury, lasting one hour and three quarters. On either side wounds and death were inflicted, neither party advancing or retreating. "Every man to his man, and every man to his tree."—Capt. Estill at this period was covered with blood from a wound received early in the action; nine of his brave companions lay dead upon the field; and four other were so disabled by their wounds, as to be unable to continue the fight. Capt. Estill's fighting men were now reduced to four. Among this number was Joseph Proctor.

Capt. Estill, the brave leader of this Spartan band, was now brought into personal conflict with a powerful and active Wyandot warrior.—The conflict was for a time fierce and desperate, and keenly and anxiously watched by Proctor, with his finger on the trigger of his unerring rifle. Such, however, was the struggle between these fierce and powerful warriors, that Proctor could not shoot without greatly endangering the safety of his captain. Estill had had his righ arm broken the preceding summer in an engagement with the Indians; and, in the conflict with the warrior on this occasion, that arm gave way, and in an instant his savage foe buried his knife in Capt. Estill's breast; but in the very same moment, the brave Proctor sent a ball from his rifle to the Wyandot's heart. The survivors then drew off as by mutual consent.—Thus ended this memorable battle. It wanted nothing but the circumstance of numbers to make it the most memorable in ancient or modern times. The loss of the Indians, in killed and wounded, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers after the shameful retreat of Miller, was even greater than that of Capt. Estill.

It was afterwards ascertained by prisoners who were recaptured from the Wyandot, that seventeen of the Indians had been killed, and two severely wounded. This battle was fought on the same day, with the disastrous battle of the Blue licks, March 22d, 1782.

There is a tradition derived from the Wyandot towns, after the peace, that but one of the warriors engaged in this battle ever returned to his nation. It is certain that the chief who led on the Wyandots with so much desperation, fell in the action. Throughout this bloody engagement the coolness and bravery of Proctor were unsurpassed. But his conduct after the battle has always, with those acquainted with it, elicited the warmest commendation. He brought off the field of battle, and most of the way to the station, a distance of forty miles, on his back, his badly wounded friend, the late brave Col. Wm. Irvine, so long and so favorably known in Kentucky.

In an engagement with the Indians at the Pickaway towns, on the Great Miami, Proctor killed an Indian Chief. He was a brave soldier, a stranger to fear, and an ardent friend to the institutions of his country. He made three campaigns into Ohio, in defence of his country and in suppressing Indian wars. He had fought side by side with Col. Daniel Boone, Col. Calloway, and Col. Logan.

He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in a fort in Madison county, Ky., under the preaching of Rev. James Hawkes. He was ordained by Bishop Asbury in Clarke County, Ky., 1809. He had been a local preacher more than half a century, and an exemplary member of the Church for sixty-five years.

He was buried with military honors. The several military companies of Madison and Estill counties, with their respective officers, and more than a thousand citizens, marched in solemn procession to the grave.

City Changes.

The changes which the surfaces of cities undergo in the lapse of time, from the appearances they presented in a state of nature, are inconceivable to those who contemplate merely the present scene. No one would suppose by the existing surface of the intersection of Market and Fourth street, Philadelphia, that a water course ever ran there. Equally remarkable are some of the changes which fifty years, and even less have wrought on the surface of Cincinnati. in the early part of the present century, Broadway, opposite John's cabinet warehouse, was the centre of a pond, three or four acres in extent to which the early settlers resorted to shoot ployers.

The original level of Main street, on the hill may be judged by observing the range of the windows in the second story of the saddler shop and store of J. S. Fountain, next door to the South-East corner of Main and Fourth streets. If the window nearest Fourth street be narrowly examined, it will be discerned to have been once a door, of which the lower part is now built up, and it needed, as may be noticed from the general level beyond Fourth street, but a step or

two to bring the occupant to the level of the street, as it originally stood. In the final grading of Main street, it will be seen that Major Ferguson who built, and still owns the premises, has been constrained to accommodate himself to that grade, by converting the space below into a regular story. The general level of upper Main Street, extended as far south as nearly the line of Third street, part of the original surface of the ground being preserved in some of the yards north of Third street to this date.—It will readily be imagined what an impediment the bluff bank overhanging the lower ground to the south, and repeatedly caving in on it, must have created to the intercourse between the two great divisions of the city,—hill and bottom.—But this statement, if it were to end here, would not give an adequate idea how far the brow of the hill overhung the bottom region, for it must be observed, that while the hill projected nearly forty feet above the present level where its edge stood: the ground on Main street opposite Pearl and Lower Market streets, corresponded with the general level of those streets, which must have been between thirteen and fourteen feet below the present grade. The whole ground from the foot of the hill was a swamp, fed partly from a cove which put in from the Ohio near what is now Harkness' foundry, and in high water filled the whole region from the hill to within about one hundred and fifty yards of the Ohio in that part of the city, from Walnut to Broadway,—in early days the dwelling ground, principally, of the settlers, as it still is the most densely built on and valuable part of Cincinnati.

One of the first brick houses put up in this city, is the well known *Hopple* tobacco establishment on Lower Market street, still standing, and occupied in that line. This building, though of brick, and three stories high also, one of those stories being covered over in the repeated fillings up of Lower Marker street, *is built upon boat gunnels.* The building was put up under the superintendence of Caspar Hopple, still living, and a fine specimen of the early pioneers; and a little incident in its history may be worth recording in illustration of the point I started with, the changes of grades and surfaces which city improvements have wrought. Fourteen feet above what then constituted the sill of his door, he placed the joists of the next story, and while that tier was laying, our old fellow citizen *Jonathan Pancoast* passed by, and after gazing at the improvement, without comprehending its design, asked of Mr. Hopple what he meant by what he was doing. Mr. H. observed that as accurately as he could judge, that would be the proper range of the floor, when Lower Market street would be filled to its proper level, to correspond with what he supposed would prove the final grade of Main street, opposite.—When the first filling of Lower Market street took place, Mr. H. was compelled to convert some five feet deep of the lower story into a cellar, to which he had access by a trap door still in existence, and after the establishment at the present grade, of that street, the level at which he had built his joists, corresponded exactly to its purpose, giving him a sill at his door and a cellar of the ordinary depth with one, as already described, below it.

Nearly opposite on the West side of Main st., on the scite of J. S. Bates & Co's. hat warehouse, Capt. Hugh Moore, another of our surviving pioneers, had a building occupied by him as a store for the sale of such goods as were required by the wants of the early settlers. This was an erection of boat planks for the inside walls, lined with poplar boards, with boat gunnels also for foundation. The building was perhaps thirty-six feet deep, and twenty in front. A clapboard roof sheltered its inmates from the weather. This was the only building Mr. Moore was able to secure for his purpose, houses and stores being as difficult to obtain in those days as at present. When he had bargained for the house, which he rented at 100 dollars per annum, and which with the lot 100 feet on Main, by 200 on Pearl street, he was offered in fee simple at 350 dollars, he brought the flat boat which was loaded with his storegoods from the Ohio, via. Hobson's choice, not far from Mill street, up Second or Columbia streets, and fastened the boat to a stake near the door, as nearly as can be judged, the exact spot where *the museum lamp post now stands, at the corner of Main and Pearl streets.* It would be as difficult for the new comer to Cincinnati, to comprehend and realize this, as for the settlers of those days to have anticipated the changes which have been made in that region, as vast if not as rapid as those effected by the *genii* of *Aladdin and his lamp.*

The First Currency of the West.

In the early days of Cincinnati, as throughout the whole West, considerable difficulty existed in making change. The first currency was raccoon and other skins. This lasted but a short time, the establishment of the garrison and the campaigns against the Indians bringing a fair supply of specie into the country. This being however, either gold or Spanish dollars, did not relieve the natural difficulty of making change in the same currency. In this perplexity, the early settlers *coined* cut money, that is to say the dollar was cut into four equal parts, worth 25 cents each, or again divided for 12½ ct. pieces. This was soon superceded by a new, and more

profitable emission from the same mint, which formed an additional quarter, or two additional eighths *to pay the expense of coinage*. This last description of change, which was nicknamed *sharp shins*, from its wedge shape, became speedily as redundant as were the dimes in 1841, when they ceased to pass eight and nine for a dollar, and of course equally unpopular. I remember as late as 1806, that the business house in Philadelphia in which I was apprentice, received over one hundred pounds of cut silver, brought on by a Kentucky merchant, which went up on a dray under my care to the United States mint for recoinage, greatly to the loss and vexation of the Western merchant. Smaller sums than 12½ cts. were given out by the retailers of goods, in pins, needles, writing paper &c. Bartle who kept store on the scite of the Cincinnati Hotel, had a barrel of copper coins brought out in 1794, which so exasperated his brother storekeepers that they had almost mobbed him, and the same feeling of contempt for copper money existed here in those days, which even yet exposes a storekeeper to insult in offering them to a certain description of customers.

Early Military Posts.

The following notes are dated Fort McIntosh. This was one of a chain of Posts first established in early days, for the defence of the Western Frontiers, extending defence for the settlements of which Fort Ligonier Penna. was the easternmost point, and Fort Finney at Jeffersonville, was the termination at the west. The immediate succession west of Ligonier were Forts Pitt —now Pittsburgh. McIntosh—on the Ohio between Pittsburgh and Beaver; and Harmar at the mouth of the Muskingum river, opposite Marietta.

Major J. P. Wyllys to Lieut John Armstrong.

FORT McINTOSH, April 29, 1785.

SIR:

I can send you but five men to relieve your party, which must answer until the arrival of more troops, which can not be long. I wish you to send on the men belonging to the three companies at this port, by Mr. O'Hara's large boat, which will be down to-morrow. Maj. Doughty will be at Fort Pitt in order to inspect the military stores there. You will doubtless afford him every assistance in your power,

I am sir, with esteem,
your most ob't and humble serv't.
J. P. WYLLYS, Maj. Comd.

Major N. Fish to Capt. Armstrong.

FORT McINTOSH, May 31, 1785.

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 29th inst. I have received, and thank you for your attention to the business therein mentioned. Your little council with the Indians, and gratuity made to them meet my approbation; and I am well pleased to find that you have got rid of them upon so easy terms.

I have been engaged here in a similar way.—Scotash, a Wyandot Chief, son of the half king of that nation, together with two Delawares and a Mingo, have been in council with me these two days, and are very friendly. I have promised them six pounds of tobacco, and some Wampum, which cannot be obtained at this Garrison. I have therefore directed them to apply at Fort Pitt, and beg you to procure those articles of the contractor or elsewhere, and deliver them to the bearer.

Don't suffer any disappointment to take place, but at all events let the tobacco and a string of Wampum be furnished them.

I am sir, your most ob't.
and humble servant,
N. FISH.

P. S. You will please to furnish them with provisions during their stay at Fort Pitt, and about eight days allowance when they depart to subsist them on their journey.

Major G. Doughty to Captain Armstrong.

McINTOSH, 4th May, 1786.

MY DEAR SIR:

I am this moment embarking for Muskingum, I have to request you will hand the enclosed to Col. Harmar and Capt. Ferguson on their arrival.

Maj. Wyllys tells me you have some paper, which was drawn for the Garrison of Muskingum; he says it was sent to you to be exchanged; be so good as to send it to Muskingum the first opportunity, there is not a sheet at that Post. Maj. Craig has promised to send me some as soon as it arrives. I wish you to jog his memory, lest he should forget.

God bless you
my dear sir, adieu,
G. DOUGHTY.

Maj. J. F. Hamtramck to Capt. Armstrong, Commander at Fort Pitt.

McINTOSH, May 22nd., '86.

SIR:

I will be obliged to you if you will send me by the first opportunity (if you have them in public store) two sithes and hangings, two pick-axes, one dozen of fascine hatchets, four spades or shovels, and six planting hoes. We are going to work at a garden.

I have the honor to be sir,
your most obedient,
J. F. HAMTRAMCK.

A Proclamation.

By William Henry Harrison, Major General in the army of the United States, and commanding the eighth Military District.

An armistice having been concluded between the United States and the tribes of Indians, called Miamies, Potawatomies, Weas, Eel River Miamies, Ottoways, Chippeways and Wyandots, to continue until the pleasure of the former shall be known, I do hereby make known, the same to all whom it may concern. This armistice is preparatory to a general council, to be held with the different tribes; and until its termination, they have been permitted to retire to their hunting grounds, and there remain unmolested, if they behave themselves peaceably. They have surrendered into our hands, hostages from each tribe, and have agreed immediately to restore all our prisoners in their possession, and to unite with us in the chastisement of any Indians, who may commit any aggressions upon our frontiers. Under these circumstances, I exhort our citizens, living upon the frontiers to respect the terms of the said armistice, and neither to engage in, nor countenance any expedition against their persons nor property, leaving to the Government, with whom the Constitution has left it, to pursue such course with respect to the Indians, as they may think most compatible with sound policy, and the best interest of the country.

Done at Detroit, this 16th day of Oct. 1813.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

[SEAL.]

A true copy.

C. S. Todd.—Extra A D Camp.

Col. John Armstrong.

In one of his memorandum books—1782 he says:

"Oct. 31st, at 3 o'clock P. M., marched from Harrison to *Cabin* point, in Surry county, 12 miles, and pitched tents at 8 o'clock P. M. 1st Sept. at 10 o'clock A. M., marched 12 miles to Surry Court House. The recrossing the James River, and marching this route, was in consequence of an account that a French fleet was in the bay; at 10 o'clock the account was confirmed by a letter to Gen. Wayne—2nd, marched 6 miles to Cabin point; at 10 o'clock A. M. two frigates and thirty boats made their appearance, and at 10 o'clock P. M. the French landed 3000 men on James Island—3rd, at 9 o'clock A. M., went on board the French boats and crossed the James River—at this place the river is 3 miles wide, and took a position between Green Spring and James Town, leaving our baggage and tents standing on the other side of the river with one Virginia regiment to assist in transporting over. At 5 o'clock P. M. there came on a heavy rain, the troops marched one mile to Green Spring, where we lay without shelter after getting very wet. 4th, marched at 5 o'clock A. M., 8 miles to Williamsburgh, James City county, where we were reviewed by the French General—at night retired into the College. 5th, marched one mile back in order to give the men an opportunity of washing their linen—where we lay without shelter. 6th, marched through Williamsburg to Burrill's mills, 5 miles into York county—the morning of the 7th, the enemy's horse came up to our pickets but were obliged to retire, leaving one sword, cloak, and pistol. 8th, at 10 o'clock A. M. was relieved by a detachment commanded by Gen. Muhlenburgh—marched 6 miles in rear of Williamsburgh, and formed a junction with the light infantry, and French troops—at 9 o'clock P. M. was alarmed by two of the French centinels firing—false alarm. 9th, at 10 o'clock A. M. received our tents and baggage, and encamped. At 5 o'clock P. M. was reviewed after which the American officers marched in a body to the French camp, and were introduced by the Marquis La Fayette to Major Gen. St. Simon, and others of the French gentlemen.

"Virginia, Sept. 19, 1782. Pierce Butler Dr. one Beaver Hat on a bet respecting the surrender of Lord Cornwallis."

1781.

In his orderly book is found dated Hd. Qrs. 8th July, 1781.

The General in acknowledging the spirit of the detachment commanded by Gen. Wayne, in their engagement with the total of the British Army, of which he happened to be an eye witness. He requests Gen, Wayne and the officers and men under his command, to receive his best thanks. For the bravery & destructive fire of the Riflemen engaged, rendered essential service. The brilliant conduct of Major Galvan, and the continental detachment under his command entitle them to applause.

The conduct and exertions of the field and other officers of the Pennsylvania line, are rare instances of their gallantry and talents, &c.

Camp Cooper's Mills, 9th July, 1781.

Gen. Wayne's orders. It is with the highest pleasure that Gen. Wayne acknowledges the intrepidity and fortitude with which the advance corps composed of between 7 and 800 men under his command attacked the whole British army on their own ground, and in their own encampment, and from that emulation and firmness so conspicuous in every officer, and soldier belonging to the cavalry, artillery, infantry and riflemen, the General is confident, that had the whole army been within supporting distance, victory would have inclined to our arms &c.

Head Qrs. Williamsburgh, 8th Sept. Here [illegible]

lows the Gen. order of Lafayette.

"Oct. 20. 1781. The General congratulates the army upon the glorious result of yesterday, the generous proof which his christian majesty has given of his attachment to the cause of America must force conviction in the minds of the most decided among the enemy, relatively to the decisive good consequences of these alliances, and inspire every citizen of these States with sentiments of the most unalterable gratitude."

He was at West Point 5th Aug., 1779.

Carlisle, 24th June, 1782. In Virginia 19th April, 1782.

Wyoming, 24th March, 1784, and up to 20th April, 1784.

Commands at Pitt, Dec., 1785 to March 1786.

On 15th Dec. 1785, he is ordered to the command of Fort Pitt, and remains till some time in 1786, when he is ordered to the command of Fort Finney Rapids of Ohio.

Commands at Fort Finney, Aug. 1786.

Fort Hamilton, 1791, 2d and 3d.

A Genuine Scene with Abernethy.

About a year and a half before the death of Mr. Abernethy, a big fellow, a clerk in a brewer's establishment, went to consult that eminent man, when the following conversation took place between them:—The patient, who had a very crazy frame, but a sound understanding, said, upon entering the parlor, and seeing a little odd looking man with the knees of his breeches loose, I want to speak to Dr. Abernethy. Doctor—I am no doctor; what brings you here? I came for advice to be sure. You don't think I came to ask you how you do? Hah! muttered Abernethy, evidently pleased with meeting a congenial customer; no, I hope not; but there's no use of your coming to me for advice—you won't take it. Yes I will. I'll be hang'd if you do. I'll be hang'd if I dont. What trade are you?—A butcher, or a publican or a coster-monger? Not a bit of it; you're all wrong; I am a brewer's clerk.—What they call a broad cooper? I am a collecting clerk. Worse and worse. Nothing can satisfy fellows of your kind, you'll drink beer till you burst.

Show me your tongue. The patient immediately obeyed, by lolling a large yellow, furry tongue over his chin. Bad, said Mr. Abernethy, very bad. You were drunk last night? No, I wasn't. So much the worse, for the state of your tongue must then proceed from habitual drinking.

You are always drunk, and you don't know it. You drink what you fellows call "heavy wet!" No, I don't. I drink ale, because I wish to serve my employers. To serve your employers! Then you pay for what you drink? No, I don't. I happen to be in one of the first houses in London. Then if you stay much longer with them, they will be one of the last. Here (pulling some of his *specific* pills out of a drawer,) take one of these every other night, and diminish your ale from gallons to half-pints. But you won't remember what I say to you?—Yes, I will. No, you won't. You have no memory. I have as good a memory as you.—I'll get off a hundred lines in Milton's Paradise Lost, with you any day. Aye. Pandemonium? You are always dreaming of the devil and all his angels; isn't that it? No, it isn't; but I often feel a palpitation of the heart, or the headache, without being a bit lumpy. Nonsense! How can a fellow who lives upon ale, have either head or heart? You have stomach and guts enough. Really, sir, I get very much depressed, particularly when I can't get in the debts of the house. It is always cold morning with me then. Well, I advise you to take the pills, and take exercise, and have mercy upon your employers and yourself. Good morning. As the patient was walking out of the room, Mr. Abernethy said—Stay, where are you doing business? Over the water. Well, take a cab. Why so? You just said exercise is good for me. Yes, but between this and your place of business, there are twenty public houses, I am greatly afraid of the shortness of your memory. When shall I call again? Do as I tell you, and I never need see your face more. I'll come, if I don't improve, but I trust we shall never meet again this side of the grave. If ever we do, I hope you'll repeat the hundred lines from Milton, I'll be gatisfied with that instead of a fee. There, (ringing the bell and whistling,) that'll do, but give me another call.

French Police.

The French Police is very indifferent, except for political purposes, then it is unrivalled, and go in what circle of society one may, he never can be certain that any expressions he may drop against the powers that are, will not be duly communicated, and registered against him at the *Quai de Jerusalem*. One of the most popular saloons of the fauxbourg St. Germain, is that of Madame Delamarque; it is a sort of neutral ground where men of all parties meet & converse freely on the prominent topics of the day.—Colonel Rattin, one of those worthies who gained their epaulets in the Spanish Legion, recently obtained the *entree*, but on his first appearance the busy tongue of scandal whispered that he was a *Mouchard*; or, to speak more plainly, a public spy. The hostess perceived the sensation created by her new guest, and was indignant when she learned the cause. "He shall leave the house," said she, "unless he gives a perfect explanation;" and forthwith gave him an invitation to follow her to her boudoir, where she at once broached the matter. "Colonel, I do not wish to offend you, nor know how to express myself, but these people say you are sent here —by—the" "Go on, Madame, you excite my curiosity." "Oh, I really cannot believe it, but they say you are sent here by the Police."—"Indeed, Madame, nothing can be truer."—"And you have the effrontery to avow it?"—"Yes, Madame, I am sent here to ascertain—" "To ascertain! it is infamous." "Hear me, Madame, to ascertain *if you earn the fifteen thousand francs which the Police pay you for spying your guests.*" "Ah! you know it?" "Pshaw, Madame, is it not my business? Madame Delamarque re-entered her drawing-room some few minutes afterwards, leading by the hand the Colonel, upon whose countenance was painted wronged innocence. "Ladies and gentlemen," said she, "I have had a perfect explanation with the Colonel, and am happy to say that the report concerning him is groundless. I answer for him—*as for myself.*"

Cincinnati--Its Name and Plat.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 5th. 1844.

DEAR SIR:—

At the close of a conversation which passed between us a few weeks since respecting the original plan and name of the place, which is now familiarly called the Queen City of the West; you requested me to furnish you with such reminiscences in relation to that subject as my early residence in the West might enable me to give.

You are aware that I was not among the first adventurers to the Miami Valley. When the settlement of it began I had not finished my education; but I commenced my journey to join the little band of adventurers as soon as my professional studies were closed, which was in the Spring, after the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, had terminated the Indian war: of course the town had been laid out and the settlement of it commenced, before my arrival. It had, however, made but little progress, either in population or improvement; though it contained a larger number of inhabitants than any other American Village in the territory, excepting Marietta; and if you take into the account, the officers and soldiers of the garrison, and others attached to the army, it very much exceeded the population of that place.

Most of the persons who saw the town laid out, and put up the first cabins erected in it, were here when I came, and were my earliest companions and associates. Without professing an unusual share of curiosity, it is natural to suppose, that I learnt from them, correctly, the few and simple historical facts of the place which for good or ill, I had selected for life as my residence. By way of comparison it may be said, that the facts connected with the recent location of the Cincinnati Observatory—the donation made by our distinguished fellow-citizen N. Longworth Esq—the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the edifice, by the venerable sage and patriot of Quincy, and the name of Mount Adams then publicly given to it, are not more distinctly known, as matters of history, than were the facts of the laying out, establishing and naming of the town of Cincinnati, at the time to which I refer. They were a subject of enquiry by every stranger who came to the place, and every person in the village could recite them. There was but one version of the story, which was this, that M. Denman of New Jersey entered into a contract with Col. Robert Patterson of Lexington, and John Filson, a Surveyor in the employ of Judge Symmes, to lay out the land opposite the mouth of Licking river, then the exclusive property of M. Denman. A plat of the contemplated town was made out and Losantiville agreed upon as its name; but before any step was taken to carry that contract into effect, and before a chain had been stretched on the ground, Mr. Filson was killed by the Indians, not having done any thing to fulfil his part of the contract; in consequence of which it was forfeited, and the projected town fell through. This is all that was ever done towards the establishment of a town by the name of Losantiville, yet as was natural the settlement then just beginning, was for some time, called by the intended name of the projected town.

Early in the next season, Mr. Denman entered into a new contract with Col. Patterson and Israel Ludlow, to lay out a town on the same ground, but on a different plan from the one formerly agreed upon. To that town they gave the name of Cincinnati, and by that name it was surveyed and known in the fall of 1789.

I was informed by Judge Turner, one of the earliest adventurers to the West, that he had seen both plats, and that the general outline and plan of division were nearly the same in both, but that the first or Filson plat, to which the name of Losantiville was to have been given, set apart two entire blocks for the use of the town, and that it gave as a public common, all the ground between Front street and the river, extending from Eastern Row to Western Row, then the extreme boundaries of the town plat: and it is impressed upon my mind, though I cannot say what caused that impression, that on the first or Filson plat, Front street was laid down nearer to the river, or made more southing in its course Westward, than we find it on the plat of Cincinnati. I was also informed that some of the names which had been selected for streets of the Losantiville plan, were given to streets on the plan of Cincinnati, and that others were rejected. This circumstance may account for a fact, which is no doubt remembered by many now living in the city, that after Joel Williams had become proprietor, by purchasing the right of Mr. Denman, and had determined to claim the public common, as private property, an unsuccessful effort was made to change the names of some of the streets on the genuine plat of Cincinnati by substituting others, taken from the plat of Filson. That attempt created some temporary difficulty in the minds of persons not correctly informed, as to the true history of the town, and many took the precaution of inserting both the names in their deeds and contracts.

But independent of these facts, it must be evident that the name of the town could not have been changed after the town had been established, named and surveyed. The territorial statute of December, 1800, which I advocated and voted for in the Legislative Council, made it

the duty of the proprietors of every town which had been laid out in the territory, before that time, to cause a true and correct map, or plat thereof to be recorded in the Recorder's office of the county in which it lay, within one year after the passage of the act, under a heavy penalty.

The name of the town constitutes as important a part of the plat of it, as the names of the streets or the numbers of lots, and the title to property acquired in it, is affected as much by error, mistake or uncertainty, in the one, as in the other; it was therefore considered important for the security of property holders that a true record should be made of these matters, and of every thing else appertaining to the plat, precisely as they were when the town was established and the sale of the lots commenced. Hence, the law required a true and correct plat—in other words, the original plat, without change or variation, to be recorded.

When the plan of Cincinnati was recorded by Israel Ludlow in 1801—the original proprietors were all living, he being one of them. It is therefore impossible to suppose, that he did not know what the original plat contained—or that he acted without authority—or that he would falsify the plat by placing on it any name other than the one originally given to it. I was intimately acquainted with Col. Ludlow who recorded the town plat,and was professionally consulted by him as to the requirements of the statute. He was very much annoyed by the interference of Joel Williams, a sub-proprietor, who insisted on making innovations, or changes in the original plat, calculated to favor a claim he was setting up to the public common for landing. I gave it as my opinion that Mr. Williams not being an original proprietor, or even a resident of the country when the town plat was formed and established,and having had no agency in the formation of the original plan of the town, could not be presumed to know what it was: and moreover, that the statute did not recognize him as having any other or greater authority to interfere in the matter, than any other individual who had become the purchaser of a single lot.

The result was,that each of those individuals prepared and lodged in the recorder's office, a plat of the town, affirming it to be a true copy from the original, unfortunately perhaps—certainly without legal authority, the recorder placed both plats on the record, but the community soon became satisfied, that the plat prepared and certified by Col. Ludlow, was alone to be relied on.

This, however, has no other bearing on the subject matter of our conversation, than arises from the fact, that each of them affirmed Cincinnati to be the true, original name of the town.

The controversy between them continued for several months, and was marked with great warmth. On one occasion it terminated in a violent personal conflict, in which the original plat of the town, made and agreed to by the proprietors at Limestone, in the winter of 1788–9, bearing on its face the name of Cincinnati, was torn in pieces; each party retaining a part of it. In this alteration Col. Ludlow took the ground,that Williams was an unauthorized intruder, and that the statute made it his duty as an original proprietor, to record the plat, correctly and faithfully as it came from the proprietors; neither adding to, subtracting from or altering any thing, which was on it when it was agreed to and signed by the proprietors.

To show how firmly he adhered to that principle, I will mention one case. The ground bounded by Broadway, Front street, Main street and the River, had been publicly given, and set apart by the proprietors with his knowledge and concurrence as a common for the use of the town forever. This fact he knew and affirmed, but because the word common had not been written on the map within the lines enclosing that donation or elsewhere, he refused to insert it on the copy made for the recorder, and yet it is affirmed by implication that he deliberately made out, and placed on record a plat of the town, affirming it to be a true copy of the original, knowing that it contained a name altogether different from the one which had been in the first instance adopted, and entered on the plat.

I will state farther, that at an early period, professional duty made it necessary for me to investigate the facts connected with the origin and establishment of Cincinnati, which did not extend to any other individual then or now living, and it so happened that the performance of that duty, was required at a time when the town was almost in its incipient state, and when all the original proprietors, and most of the first adventurers and settlers were living within the village or in places easily accessible.

Without presuming to claim more of tact or industry than belongs to the profession generally, it may be presumed, considering the sources of correct information then within my reach, that I must at least, have ascertained the name of the place, the establishment and history of which I was investigating.

It has been already intimated, that Joel Williams, soon after he purchased the proprietary right of Mr. Denman set up a claim to the common before described, alleging it to be private property, reserved by the proprietors for future disposition. On the strength of that pretence, he erected a brick house on the north-west corner of the tract in question. In consequence of this movement a number of the most public spir-

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ited of our citizens, Martin Baum, Jesse Hunt and General Findley taking the lead, raised a fund by subscription, to defend and sustain the right of the town. I was employed to collect and perpetuate the testimony applicable to the case; and you will not hesitate to believe, that in executing that commission, my enquiries were directed to the original proprietors and to such other persons as were likely to have any knowledge of the facts, touching the laying out of the town, and the matters contained on the original plat. I mention this to show that there was something more than curiosity prompting me to this investigation of the early history of the town, which ought to entitle it to credence.

Now let any person ask himself what description of facts were likely to be disclosed in the course of such an examination, and the answer will be precisely such as were stated in the preceding part of this letter, if they existed, although they could not have any bearing on the matter then in controversy. On the supposition that they did not exist, was there a sufficient motive to induce any body to fabricate them? It would be difficult to assign a reason in favor of an affirmative answer.

You will perceive, that to sustain the right of the town to the common, it was necessary to prove the correctness of the plat recorded by Ludlow, which affirmed Cincinnati to be the true, original, and only name of the town. In pursuing that enquiry, the facts came out that there had been a previous project for laying out a town, the name which was to have been Losantiville, but that that project had fallen through.—As that matter had no relation to the subject, I was specially investigating, it was not noticed in the depositions, but omitted as irrelevant.

Having said thus much on the subject of our conversation, I will state as information which may be interesting, if not useful, that in Nov. 1794, Samuel Freeman purchased the unsold interest of Robert Patterson in the town section and fraction—that in March 1795, Joel Williams purchased the unsold interest of Mr. Denman, and in Nov. 1803 he also purchased of Samuel Freeman the proprietary interest acquiring by his purchase from Col. Patterson, by which he owned and represented two shares, or equal third parts of the unsold lots and ground in the section and fraction.

You are no doubt, acquainted with the fact, that by an arrangement between Judge Symmes and the first proprietors of the town, he was to retain the title in trust for them, and to execute deeds to the purchasers of lots, on their producing certificates of the respective purchases, signed by any two of the proprietors. You have also, it is presumed, heard that all those certificates, of which no record has been preserved, were consumed in the conflagration of Judge Symmes' house. These facts connected with the sale of Freeman's entire proprietary right to Joel Williams, may possibly account for the link which is said to be wanting, in the chain of title to part of the ground, lying west of the town plat, now held under Joel Williams. That fatal fire may have consumed the documents required to make out a complete paper title.

This conjecture is in some measure corroborated by a reference to the peculiarities of Mr. Williams, who had an active mind—was somewhat eccentric—possessed a vein of humor and could at times be very sarcastic. He was however quite illiterate and unusually careless, and having great confidence in Judge Symmes, he generally relied on him as a friend and adviser, though on one or two occasions, there was some serious misunderstanding between them. I was frequently engaged for him, in his legal controversies, and it so happened, that a paper required in his cause was found in the keeping of Judge Symmes. I have several times, when calling on him for papers, seen him open and examine the contents of his desk which gave me an opportunity of knowing, that even the most valuable of his papers were kept in a very careless and slovenly manner, and I have often thought, that it would have been better for him, if all his papers had been in the safe keeping of a guardian or friend; and particularly so, as every person who had been a purchaser of a town property, was exposed more or less to the consequence of his carelessness; resulting from the peculiar manner in which titles to property, within the town section or fraction, though beyond the limits of the town plat, were to be obtained. To illustrate my meaning—there have been cases in which non-residents have purchased lots, obtained their certificates, and left them in the hands of Judge Symmes, without calling for deeds after the burning of the Judge's house, and the consequent destruction of their evidence of title, and other persons, by a fresh purchase, or otherwise, have become the legal owners of the same lots.

Very respectfully,

J. BURNET.

CHARLES CIST.

Early Brickmaking.

July 4, 1791. Received of the hands of Wm. McMillen. Esquire, one of the Justices of the Peace, in and for the county of Hamilton, the sum of sixteen dollars, in full of a fine, upon information at my own proper inst., levied against Reuben Read, of Cincinnati, *Brickmaker*, for selling spirituous liquor, contrary to an act of the Territory of the U. S. N. W. R. O.

By me, JOS. SAFFIN.

It would seem by the above, that brick were made here in less than two years, *ab urbe condita*.

Gas an "Obsolete Idea,"

In the *Advertiser* of the 4th Sept. under the head "IMPORTANT DISCOVERY," I announced the fact that a new species of light far surpassing the Drummond in intensity, was about to make its appearance in our city, and would be submitted to the public inspection, so soon as the necessary letters patent were obtained for the discovery. It was stated that an hall light, of ordinary size for table use, had enabled print to be read at the distance of three hundred feet, *the glass* in this instance, *being rendered semi-opaque by grinding*. This had become necessary to *reduce* the intensity of light, for practical purposes, the full brilliancy being equal to that of the sun at noon day. It was stated, also, that a tower 200 feet high or even less, would suffice to light the whole city, and that the tower when built could be lighted at an expense of three undred dollars. Fin ally, it was alleged that this discovery had been tested for the past five months. When I stated all this, I was perfectly aware that the account would etir up a vast amount of incredulity. As my friend Wesley Smead, the banker says, and the remark evinces profound knowledge of temporal matters, "In the affairs of *this* world, men are saved not by *faith* but by the *want* of it." Hence I was prepared to expect and even to justify the sceptical air with which many received the announcement, and the knowlng look with which others quizzed me, for being *sucked in*, as they phrased it, to usher it forth to the community,

I have now the pleasure to say that all this is true, and that, as in the case of the Queen of Sheba, *the half has not been told*. At that time I was not at liberty to say more, but now state—

1. That this light is *Magneto electrical*.

2. That it is produced by permanent Magnets, which may be increased to any indefinite extent. The apparatus now finishing by the inventors or discoverers in this case, will possess twenty magnets.

3. That it supplies a light whose brilliancy is insupportable to the naked eye.

4. That a tower of adequate height will enable a light to be diffused all over Cincinnati, equal for all practical purposes to that of day.

5. That this light when once set in operation will continue to illuminate without *one cent of aditional expense*.

6. And lastly, that the inventors in this process have nearly solved the long sought problem, PERPETUAL MOTION. They suppose they have accomplished this, which I doubt, although there is as much evidence for it as I conceive can be furnished to the existence of *Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism*, sufficient to convince others if not myself.

I suppose this light will prove *the great discovery* of modern times. It is needless to add how much it gratifies me that *Cincinnati* is the place and two of its native sons, *J. Milton Sanders*, and *John Starr*, the authors of the discovery. Mr. D. A. Sanders has gone on to Washington for letters patent, and on his return, public exhibitions will be made of its astonishing capabilities.

The *Whale*, that great sea lubber, has been elbowed out of the community by the *hog*, the great land lubber. Gas for public use has superceded both—alas for them all when doomed to be reckoned among the things that were!

I have not time to specify the many uses to which light, independent on combustion may be applied, and will merely suggest as one, its perfect adaptedness to mining, in which respect it is far superior in efficiency as well as security to Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamp. Its aid to the Daguerreotype art alone is invaluable.

Equivoques of our Language.

The English language is wonderfully equivocal. A servant girl, once fatigued with the labors of a hard day's employment, exclaimed, "She wished she was a *mistress*, for she was tired of being a *maid*."

I remember in Philadelphia, in my boyish days an old skinflint named Conrad Weckerly, much such a man as Hathaway of our city.—Although rolling in wealth, he denied himself many of the ordinary comforts of life. One day having treated himself, in an unwonted fit of generosity to a *sheep's pluck*, the cheapest article in market, he was carrying it home on a skewer, when he was met by a tenant of his, who to curry favor with him, observed that nothing was better than *sheep's pluck*. "Nutting petter as sheep's pluck. Dat ish great mishtake," replied Cooney indignantly and with much emphasis, "*Sheep's pluck* is petter as *nutting*."

Quartering on the Enemy.

In 1839, it may be recollected, vigorous efforts were made, in the City Council, for the suppression of coffee houses, by raising the price of license to some applicants, and utterly refusing them to the rest. To counteract this, the coffee house interest came in applying for tavern licences; in many cases, where they had neither stalls for horses, nor beds for travelers. By this course, two advantages were gained. Twenty-five dollars was the usual price for tavern licences, while the coffee house keepers paid from seventy-five to three hundred dollars; and the assumption of the innkeeping character secured them one more day in the week to sell liquors, the coffee houses being restrict-

ed from selling on the Sabbath.

Among others who came in for licences to keep tavern, were Evans and Levering, of the Cincinnati Hotel, and their application was resisted by myself, with others, on the ground that this description of houses might entertain travelers, so far as to secure the tavern character, but that they were not the less coffee houses on that account, selling liquors being their principal business, and that it would be fraudulent on our part to give them a license at twenty-five dollars, while we charged avowed coffee houses, but a few doors off, who did not sell one-tenth as much at their bars, as high as 300 dollars. Sufficient interest was made at the board, however, to pass this application through in the mode desired by the applicants. *Jonah Martin*, of the 3rd ward, and myself, were, probably, the most active and obstinate in this case; of course, on different sides. I incurred, naturally enough, the displeasure of the proprietors of that house, and was informed, even after the application proved successful, in no ambiguous terms, that I should *catch goss*, on the first suitable opportunity.

I had been eastward, and, on my return, made acquaintance on board the steamboat with an interesting party of travelers, who concluded to put up at the Cincinnati Hotel, where one of them had previously lodged. I accompanied them up from the boat to the house, proposing to see them again, and to shew them the various objects of interest in the place. While I was addressing a few parting words, I noticed that the firm was at my elbow, and and appeared as if waiting an opportunity to accost me. I was under no apprehension of violence, but expected and dreaded abusive language, particularly as strangers were present. As I was about to depart, one of these gentlemen addressed me with a polite request to stop and take dinner with them, which I considered ironical, but quietly declined, on the plea that I had not yet seen my family, and was now on my way home. They persisted in the application with such sincerity and earnestness that I knew not what to make of the scene, and as the party added its solicitations, I said I would return for that purpose, as soon as I had found the family well. I must own my curiosity was strongly piqued to see what was meant.

At the regular hour, dinner being ready, we were all led to the eating room, one of the proprietors doing the honors at the head of the table, and the other attending to supply the guests. Among these, I was distinguished by choice selections of the desirable parts of a fine turkey, and still finer roast pig, "Shall I help you to *this?*" "Shall I help you to *that?*" were the questions put to me continually. In short, had I been Governor of the State, I could not have received greater attentions, and was wondering what all this could mean, when the question,—'Will you have a glass of ale, *Mr. Martin*, let the cat out of the bag. I was enjoying a feast of fat things on the credit of my opponent, *Jonah Martin*, for whom I was mistaken then, as I have often been since. The mystery was solved, and vowing internally to hold myself a dinner elsewhere in debt to Mr. M; as soon as I could retire with decency, I made myself sufficiently scarce.

N. B. This was the first public dinner given to me in my life, as it probably will be the last.

MORAL. As long as you live, quarter on the enemy.

Unwritten History.

JOHN ROSS, long and well known to the American people as the distinguished Cherokee Chief, arrived here on Monday last. He was accompanied by his bride, an accomplished and charming woman, whom he has lately made his own, thus adding by his marriage relation, a new link to the chain of friendship which has so long bound him to the *pale faces*.

His visit to this city is calculated to revive recollections of the past, which have slept for fifteen years. Cincinnati having been at that date the *theatre*, and many of its most distinguished citizens the *victims* of a singular and most daring imposture. An individual calling himself General Ross, and personating the son of the great Cherokee, by dint of forged letters, a consummate share of impudence, and that gullibility which characterises the American people, where titled foreigners are concerned, obtained access to the first circles of Cincinnati, and made himself for nine days—a nine days wonder and bubble—the observed of all observers. Judges of our Courts waited on him. Distinguished members of the bar rode out with him to show him every thing remarkable. A candidate for Congress accompanied him on the Sabbath to the Wesleyan Chapel. One of our distinguished *literati* escorted him to the theatre, after having taken an entire box, so as to shut out the profane and vulgar from the company of the General. Military officers of high distinction shared his bed-room, *perhaps his bed*, the chambermaid testifying that of the two beds in the room, but one appeared to have been

slept in. In short, there was as great a *sensation*, as the French call it, produced by this visit, as when John Quincy Adams or Old Hickory himself, were at Cincinnati. The feeling was as intense, if not so diffused throughout all classes. The nose of the stranger at Strasburg, recorded by Sterne, was a mere circumstance in creating excitement, compared to the anxiety to obtain a sight of, and exchange greetings with, General Ross. He was a tall, good-looking fellow, of about three and twenty, with black straight hair, and coppery face, but in many respects, speech especially, indicating African rather than Indian extraction, and African he proved to be. But let me not anticipate. Parties were made for him evening after evening, always of the most select character, and happy the gentleman or lady who were admitted to the favored circle. One evening, at General ——'s, another at the Shakspeare Coffee House, a third at the house of a great millionaire, and lastly at Major ——'s.

"How happily the days of Thalaba passed by." One incident is all I have space to individualize. In the midst of all this *empressement*, a well known and respectable gentleman approached to bask in the sunshine of the General's countenance "I hope, General, you will do me the honor of calling on me, in the course of your stay." "I will do myself the pleasure, if possible," replied the General, with all suavity, where shall I find you Sir? I am at No. 45, Main Street--you will find the sign over the door, ***** *****, Merchant Tailor. Ah! said the General, on reflection, I am afraid I shall not have time. This was the *cut* direct.

There is no telling how long the General might have enjoyed the consideration so liberally awarded him, had not temptations which proved too strong decoyed him into improper society for one of such distinguished rank as himself.—There is a story in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments* of a cat transformed into a beautiful Princess, who was slipping into bed on her wedding night, and heard a mouse nibbling in the room. Nature proved too strong for habit. The Princess leaped out of bed and became again a cat. So with the General, as my readers will perceive.

A party, the last which his traveling engagements permitted him, as he said, to attend, was made for him by a distinguished civil officer, resident in Cincinnati. The guests, ladies and gentlemen, had all regularly assembled and been nearly an hour kept in suspense by the non-appearance of General Ross. Still they waited, and still he came not. The host in an agony of anxiety, called his waiter, Jo Fowler. Jo, said he, jump on a horse and ride down to the Cincinnati Hotel and see what detains the General. Give my compliments, and tell him that we are all impatient to see him. Dont lose an instant. If massa pleases, said Fowler, who was as shrewd a fellow as lives, white or black, I think I can find the General and not go so far to hunt. Where? said the host. If I dont mistake, said Jo, he is down at a Nigger dance in the bottom. Surely, said the master, the General would not associate in such places. Socıate or not, replied Fowler, sturdily, de General got a good deal affinitude wid dem Darkies. He's half nig any how, said Jo, chuckling. Fowler being despatched, found the truant as he expected at a dance house on Columbia st, with his slippers off, dancing and playing the *jaw bones* or Castanets.

Jo made his report to the horror of all the party, who slipped off, one by one, as quietly as possible. The General of course immediately became, as Webster called Nick Biddle, an exploded idea, and "fell from his high estate weltering" in disgrace. To speak less poetically, next morning General Ross was in the hands of the constables, one of whom finding out that he had a master at Alexandria on Red River, took him to that place as a runaway slave. On application to the owner for the reward which it was supposed had been duly earned, his master flew into a violent passion and threatened to prosecute the constable for bringing the fellow back. Here, said he, I have been in hopes never to see the rascal's face again, and there seems to be no getting rid of him. Clear out and take him along within six hours, or the neighbors here will lynch you. That fellow, says he, is too smart to live in these diggings.

This is the last authentic tidings ever heard here of the distinguished General Ross.

Cincinnati Artists.

I doubt if there be more skill or ingenuity in existence at any place than in Cincinnati. A few facts will place this in a strong light.

Sheppard and Davies, who make the gold pens, are also cutters of names on punches. There is no work superior to their's anywhere. I have seen a seal bearing this impression—SEVENTH ANNUAL FAIR OF THE OHIO MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE, cut by them in a circle so small that four of them would no more than cover a half a dime, and *yet every letter had its appropriate bold and hair strokes.* These men are self-taught, and never had an hour's instruction in their business.

We have all heard of Daguerre's chemical pictures. They have been taken for ex-

hibition throughout the world, and it was said when they were shown here, that it was impossible for such paintings to be made by any one else. They were indeed of singular beauty and magnificence. Well, one of our young Cincinnatians, T. Winter, set to work, and after the preparatory labors of 3 months to perfect his materials brought out chemical pictures, equal to Daguerre's, one of them indeed, in the judgement of New York connoisseurs,—Belshazzar's feast—surpassing its rival of Daguerre's.

Some of my readers who attended the exhibition of the last Mechanics Institute must have noticed the air pumps, on the speaker's desk. One of these was made by the celebrated Tronghton, of London, whose scientific skill is known wherever the English language is spoken, or English commerce penetrates. It belongs to the Institute, having been purchased in days when we were as afraid to give Cinncinnati artists orders for air pumps, as we are now to trnst them with furnishing us with a telescope for our Observatory. Well,—one of our philosophical instrument makers here, Mr. James Foster, jr., of such modest merit, that he is hardly known out of the sphere of his own circle of acquaintance, sent in for exhibition, an air pump of his own manufacture, *superior in every respect*, to the London article, and pronounced so by every votary of science present, who saw the performance of the two. A brief statement shall show conclusively in what that superiority consists.

A gallon receiver was exhausted of its air by the London pump in fifteen minutes, and the operator was as thoroughly *exhausted himself*, under the exercise, so severe was it. The same operation was then performed by the Cincinnati instrument in less than one minute, and with remarkable ease. In fact five strokes of this pump so far exhausted the air in a pair of hemispheres laid together, that the strength of five men was insufficient to pull them apart. The London instrument cost, I believe, about $140, the Cincinnati one, $35, just one-fourth the price of its rival, and in every respect its inferior. Never was a competition more fairly made, and a trial more conclusive and satisfactory to those present.

I place my prediction on record here, while I am on the subject, that a short time only can elapse before we shall find our great Munich telescope surpassed by some of our optical instrument makers here. I shall state only one more case.

The *Daguerre* art, as every one knows, originated in France, and from the reputation of that country, in science, and the fine arts, it might have been inferred that its Daguerrotypes are the best in the world. But this is so far from the fact that all Americans who have been to Paris, express their disappointment in this respect. Miner K. Kellogg, declined sending from Italy, a daguerrotype of himself to his friends, under the acknowledgement that in none of its cities could one be executed that would do to show along side of Cincinnati work, of the same nature, and when he had it taken at last on a visit to Paris, and sent it to his friends in this city, they all agree that the only comparison to be made of that portrait and those made here as a work of art, is the difference in favor of ours. Mr. E. C. Hawkins, who has succeeded admirably in this art, and that *without an hour's instruction from any artist*, and but for some useful hints received from Mr. Morse, of the *Electro Magnetic Telegraph*, owes nothing of his art to a soul living, turns out work which has no equal elsewhere, as far as I know or can learn. If any man doubts this, let him visit Mr. H. and examine his specimens. Instead of those portraits we have heretofore seen, visible in one light, and in one light only, and absolutely invisible in all others, and when seen imaging a corpse rather than a living human being, we can see their faces as faithfully portrayed in expression as mezzotint in fullness of light and shade, and when required with the exact tints and hue of the most roseate cheeks. Mr. H.'s portraits have another advantage over all others, that have fallen under my notice—they may be invisible in one light, but they are visible *in all others*, reversing the usual order of things in this respect.—The result of all this is that he frequently takes likenesses of those who, until they see his, are prejudiced against daguerrotypes entirely. While I was at his rooms a few days since, I saw two gentlemen sitting for their portraits, who stated to him that they had refused to sit for them in Philadelphia, when on there, and probably should never have had them taken anywhere, if they had not visited his rooms. I could say more on these subjects, but content myself with ending as I began:—It may be well doubted if more skill and ingenuity exists anywhere among mechanics or artists than in Cincinnati.

The Power of Kindness

No man hath measured it—for it is boundless; no man hath seen its death—for it is eternal. In all ages of the world, in every clime, among every kind, it hath shone out, a bright and beautiful star, a beaming glory!

Look at the case of Saul and David. Bitter and blasting jealousy filled the heart of Saul—and he "sought to take the young man's life." With hellish hate, he hunted him, even to the dens and caves of the earth. But David conquered his enemy—even the proud spirit of haughty Saul, he humbled.

And how? Not with sword and spear--not with harsh words and coarse contumely, for these did never touch the heart with gentle influence. No, but with a weapon, simple as the shepherd's sling, yet sure as the arrow of death. 'Twas kindness! This killed rankling hatred, and left Saul to live. And when it had done its work, Saul said to David, "Thou art more righteous than I, for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil." Was not here a victory, more glorious, more godlike, than a Wellington ever knew?

See Joseph, in the hands of his wicked brethren. For a few pieces of paltry silver, they sold him into Egypt. Providence, in kindness, broke the bands which held him in slavery, and made him a ruler there. Famine spread over the land her dark mantle, and the cruel brethren of Joseph hungered They went to Egypt for corn. And how acted Joseph? More than once he filled their sacks, and returned them their money, and then he made himself known. "I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold in Egypt!' Here was kindness, forgiveness. And it crushed to death the spirit of jealousy, that had once made him a slave. He had conquered.

Come farther down in the world's history, and tell me, what word of all those spoken by the "meek and lowly Jesus"—the 'Prince of Peace," the "Savior of the world"—was best calculated to soften and subdue the hard hearts of his persecutors? Are we not pointed to the cross on Calvary? Are we not asked to listen to the soft, sweet tones of that voice, "Father, forgive them?" O, here was kindness.

Look over our extended country at the present day. What has changed those miserable hovels of other days, where misery and wretchedness had dwelt, into the neat and beautiful abodes of plenty and peace? What has kindled anew the flame of love and affection, in hearts long estranged and freezing with coldness? What has made happy the homes of thousands of wives, and tens of thousands of children? What, in short, has been the great propellant of the late temperance reformation, which has carried joy and gladness all over the land? What, but kindness?

Reader, have you an enemy whom you would make a friend, a neighbor who needs repentance, a fallen brother, whom you would restore to sobriety and virtue? Forget not the power of KINDNESS.

I AM GOING TO BE A MAN!--The Editor was visiting some time since in a family where he saw a little lad, about four years old. Calling the little fellow to him, 'Well, my little boy,' said he, 'what do you intend to be when you grow up?' He had asked the question a great many times before, and some boys told him they meant to be farmers, some merchants, and some ministers. But, what do you think was the answer of this little boy? Better than all of them, '*I mean to be a man!*' said he. It will matter very little whether he is a farmer, or a merchant, or a minister, if he is a *man*,—he will be successful, and be loved and respected.—The editor has known some persons who never became men, but were *great boys* after they had grown up. Ask your teacher, children, what makes a man, and then, like this little boy, aim to be one.

Hear what Robert Burns says:

"What though on homely fare we pine,
Wear hoddin-gary, and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,—
A man's a man, for a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel shows and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is King of men for a' that."

First Promissory Note.

The following is probably the first obligation given in Cincinnati; at any rate, it is doubtless the oldest one now extant.

"On or before the 15th April next ensuing, I, Thomas Pecke, promise for myself, my heirs, &c., to deliver and pay to Hugh McClellan, or as'ns, one cow and calf, otherwise,one cow with calf to the valuation of five pounds, Penn. currency.

Witness my hand, at Cincinnati, where s'd cow is to be delivered to s'd McCllend, &c. this 28th June, 1790.

THOMAS PECK.

Test.

THOMAS RICHARDS,
ASA PECK,

Endorsed."

Command you may, your mind from play, any moment in the day.

Covington.

Adjacent to every large city,will be found smaller ones, and suburbs, to accommodate those who desire to reside beyond the tumult and dust of a metropolis. Such is Covington to Cincinnati.

Wonderful as has been our own advance in prosperity, it is hardly more remarkable than that of our neighbor. Major Bush, a man of respectability, who resides in Kentucky, opposite North Bend, and who was one of the pioneer settlers, assured me that he could have taken up any quantity of farming land in and adjacent to Covington, at five pounds—$13,33—the hundred acres.

In fact, he was offered two hundred acres, including the point at the intersection of Licking and the Ohio rivers, as an inducement to settle there. These two hundred acres must now be worth considerably more than a million of dollars, if even sold at Sheriff's sale.

Rattle Snakes.

I remember the day when the danger of rattle snake bites was seriously felt and urged as an objection to a removal to the West. From what I know of the notions current eastward on this subject, I have no doubt that many emigrants felt a terror of rattlesnakes hardly inferior to that they entertained respecting the savages themselves. To this day, it is currently reported by most of our friends in the Atlantic cities, and in Europe, as devoutly held an article of faith as any fact of record in the Bible, that the bite of the rattle snake inflicts certain death. One of the last cautions I received on leaving the parental home, was to take care always to wear boots when out in the woods, and avoid all places where these reptiles were supposed to lurk.

Now, the whole popular notion on this subject, is a vulgar superstition, which must fade away in the increasing light of the age, and will some future day, rank among the belief in love philtres, the mad dog stone, the Phœnix rising from its ashes, the corpse bleeding afresh at the touch of the murderer, and various other common notions, most of which have been long since exploded, and the residue shortly will be. The simple fact is, that the bite of the rattle snake is rarely fatal, and no more dangerous than the sting of the honey bee, which, in some constitutions, will produce as severe and painful swelling as the rattlesnake's bite, although unaccampanied with the sickening sensations, which attend the last.

My residence for many years, has been in Western Pennsylvania, a country infested by the reptile, and during that whole period, I never heard of a death resulting from its bite, except one—that of a Mrs. Klingensmith, in Westmoreland County—in a settlement and population of three hundred thousand souls. In her case, its effects were greatly aggravated, if not rendered fatal by an enfeebled constitution. The usual remedy is, to drink sweet milk which vomits the patient, and relieves the deadly nausea following the bite. This or some other emetic is all I ever knew applied, in the hundreds of cases that occurred during my ten or twelve years dwelling in those regions. I well remember the merriment created there by my reading some recipes which I had found in the newspaper, such as go the rounds of the press in later days. My auditors felt as we should do in reading a recipe for the cure of a musquito bite.

The popular prejudice on the subject has no doubt grown out of the imperfect knowledge of the habits and character of animals, possessed by the natural historians of the last century.—Buffon, Goldsmith, and others of that day, wrote down not the result of their own observations, but what they believed, and they were credulous enough to believe all they had been told on this and kindred subjects. It is only necessary to peruse the pages of Alexander Wilson, or Godman, or Say, or Audubon, to perceive that the past generation knew hardly anything accurately of the habits and nature of the animal world. How I became enlightened on such points, may be infered from the following narrative:

I was keeping a store in one of the towns in Western Pennsylvania, and having made acquaintance with a young fellow about my own age, a farmer, some five miles off, accompanied him home. One Saturday noon, on his own pressing invitation to spend the residue of the day in the country. It was a delightful day in July, and I enjoyed the walk and the scenery. With the hospitality which belongs to the American farmer, and that personal kindness which would not take on such matters, No, for an answer, it was insisted I should stay through the night.

The dwelling was a log cabin of a single room and loft, with an outhouse used for cooking in. The room which, as Goldsmith says, "sufficed a double debt to pay," served by day for a dining room and parlor, and as a bed chamber by night. On one side two bedsteads headed against each other, while a broad coverlet depending from the unplastered joists, answered for a screen and partition all the demands of decency and convenience. In one of the beds slept the young man and myself, in the other, his mother and sister, a young woman grown.

I was roused out of sleep towards morning, by the girl calling, Mother! mother! and listening further, heard her say in a low tone of voice, as if unwilling to disturb the stranger,

"There's a snake in the bed."

The old woman observed, "You have been dreaming, Fanny, go to sleep again."

Presently I heard the girl speaking in the same tone as before, "Mother, I am snake bit."

"Well," said the mother quietly, "get up, then, and light a candle." The girl did so, seized a stick, used to poke the fire, the mother having risen in the mean time, and killed the reptile in the act of crawling out to the floor to make his escape. The snake was thrown out of the door, and the parties went back to bed.

As for myself, I thought and felt faster than I ever did before in all my life. First, I wondered how people could go back to a bed after having just killed a snake in it. It would not astonish my readers now, more than at that time it did me. Then I tasked my memory how long persons lived after they were bit, and conjectured whether the girl would live till morning. At any rate, I hoped she would not die

before I could get away from the house. All at once I reflected that there might be a snake in my bed also. From the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, my whole flesh quivered at the thought, As the poet says, "I was distilled to jelly with my fears." I sprang out of bed with a single leap, as quick and as softly at the same time as possible, made to the door, and finding it a clear and moonlight night, decided to step off, and make tracks home. In the act of dressing in the dark, however, I made a noise, which woke my companion, who missed me, and springing up asked what I was doing. I replied,

"I am going home."

"Wait till breakfast, and I will go with you," said he. Finding me still dressing, he asked, "What is the matter? are you sick?"

"No, but I am uneasy and want to go home."

"Have you dreamt anything wrong."

"No, but still I am very uneasy." At last I said "there was a snake in the other bed, and I was afraid."

"Afraid of what?" said he, laughing, "it could not bite you there, and there is none in our'n you may depend."

He then pressed me to stay till breakfast, saying he would sit up by the fire with me till morning, since I was afraid to go to bed again, assuring me, however, there was no danger, that it wasn't *often* that snakes got into bed with people, though it was natural for such a cold creature to try and warm itself; that if Fanny had only laid still and made no fuss, the snake would not have bit her, and more of such views of the case, with which it may be supposed, I had little sympathy. I staid, however. We had an excellent breakfast on venison steak, and Fanny, who, if she was to live, I supposed in the language of that country, would have been *bed-fast*, for at least six weeks to come, waited on table as though nothing had occurred. Not a word was said on the event of the night, although it was hardly a moment out of my thoughts, all the time I was there.

Two days afterwards, she brought to the store a crock of butter, and a basket of eggs, to trade.

"Fanny," said I, "is this you? Why, I was afraid I should hear of your death before this time." She laughed and said,

"Rattlesnakes never kills any body."

And so I found out, after I remained long enough in the country to overcome my prejudices. She added that Jem, her brother, had lifted the puncheons of which the floor were made, after I went, and killed two rattlesnakes, there, They were both full grown. Next time I saw *Jem*, he amused himself, and the neighbors present, greatly, with the story. They obviously pitied my *cowardice*, but contented themselves with saying, when I got used to the country I would not mind a *snake bite* any more than a *flea bite*.

By what I have since seen South, in the Mississippi country, I have no doubt that the poison of the rattlesnake, and still more of the copperhead snake there, is more virulent. The effluvia of these reptiles is absolutely sickening. The introduction into new settlements of hogs, which feed on them, serves to keep down their increase, and but for their dens in crevices where they cannot be followed, they would soon be extirpated from this source.

The hog is not more a glutton than an epicure, as any one knows, who is familiar with his habits, and there is nothing more delicious than the rattlesnake, at least when broiled on coals, as I know from experience. I have made many a meal on bull frogs, as well as eaten occasionally rattlesnakes, and hold that man's taste cheap, who regales himself with an opossum or rabbit, when he can enjoy such delicacies as these.

It is also a popular error, that the rattlesnake always warns with his rattle before he wounds. This led Dr. Franklin to consider him a generous enemy, and desire his adoption as our national emblem, rather than the Bald Eagle, which he considered a sneaking thief, plundering other birds of the prey they had taken. All this is a fallacy.

I doubt, greatly, from what I have seen, and learned of those who know his habits, whether the rattle snake ever bites as long as he has a chance to escape. It is his alarm doubtless which prompts him to rattle. At any rate, he is obliged to coil himself up before he can spring, which, with the sound of the rattle, usually serves to put the passer by on his guard.

Relics of the Past.

Ft. Washington, May 24th, 1792.

Dear Sir,—I have received your several favors by Capt. Peters and Mr. Hartshorn, and note the contents. Ward carries on some of the deficient articles out from the Quarter Master's department, and the balance, as far as they can be provided, will be sent out by the next convoy. The cooper cannot be spared from this Post.

I applaud the plan and progress of your buildings, and wish you to extend and to complete them, because I shall spend much of my idle time with you after our chief arrives. You should contrive some plan for cooling of wine, and preserving fresh meat, and butter, milk, &c. Mrs. W. and my sons set off for Philadelphia between the 5th and 10th of next month. The almighty Brigadier General has, I believe, con-

ceived some jealousy of me; he may make the attempt, but shall not violate my rights with impunity.

The contractors must find men to drive his cattle, in my opinion, and that point is now before the Executive for their decision.

The difficulties respecting the abstracts are easily removed. Open columns for the Quarter Master's department, and for extra allowances to fatigue, &c., artificers, wagoners, packhorsemen, (other than the contractors) come under the former. That you have not received the proceedings of the General Court Martial, is an omission which distresses me; the fault is Mr. Wade's, and is accidental.

In addition to our mounted Infantry, I am authorized to organize and levy a corps of 100 mounted riflemen, for the purpose of escorts. I recommended this plan last February.

I am sorry Capt. Kersey's drummer should march without my orders. I will send you the rifle powder and blank cartridges, and approve your idea of the appropriation, but we have no rifles. You have an undoubted right to cut up any party of the enemy who may be found lurking in the vicinity of your post.

Hardin and Truman left us day before yesterday, the former for Sandusky, the latter for the Maumee. I think it is equivocal, what may be the event, but do expect they will return.

I am, dear Sir,
Sincerely yours,
JAS. WILKINSON, B. Gen.

JNO. ARMSTRONG, Esq.,
Capt. Commandant Ft. Hamilton.

Population of Cincinnati.

I am frequently asked my estimate of the population of Cincinnati. The late city election affords a pretty fair criterion of the number of our inhabitants, and its results agree with what the increase in buildings would indicate. In October 1840, election, this city polled 6,340 votes, being as full a vote to the population as has ever been given here. On Tuesday last, that vote was augmented to 9733, an increase of 54 per cent. in four years. A proportionate increase of inhabitants would give us 70,636 souls, as the result.

This it must be recollected is strictly within our corporate limits. If we add our adjacencies, as is done in Philadelphia, Pittsburg, St. Louis, &c., we cannot number less than 94,000, and in doing this I do not embrace a foot of ground west of our city boundary. I choose, however, as I have always done, to include in our city estimate only the Southern precinct of Mill Creek, and Fulton Township, which are absolutely suburbs of ours, and separated from us only by imaginary lines. In these bounds there is unquestionably a population of 84,000 souls.

Let us now contemplate our progress for the last fourteen years:

1830	24,831
1831	26,071
1832	28,014
1833	27,645
1834	29,005
1839	42,529
1840	46,382
1841	50,650
1842	56,680
1843	62,817
1844	70,636

being, since 1840, an increase of 11 per cent. per annum, a duplication of our population in 7½ years. What this will lead to by the census of 1850, may be understood by the following comparative table, carrying on, in the first column, an annual increase from 1830 to 1840, of 6¼ per cent., and following out in the second the increase from 1840 to 1850 at the rate for the last four years, say 11 per cent.

1830	24,831	1840	46,382
	1,552		5,101
1831	26,383	1841	51,483
	1,649		5,663
1832	28,032	1842	57,146
	1,752		6,286
1833	29,784	1843	63,432
	1,862		6,977
1834	31,646	1844	70,409
	1,978		7,744
1835	33,624	1845	78,153
	2,101		8,596
1836	35,725	1846	86,749
	2,233		9,542
1837	37,958	1847	96,291
	2,372		10,595
1838	40,330	1848	106,883
	2,521		11,757
1839	42,831	1849	118,640
	2,677		13,050
	45,508	1850	131,690

This seems extravagant, but both the data and the calculations invite scrutiny, and defy dispute. I have been greatly ridiculed in 1840, after completing the census, for saying that I expected 100,000 would be found in 1850 within our city limits. I based this on a much lower rate of increase than has taken place within the last four years, and which must, *at least*, continue for the six years to come. What was considered absurd in 1840, it is now apparent upon the lowest probabilities, must be exceeded for 1850.

Provision Market of Cincinnati.

There has hardly been a period since the settlement of Cincinnati, in which the means of living,—the marketing articles of the place for example—were not abundant; and except during the great *soap-bubble* year 1837, correspondently cheap. Mr. John Shays the father of the pork-packing business here, put up pork in 1827, and I well recollect cart loads upon cart loads of spare-ribs, such as could not be produced any where at the east, or beyond the Atlantic, drawn to the water's edge and emptied in the Ohio to get rid of them. The influx of Germans and the rapid increase of inhabitants from 1830 onwards, gradually opened a market for these delicacies, as they would be esteemed if they were scarcer and costlier, & obviated such scandalous waste; but even yet a man may get a market basket filled with tender-loins and spare-ribs for a *dime*. Read this, ye eastern epicures! I cannot expect *you* to believe it, although every body in Cincinnati knows its truth.

Apropos of spare-ribs. There is a pleasant story extant on the subject. One of our citizens from Philadelphia and long a resident here, on his arrival in Cincinnati became an inmate with Mrs. G——, who keeps boarders. After boarding some months there, being in company with a friend, and the conversation falling on such subjects. "What a splendid table my landlady Mrs. G—— keeps," said the new comer. "Ah!" observed his acquaintance, "She must have lately got to keeping it. I boarded there formerly and never had poorer fare at any place. What does she give you?" "Why, to say nothing of other luxuries, we get spare-ribs for breakfast as much as four or five times a week, and the finest I ever tasted in my life." "Well," replied his friend drily, "If your landlady knew you were so fond of them, I suppose she could give you them *every* morning of your life. You don't appear to know that they cost her nothing. The fact is she can get a basket filled at any pork house in the city, by sending for it and not pay one cent." This was enough for the Philadelphian. Fond as he was of spare-ribs, the idea of eating what cost nothing, was too much for his imagination. As long as he boarded there, he never again touched the article.

I have got off my subject, which was the cheapness of provisions here. 1823 I think was a period of plentiful crops and uncommonly low prices. A farmer in the habit of dealing with Mr. Shays had brought in a waggon load of potatoes, for which he could find no purchaser in market. He then drove down to the store on Front street, and observing that the people did not seem to want potatoes, offered them successively at 12½, 10 and finally at 6¼ cents per bushel. Mr. Shays had told him at first that he did not want potatoes, and at last remarked, when he found the man pressing them on him, that he had five thousand bushels then in the cellar, and thought it likely they would all spoil on his hands. The farmer was in a peck of troubles. His last chance was gone. "Well," said he, "I don't like the idea of taking a load of potatoes home, and *being its you*, I shant charge you any thing, and must try to make it out of you in some other trade." "Why," replied Shays, *being its you, if you will help down with them into the cellar, you may leave them.*"

This was accordingly done.

Bull Frogs.

"Forty Thousand Tame Frogs!—The ascent to the peak of Teneriffe, made by Mr. Wise, our Minister to Brazil, and others from the U.S. frigate Constitution, on the 4th of July last, is described at great length and with much beauty and vivacity of style, in a letter in the Boston Atlas, of Monday, by Lieut. J. B. Dale, one of the party. Among other notable things celebrated, the writer notices a huge cistern in the richly embellished garden of the American Consul, from whence at twilight, issued the music of 40,000 tame frogs, cultivated with care fer their musical talents."—*Times.*

I extract the above as an introduction to my experience on the subject of *Frogs*. Any person who has passed by ponds or marshes in the appropriate season, that would listen to the variety and extent of the music made by these *amphibia*. must suppose that it was produced by one hundred times the number of the actual performers in the concert; and let any one employ boys in such regions to catch them for table use, as is common in certain parts, he will find their numbers come far short of his estimate. The 40,000 in the extract from the *Atlas*, if reduced to an actual count would probably not reach fifty. The following narrative will shed some light on the subject.

Mr. George Sutton, formerly of Pittsburg,and well known there in that city, some thirty years since, as a practical joker, was extensively in business in 1814, and during that year and the next I was in his employ as clerk, in which capacity I witnessed many amusing scenes, in which he usually bore a conspicuous part. He had his periodical subjects of *boring*, and at the time to which I allude, his great hobby for that purpose was *bull frogs*.

Among our customers of that date,was a long, slabsided, gangling fellow from the Western Reserve, named Oviatt, who brought us in,three or four times a year,an assortment of beeswax, ginseng, popularly called *sang*, feathers, and other notions in the line of trade. He had

made his purchases, and was proposing a contract for potash, as a means of enlarging his dealings, and finished by regretting that he had nothing else to supply us with. On this hint, Sutton spake, for it was like bringing fire from the flint, a single stroke sufficed.

"Have you any bull frogs in your neighborhood? I would not mind taking a few thousand put up in barrels, if you could supply them."

"Bull frogs! Mr. Sutton, what do you want with bull frogs."

"Why sir, I have a correspondent down at Baton Rouge, who has left a standing order with me for ten barrels, and I can't find any place where I can get it filled. I would make it worth any man's while to contract with me for the article."

"Well, now, Mr. Sutton, I vow to gracious there's *millions* in our neighborhood—but you are quizzing me, I snore."

"Upon my honor," replied Sutton, "I am perfectly serious. I will take ten or five barrels, or even two, and give fifty dollars a barrel to any gentleman who would contract with me."

Oviatt's eyes sparkled at the prospect.

"Well, Mr. Sutton, if you say so, I will put you up ten barrels—perhaps your friend may want more—and I hope you will give me the preferenee, if so. But you are not boring me, Mr. Sutton, I hope."

"My dear sir," said Sutton, "rest assured that I have long been at a loss to get the order filled, and am perfectly serious." Mr. Wahrendorf—his book-keeper—was directed on the spot to draw the memorandum in contract form, and Oviatt folding it away carefully in his pocket book, and doubtless calculating deeply on making a brilliant speculation out of us, as he seized the reins and sprang to the seat of his Yankee wagon, said:

"Don't forget, if your friend should want *twenty* barrels, to let me know in time."

We heard nothing from Oviatt for months, and by the time he made his re-appearance in Pittsburg, Sutton had some new subject on the carpet, and had lost sight of the bull frogs. Not so with me. I anticipated something amusing, being well aware, as was Sutton, in making the contract, that by the time the frogs would be caught, the millions would shrink into hundreds. I was silent, however, until Oviatt's purchases had been made, his produce credited, the account adjusted, and himself ready to start. I then remarked:

"One thing is forgot. Do you recollect our contract, Mr. Sutton, for the Baton Rouge house, for bull frogs?"

"I do declare," said Sutton, "I had almost forgot. What about it, Mr. Oviatt. Are they ready?"

The contractor looked as if he could have crept through an auger hole. He began to whimper like a school boy expecting a whipping—I hope Mr. Sutton you will let me off on that contract. I declare to gracious, I had forty boys out for six weeks, sir, day and night, and I never got more frogs than filled a barrel six inches high, and had to give it up at last. My dear sir, said Sutton, you have no idea of the disappointment. We never get a letter from these Frenchmen that they do not remind us of the bull frogs. They say the price is no object only get the frogs. Besides, I told them you could send them twenty barrels. My dear sir, if you can't make out on fifty dollars, I will give you a hundred dollars a barrel; so don't think of giving up. Put on more boys and give them better wages. Mr. Cist—calculate for our friend Oviatt what he can afford to give a dozen, supposing he pays twenty dollars a barrel. Its of no use, Mr. Sutton, replied Oviatt with a most rueful expression of face, and a deep sigh, I know it aint. It takes a power of hind legs to fill a barrel. In short the frogs must have disappeared, for they can't be found and unless you have a mind to ruin my family, bursting into tears. you will let me off. If you do said he, a thought suddenly striking him; Mr. Sutton, I'll bring you as fine a cheese as ever came out of the reserve. My dear sir, said Sutton, overcome by the scene, I wish to take advantage of no man. I see you have done your best, and my friends Menager & Co., must do without the frogs. I will explain the circumstances to them, and I hope they will be satisfied. If not, I will bear the consequences myself. As to the Cheese, never mind it.—We'll have a glass of beer, to reconcile all things. Here, Dick," said he, calling his man of all work, "go out to Mr. Neal's and get a gallon of beer, of Shiras' best."

Oviatt, smiling through his tears, at his lucky escape, drove off—doubtless vowing, internally, to be more careful with his next contract.

A Revolutionary Anecdote.

The following history of William Bancroft, in revolutionary days, may be read by some, with satisfaction, and is worthy to be kept in remembrance among the noble deeds of those times. It was related some years since by Mr. Bancroft, a slight notice of which is in Gordan's History of the American Revolution.

"When on a tour to the West, I met with the subject of this notice at New York. The grateful remembrance of the soldiers of the revolution by our country, became the subject of conversation. After there had been an interchange of opinion among us, Mr. Bancroft observed that he had applied to Congress for a pension, but owing to the circumstance that his name was stricken off the roll, before he had served nine months, to serve Gen. Washington in a more hazardous relation, he could not obtain it; tho' he thought his circumstances and his claims for

consideration were as great as any soldier's.—He then related the following history of his life:

"I was born in Woburn, north of Boston. At the age of 14, I was sent to Boston and put behind the counter. I was warmly attached to the whig cause, and at the age of 16 was obliged to leave town. I then enlisted in the army as a soldier for three years. I studiously endeavored to understand my duty in my relation, and I thought I was a proficient, at least, as much so as the other soldiers. One day, immediately after Washington's arrival at Brookline, I was detached by the officer of the day, among the guard. It so happened that I was placed as a sentinel before the General's quarters at 9 o'clock. About 10 o'clock, the General's carriage drove up, which I knew as a soldier, but not as a sentinel. I hailed the driver—

'Who comes there?'

He answered, 'Gen. Washington.'

'Who is Gen. Washington?'

He replied, 'the Commander of the American Army.'

'I don't know him; advance and give the countersign.'

The driver put his head within the carriage, and then came and gave me the countersign.

"The countersign is right,' I replied, 'Gen. Washington can now pass.'

The next morning the officer of the guard came to me and said, 'Gen. Washington has commanded me to notify you to appear at his quarters precisely at 9 o'clock.'

'What does he want of me?'

'I don't know,' replied the officer.

In obedience to his order, I went to his quarters at the time appointed; but my mind was greatly harrassed to know whether I had discharged my duty aright the night previous. I gave the alarm at the door and a servant appeared.

'Inform Gen. Washington,' said I, 'that the person whom he ordered to his quarters at 9 o'clock, is now at the door.'

The servant made the report, and immediately came and bade me come in, and conducted me to the General's room. When I entered he addressed me—

'Are you the sentinel who stood at my door at 10 o'clock, last night?'

'Yes, sir, and I endeavored to do my duty.'

'I wish all the army understood it as well as you do,' said the General. This relieved the burden on my mind.

The General then continued, 'Can you keep a secret?'

'I can try.'

'Are you willing to have your name struck from the roll of the army, and engage in a secret service at the hazard of your life, for which I promise you forty dollars a month?'

'I am willing to serve my country in any way you may think best.'

'Call here precisely at 7 o'clock this evening and I will give you further instructions.'

I then retired, and precisely at 7 o'clock I returned. The General presented me with a sealed letter without any superscription. He asked me if I had ever been on Roxbury Heights. I told him I had, and at his request I described the level ground on the top. He gave the countersign lest I should not be able to return before the sentinels received it; and on the way converse with no one, and if I should observe any person who appeared to notice me particularly, not to go on the height, until out of his sight. And when I had ascended to the height, I must look round carefully, and if I discovered any person I must keep at a distance from him and suffer no one to take me. If every thing appeared quiet, I must go to the west side of the plain, there I should see a flat rock which I could raise by one hand, and a round stone about four feet from it; I must take the round stone and place it under the edge of the flat rock, which would raise it high enough to put my hand under it. 'You must then feel under the rock," said the General, 'till you find a second hollow, if there is a letter in it, bring it to me, and put this in the same place.'

Having received my instructions, I made my way for the height, and nothing occurred worthy of note, except that I found the rock and the stone described, and in the hollow a letter, sealed without any superscription. I then adjusted the rock and placed the stone as I found it. I returned to the General's quarters, and delivered the letter I found under the rock. He then said—

'You may retire and appear at seven o'clock to-morrow evening.'

This I did for some time, carrying and bringing letters, without being annoyed in any respect.

At length I observed a person at some distance traveling the same way I was going, and he eyed me with more attention than was pleasing to me. I took rather a circuitous route, and when I came on the height, I was confident I saw two persons, if not more, descend the hill on the opposite side among the savins. I went even to make the discovery, but could see no one. This I told the General on my return.

He upbraided me for my presumption. He said. 'they might have sprung on you and taken you. Never do the like again.'

When I returned the next evening, he gave me a stricter charge than before. There was nothing occurred till I ascended the height; I then plainly saw three persons dodge behind the savins; I hesitated what to do. I placed my head to the ground to obtain a clearer view of the opposite side. In an insiant three men rushed from behind the savins on the other side in full run to take me. I rose and ran with all my speed. No Grecian in their celebrated games exerted tnemselves more than I did. I found one of the three was a near match for me. When I came to the sentinel, he was not more than six rods from me. I gave the countersign without much ceremony. The sentinel then hailed my pursuer, who turned on eis heel and fled. I went to the General's quarters, and on presenting this letter, I said—

'Here is the letter you gave me,' and then related the above story to him.

He told me I might retire and need not call on him again till he should give me notice. He strictly charged me when in company or in camp to make myself a stranger to the movements of friends or foes, never to enter into any dispute about the war or the army, but always be an inquirer.

In about a week the General sent for me, and I repaired to his quarters at the usual hour. He inquired if I was ever down on what was then called Cambridge Neck. I told him I had been there twice. He then handed me a letter as usual, and said—

'Go to the lower house and enter the front door, and when you enter the room if there be

more than one person present, sit down and make yourself a stranger; when all have gone out of the room but one, then get up and walk across the room repeatedly; after you have passed and re-passed, he will take a letter out of his pocket and present it to you, and as he is doing this you must take this letter out of your pocket and present it to him. I charge you not to speak a word to him on the peril of your life. It is important you observe this.'

I went to the house, and on entering the room, I found but one man in it, and he was at the corner of the room. He rose at my entering. I immediately commenced my travel across the room, and eyeing him attentively.—The third time I passed he put his hand into his pocket, took out a letter and extended it toward him. With his other he took hold of my letter, and I did the same with his. I then retired with a bow, and returned to the General. We two could well recognize each other,though we were not allowed to speak. This mode of communication continued for some time.

One evening, as this man was presenting his letter he whispered so me,

'Tell Gen. Washington the British are coming out on the Neck to-morrow morning at two o'clock.'

When I delivered the letter to General Washington, I addressed him thus:

'General, the person who delivered this letter to me whispered and said—

'Tell General Washington the British are coming out on the Neck to-morrow morning at two o'clock.'

The General started and inquired,

'Was it the same person you received letters from before?'

'Yes sir.'

He then broke the letter and read it, after which he asked,

'Did you speak to him?'

'No sir.'

Then saying,Stop here until I return," he took his hat and cane and locked the door after him. He was gone nearly an hour and a half.

When he returned, he said, 'I do not know that that I shall need your services any more; you will continue about the encampment and I will allow you the same pay you now have.'

Having nothing to do, I had the curiosity to ramble about the army and vicinity to find the man who whispered to me,but I never saw him. Whether that whisper was fatal to him I know not. The injunction on me was tantamount to it in case of disobedience. I continued with the army till they left Cambridge, when I was discharged.

Fire Engines.

In the last "Advertiser," I expressed a conviction that the fire engine *Cincinnati*, lately built by Mr. C. H. Paddack,in this city, would prove, on trial, of equal or superior power and excellence to the "Fame," just received from Philadelphia, whose performance was recorded in the same paper. That trial was made last Saturday afternoon, and in all respects has justified my anticipations,and demonstrated publicly the gross impolicy and impropriety of sending abroad for *fire apparatus*.

The distance to which the Cincinnati threw water at her first effort, was, according to one measurement, 204, and by another, 214. At the lowest figures, allowing for the difference of measurement in length of pipe, &c., the distance was precisely that of the Fame, at her farthest performance, while the wind, which blew smartly in puffs on that occasion, gave that engine great advantage in the measurement. The *Cincinnati* cast water several feet over the spire of the Second Presbyterian church, on Fourth street, at the first trial, but it being apparent that no accurate judgment could be formed of heights in open air, no effort was made to exceed the first attempt. Her first performance in throwing upwards, exceeded the first performance of the same nature by the Fame, at least twenty feet, and equaled the *fourth* trial of that engine, as far as the eye could be made a judge.

Of conrse, trials of engines not made under circumstances precisely alike, afford no satisfactory test of superiority, nor do I believe either of the exhibitions referred to afford the best tests, since some engines may be made to throw as far as others, which are yet decidedly inferior in other respects. If doubts remain in the particular case of these two engines, let them be tried together before judges, composed of members of the fire department, and not belonging to either company. I have no doubt that not only the Cincinnati, but the Deluge, the Constitution, and a new Engine, building by Mr. Cummings, of our city, will prove able to put the question of superiority at rest.

As this is a somewhat exciting subject just at this time, I desire to state distinctly that the views expressed by me upon it, are not directed to promote the interests of Messrs. Paddack, or Cummings,but refer to the great duty of giving our home manufacture the preference, where equal excellence exists, since not only our pecuniary interests, but high moral considerations rest on the establishment of this principle. It is superfluous,after what we have seen at the Mechanics' Institute exhibitions, to insist that Cincinnati possesses in her mechanics and artists as much ingenuity and skill as can be imported from other places. But it will be in vain to offer engines or anything else, here, if we bring the same article from Philadelphia; for how can we expect to sell to our neighbors in the West, an article we ourselves repudiate.

This brings me one step farther in the argument. The Jefferson Co., at least some of the members, allege that it is nobody's business *where* they buy apparatus. As other companies are about to purchase new engines, it may be proper to discuss this point. How then, are the expenses of our Fire Companies borne, and who are the actual and virtual owners of the apparatus? Take the case of this Company for example. They allege that they obtained from the whole community but five dollars and ten cents, which were contributed by two individuals.

Their inference, therefore is, that the public have no claim upon them, such as would spring from pecuniary support. How is this? The city builds them an engine house, from which they derive revenue in the shape of rent, and an appropriation is made by the City Council, of one thousand dollars for the purchase of fire apparatus. I say nothing of the firemen's fairs, concerts, and soirees, to which the public so liberally contribute, because I cannot tell whether the Jefferson Co. have derived any revenue from this source. Have the public, then no right to say that the Fire Companies are bound to give a preference to our own engine builders, if they can make an article equal to those at the East?

We have three manufactories of Fire apparatus here, who deserve the patronage, and so far as public sentiment can be made to operate, will receive it.

Flax Seed Oil Cake.

Late developments of chemical science, prove that articles of food, are flesh, or fat forming in proportion to their deficiency or abundance of oleaginous matter. Thus peas and beans, which constitute the food of swine in England, are 30 per cent. flesh, and 52 per cent. fat forming articles, while in Indian corn 12 1-2 per cent. forms flesh, and 77 per cent. fat—the wastage on the first description of food being 18 per cent., and but 11 per cent. in the last. In point of fact, we find, as might be expected, therefore a greater degree of solidity in the English pork than in ours, and a far inferior coating of fat.

These facts serve to explain why *mast* as it is called, so readily fattens hogs.

One important result follows this subject. The increasing product of flax seed, and its market here must furnish one of the most important and efficient agents in fattening, the cake which is left in grinding out oil. As soon as it shall become known by experience, as it must, that oil cake possesses aliment for fattening more abundant, and at a lower price than other articles with which it competes, the amount made here will find a market on the spot. What that amount is, may be inferred from the fact that C. R. Miller & Co., of our city, alone manufacture near 1,000,000 lbs. annually.

To Readers.

I commence with this day's Advertiser, the publication of a very interesting article, "Recollections of a Voyage to Italy." It bears every mark of truth on its face, and the attention of my readers is solicited to the series.

I have to acknowledge various acts of kindness from my brother editors in Cincinnati in their comments on my enterprise, and in giving currency to my articles through the medium of their columns. These have *generally* been credited to me, and when they have not been, I am willing to attribute it to accident. As regards my co-laborers in this department of public teaching, being on good terms with them all, I am in the position of the butler in the Vicar of Wakefield" "I read," said he, "all the politics that come out. The Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the Chronicle, the Evening, and the Post, the seventeen Magazines, and the two Reviews, and though *they hate each other, I love them all.*"

As regards the Advertiser itself, my only regret is, that it is too popular for my interest, being extensively picked up and carried off by interlopers before my subscribers can get to peruse it. This, flattering as it appears, is doing me a serious injury. The paper costs but $2 per annum, and there is hardly one who cannot afford to pay for it. There is another and bolder class of depredators, for whom I am on the look out—out-door thieves, who take it off the knockers, and from front doors. As soon as I can get proper testimony, such persons shall be prosecuted for the offence.

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday, the 26th ult., by the Rev. G. W. Walker, Mr. John Caldwell, to Miss Mary Ann James, all of this city.

On Saturday, the 5th inst., by Elder Wm. P. Stratton Mr. Charles Bennett, to Miss Mary Noblack, all of this city.

On the 6th inst., in St. Paul's Church, Newport, Ky., by Rev. Mr. Moore, Lieut. J. C. McFerran, U. S. Army, to Miss Rose H., daughter of the late Lieut. Col. John Green, U. S. Army.

On Monday, the 7th inst., by the Rev. Samuel R. Wilson, Mr. Jesse Healy, to Miss Ann W. Ray, of Indianapolis, Ia.

On the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr Mills, Mr. Thomas Colts, of Wheeling, to Miss Mary E. Black, of this city.

On Wednesday, the 9th inst., by the Rt. Rev. J. B. Purcell, James Graham, Esq., of New Orleans, to Miss Cornelia, daughter of the late Morgan Neville, Esq., of this city.

In Milford, on the 9th inst., by Rev. Mr. Gurley, Mr. Mark A. Buckingham to Miss Margaret Hawn.

On Thursday, 10th inst., by the Rev. E. W. Sehon, Mr. Fernando K. Martin to Miss Zion M. Dunn, all of this city.

In Green Township, on the 13th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Gurley, Mr. Stephen B. Shaner to Miss Josephine, daughter of Ephriam B. Williamson, Esq.

In this city, by the same, Mr. Robert L. Lancaster to Miss Mary Ann Lumsden.

DEATHS.

In Canton, Mass., 2d inst., of consumption, Mrs. Lydia Bowman, wife of Rev. Benjamin Huntoon, formerly of Cincinnati, aged 38.

On the 4th inst., at 3 o'clock, A. M., at the residence of her father, Dr. Hendershott, of this city, Sarah E. Hendershott, aged 17 years.

On Sunday morning, 6th inst., Mrs Joanna Hamilton, relict of the late Wm. Hamilton, in the 69th year of her age.

On Sunday evening, 6th inst., Emily Lea Peabody, wife of Herbert C. Peabody, of Mobile, and daughter of John Lea, of this city.

On Tuesday morning, 8th inst, Anna M., Wife of Abel Shawk.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 9th inst., of an affection of the heart, Mrs. Elizabeth Sellman, (widow of the late Dr. John Sellman, aged 64 years.

Recollections of a Voyage to Italy in 1800

In the early part of my life, I was accustomed to pass my winters in Philadelphia, and the rest of the year in the country. I spent the greater part of 1799 in rambling through the wilderness which now forms the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri. I hunted with the Indians, slept in their wig-wams, and was half tempted to remain with them. I am not conscious of being unstable in my pursuits; but when a lad, I was suffered to run wild, and even to those who have been more rigidly trained than myself, there is something very pleasing in changes and transitions, which, whether they are from "grave to gay" or from "lively to severe," are interesting from their contrasts, and strike our feelings as the lights and shades of a picture do our eyes. Among the Indians, who had seen me bring down a turkey on the wing with a single rifle ball, I had the reputation of being a good hunter, and capable of enduring much fatigue; but my companions in the city considered me as a mere Sybarite, and seldom found me out of bed before noon.

One reason of my indolence was, that I had nothing to do, and no one to direct me how to employ the passing hour. We may be "stretched on the rack of a too easy chair." I found that I yawned much more than those of my acquaintance who had something to occupy or interest them. I sometimes thought myself capable of better things. "I really do not know what to do with myself this summer," said I to my acquaintance, as we were sauntering along the street. "I really do not know where to go. I am tired of the city and yet I linger here, as if I had something to attach me to it. I have rambled in the country till there is little of novelty to attract me there. I cannot mount my horse without some greater inducement than riding for an appetite; and as to my horse, I have not seen him since I came here, although that is so long, that if he is alive I fancy the charge for his keeping must amount to at least the sum which I paid for him; and, indeed, unless the grooms ride him, he may have forgot the use of his limbs."

"If you are tired of both city and country," said my companion, "go to Europe." "You are fond of poetry, painting, and music—go to Italy." "Upon my word," replied I, "it might be very pleasant, and I think, I should like it." "Then I will make some enquiry about a ship to some port there, and will let you know if I can hear of one." "Be it so," said I, "I will obey your bidding, should you direct me even to "call spirits from the vasty deep." A few days afterwards he told me that a ship was ready to sail, bound to Leghorn. All I had to do was to send my trunk on board.

A ship was new to me. I had seen our great lakes, which resemble the ocean; but I had never seen the ocean. I was not, however, as ignorant of either, as an officer of the western army, who accompanied me to Philadelphia the preceding autumn. He was born on the frontier of Pennsylvania, and when about ten years of age, his father's family was surprised by the Indians, his father and some others killed, and he taken to one of the Indian towns, where he was adopted in an Indian family. The boy grew up among them; but his relations discovered him, and with difficulty prevailed upon him to return to his former home and associates. A lieutenant's commission was procured for him, and he joined the western troop in a campaign against the Indians, in which he was much distinguished for his gallantry.

He had obtained a furlough, and accompanied me to the city. We arrived at night; the next morning he was out at daylight, and it was with difficulty that he found his way back to his lodging. He said that he would with more readiness have found his way through fifty miles of woods, than through five squares in the city. The following day he told me that he had seen a very large ship *marching* down the river; but he wished me to go to the Delaware with him, for it was the most singular river he had ever seen—one part of the day it ran one way, and at another time it ran another way,—he was sure of it; for he had been several times at the wharves, and had seen it running different ways with his own eyes. I found that he had not heard of the tide, and it was difficult to make him comprehend it. But to return to myself.

On the 23d of June the ship was ready to sail, and I shipped on board of her at the wharf, and she dropped down to New Castle, where she came to, to take the Captain on board, who, having something to execute, had been detained at Philadelphia after her sailing. Early the next morning the Captain came on board, and I found that he had already met with some adventures on his way. One of the sailors taking leave of his companions, had got into a frolic, and when the ship left the city, he was missing. As he was an excellent seaman, the Captain was unwilling to leave him behind, and after much search had found him, and, to use his own phrase, had chartered a chaise to take them to New Castle. It was dark when they crossed the ferry at Wilmington. The ground, in wet weather, is knee deep in mud. I was well acquainted with it; for, when a boy, I had spent many a day in shooting snipes in the marshes in that neighborhood; and thought it a good feat with a double barreled gun to kill two rising at the same moment, and flying in different directions.

After crossing the ferry the Captain found the

darkness increased by a thick fog which covered the flats, so that in a little time he could not see the horse before him; the consequence of which was, that driving too much on one side of the road, a wheel of the chaise got on the descending ground, and the Captain and his *compagnon de voyage*, were both thrown into a ditch full of deep water; but as water was their element, they probably came out like Commodore Trunnion, invigorated by their immersion.—With much difficulty they got the chaise into its proper position, and as the Captain was unwilling to make any more summersets, he placed the sailor in the chaise, with, as he said, a brace in each hand, to follow, while he waded through the mud to *con*—explore—the way. Whenever the Captain found himself getting into the ditch on his starboard hand, he would call to Jack "port"—to which Jack would reply, with true nautical precision "port it is, sir," and pull the poor horse short up with the rein in his left hand. They got into New Castle, covered with mud, about one o'clock in the morning, and the Captain, as he did not like to come on board "unanointed and unannealed," changed his dress, and appeared among us in a very gentlemanly garb.

The ship was the Louisa, a letter of marque, mounting twelve guns, but appearing to have eighteen, six of them being what the sailors called Quakers; that is, very pacific ones, made of wood. She was commanded by Thomas Hoggard, and had a crew of thirty men. It was during our war with the French, and the owners of the ship had armed her, as a protection from the French privateers, which it was supposed she might fall in with.

The first sight of the ocean must strike the rudest breast with an impression of awe. Its immensity, and even its monotony, is sublime. But the appearance was not entirely new to me. I had seen the great lakes with their "blue, trembling billows, top'd with foam," apparently as shoreless as the ocean itself. The ship, however, and my companions were all novel, and when the pilot took his leave, I felt strongly the sensation which every one must feel who leaves a home which contains many who are extremely dear to him. We were outside of the Capes, and the breeze blew fresh and chill. There were many things to be arranged about the ship, at which the sailors busied themselves, and to the whistling of the wind among the rigging, was added the frequent piping of the boatswain, as orders were given to perform different evolutions. I put on my great coat, and remained on deck. The ship went rapidly through the waves. The spray dashed over our bows, while a train of phosphoric light sparkled in her wake. Velocity gives an impression of power, and produces delightful sensations.

Some French writer mentions a country... of his, whom he met in Arabia, who had grown as wild as the Arabs themselves, who told him that nothing was so delightful to him, as to be mounted on an Heirie, and in full speed in the Desert. Strange as this may appear, I can readily believe it. But this feeling partly arose from the solitude in which he was placed, enabling him to fancy himself a more important part of creation, than he would have thought himself to be in the midst of a crowd.

I recollect the effect of the solitude of the western prairies, and can recall the thrill of mingled pain and pleasure which it produced by the consciousness of being alone in them. The horizon, without a tree, as unbroken as the ocean—the clear and cold moon within an hour of setting—a silence that could be felt, interrupted by the howl, at long intervals, of a solitary wolf, which seemed two or three miles distant. I never thought of the line of Campbell, "The wolf's long howl on Oonalaska's shore," without recollecting him of the Prairies. On shipboard there was no solitude, everything was bustle and noise. I went forward and cast my eyes over the bow, and enjoyed the dashing of the spray, as the ship's head was buried in the waves, out of which she rose like a feather, giving a powerful idea of the resistance of a fluid, which could so lightly repel a body of upwards of three hundred tons burthen.

Looking ahead, something, at first dimly descried became more and more distinct, and I soon found it to be a ship, approaching in an opposite direction to our course. Apprehensive that I might alarm my companions improperly, I remained long enough to be fully convinced of the nature and situation of the object in view, when going to a sailor who was engaged at something near me, "I said, "there is a vessel!" Jack turned to me, but made no answer. I repeated, "There is a vessel before us." Still no reply, but I heard one of the crew a little distance, ask another, "What does he say?" The wind was fresh, and the ship having a good deal of sail, heaved considerably, which together with her high bulwarks, and the bellying of the sails, prevented the sailors from seeing the approach of the stranger. I was apprehensive that the two ships would strike against each other; and suddenly conceiving that the inattention paid to what I said might be occasioned by my expressing myself in a dialect not understood on board ship, I called out "a sail ahead!" The man nearest to me promptly sprang forward, and seeing he danger, repeated my call in a voice like a trumpet, the helm was instantly clapped hard up, and the two ships, almost touching, and on different tacks, dashed by each other like the wind. The tars themselves felt it a narrow

escape, and the one whose attention I had roused, exclaimed, after holding his breath, until we were fairly clear, "d—n my eyes, but that was touch and go!" We suppose that we had been unnoticed by the other ship. Not a word was said on either side. Many vessels, in all probability, are annually lost by coming in collision with each other on the ocean.

I have never been sea-sick, but the wind was chilly, and the sea rough, and I felt a slight qualmishness that intimated to me the propriety of retiring to my couch, where I slept as well as I could expect to be permitted to do, by the pitching of the vessel, and in a situation so novel. When I went on deck, in the morning, I found everything in excellent regulation. The sun had risen in an unclouded sky; the gale of the preceding evening had moderated to a fine breeze, and blew from a favorable point, and the Captain, with a very good natured countenance, was pacing the deck, apparently pleased

"To see
The gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea foam."

We were out of sight of land. The sky and the sea were all that the eye found to rest upon; and the variety consisted of the foam-crested billows of the one, and the differently shaped and tinged clouds, which passed across the face of the other.

On shipboard, the character of the persons composing the family is of much importance to our comfort. I think it is Johnson who observed, that to be at sea is to be imprisoned with the chance of being drowned, excepting that, in prison you are very likely to meet with the most agreeable company. I, therefore, looked around to see how I was situated. The inmates of the cabin were, besides myself, the Captain, two mates, and an Italian gentleman, as a passenger. Of the latter, I recollect nothing, but that he sang agreeably, and appeared to have a tolerably favorable opinion of himself. The Captain's appearance told you that he was a sailor. He was about forty years of age; his idiom peculiarly that of his profession, so that at a table he would desire a person to *scull* that plate to him, &c. Of the mates, I at that time took little notice; I supposed them your everyday kind of sailors, with but little knowledge beyond that of their profession, but I was not a physiognomist, if I had been, I would easily have discovered in one of them, "the hand to do, the heart to dare."

I soon found that it would be useful to endeavor to occupy myself with something, in order to prevent my time from hanging heavily on my hands, and I told the captain that I would like to learn how to navigate a ship, and tasked his good nature to tell me the names and give me an explanation of the uses of the different parts of the rigging, and, in return, I would take upon me all the astronomical calculations necessary to ascertain his longitude. He expressed himself very willing to communicate the knowledge which he possessed of the subject which I was desirous of being acquainted with; but said it would be well not to ask questions of the sailors, who would form a very unfavorable opinion of one so ignorant as not to know the difference between the main brace and main top bowline. It was therefore agreed, that all my questions should be asked of him, and I was so apt a scholar, that in less than a fortnight, I ventured, under his particular instruction to give an order about some part of the working of the ship, and got through it with a pretty good tone. I was so much emboldened by this, that after having repeatedly gone aloft, begining with the main top, to which I took care at first to ascend by the weather shrouds, I had the hardihood, on the command to reef top sail being given, to make an essay to get on the main topsail-yard, during a squall, but in this essay, I found that I had over-rated my abilities; for when on the yard, as the ship pitched with great violence, it required the aid of a sailor on each side to enable me to maintain my position; and when I found myself safely on deck, I made a vow to abandon all yard arms during the remainder of my voyage.

I had a great inclination to see a storm at sea. It is related of some celebrated marine painter —I might say Vernet, but am not sure it was he; and it was most probably some one of the Dutch school—that when the ship in which he sailed, was in danger, and he lashed to the mast, while the sailors beheld their situation with the greatest apprehensions, he viewed it merely as a picture, and was delighted with the effect of the scene, and engaged, in imagination, in transferring to the canvass, the magnificent swell of the foaming billows. My curiosity did not lead me so far as to wish to be in any danger; I was therefore willing to put up with a very moderate storm, and not disposed to insist on the mast being carried away, or the ship left a wreck. One night, one of the officers awoke me with the information that there was a fine gale of wind, and some lightning to be seen, which it was worth going on deck for. I accordingly got up. The sea did not, as we are told by voyagers it frequently does, run mountains high; but it certainly ran very lofty. The ship lay to under a stay-sail, which was the only sail set. The wind did not merely whistle, but whizzed through the rigging with such force, that, together with the roaring of the waves, it was difficult to distinguish the words of a person exerting his voice, to me; and the lightning flashed in such streams

that, considering the artillery on deck, and the iron in all parts of the ship, it appeared to me that we should scarcely escape it. There was no bustle on board. The ship had been made *snug*.—The rain fell in sheets; but the sailors, who were accustomed to "bide the peltings of the pitiless storm," seemed very much unconcerned in the midst of a scene which might have been sufficient to terrify a landsman. As for the mate, whose watch it was, he looked as if he could have said with the boatswain in the Tempest, "Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough;" while, for myself, I might be excused if I

"Ey'd the shrouds and swelling sail,
With many a benedicite."

I, however, felt sufficient composure, for when I went on board, aware that scenes of this kind in which there was no danger might appear to an eye unaccustomed to them in a very fearful light, I determined to take my tone, as much as possible, from the aspect of the sailors around me, and therefore looked to their countenances, rather than to the billows, in order to form my opinion of the risk, and seeing them very tranquil, I readily became so myself. I cannot say much about the storm, although I believe it might be considered as a pretty specimen of foul weather, "fair is foul, and foul is fair;" other voyagers have seen much sublimer ones.

But I don't like storms, and detest tempests, which, I suppose, are in the scale of comparison, as the superlative to the comparative. I would not give one Zephyr for a thousand Austers, Euruses, or Boreases.

The rising and setting of the sun, when his full orb is seen just over the horizon, is very fine; and moonlight nights are delightful. The moon has been the theme of poets in all ages, and nothing can equal the soothing and tranquilizing effects of its clear light at sea. In the dewy freshness of the night, I have gazed for hours upon its fine aspect on the waves, as they danced and sparkled in its brilliancy, which marked a broad path for the vessel to the verge of the horizon. Nothing can be more delightful than this effect when the weather is fine, and the wind fair; for then there is no noise of orders given or bustle to execute them, to mar your meditations; and the consciousness of speeding on your course, the tranquility on board, and the gentle dashing of the wave as it breaks against the ship's bows, and passes along her sides in glittering foam, harmonizes deliciously with the "night's regent," when "riding at her brightest noon." At a late hour of the night, when the *mid-watch* had been some time on their duty, the helmsman at his post, attentively eycing the needle by which his course is directed, and which has been exquisitely compared to the sensitive heart, that

"Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
And turning, trembles too,"

the officer in command, pacing the quarter deck with a regular and monotonous step; the crew silent, or the indistinctly heard voice of some one narrating his adventures, or a tale which he has heard or read, to his listening companions; all together form a picture which I have felt very powerfully on my heart and imagination. In these fine evenings, a sailor who can tell a good story is a valuable acquisition to his shipmates, who are not, in general very fastidious about style, provided he will give them sufficient incident. I was on deck late one night, all sail was set, and the wind fair on the quarter, when hearing some thing on the forecastle, which from the tone of the speaker appeared to be some tale of his adventures, I went forward, that I might be a partaker of it and stood unseen in the shadow of the foresail. I found the speaker whose comrades were seated around him, narrating to them a tale which he had read in the Arabian Nights; but having forgot the words he was obliged to give it in his own phraseology. He told them of the king of Persia's son, who having fallen in love with the Emperor of China's daughter, had been seperated by some malignant *Ginny*. Here he was interrupted by the question of what was a *Ginny;* this he could not tell,but supposed it to be a conjurer. That the young woman fell sick, and her lover discovering her, sought to introduce himself as a "foreign doctor," who could cure all maladies, but on the nurse informing her that a foreign doctor wished to see her, the princess swore, "d—n her eyes, if he should come within a boat-hook's length of her." The story which lasted nearly an hour, was all in this style, and extremely well relished by the auditors; and by none more than myself. I wished I could repeat it to you throughout, in the manner in which I heard it.

MARRIAGES.

On the 10th inst., by A. Drury, Mr. Wm. Burrows, of Cincinnati, Ohio & Miss Matilda Culbertson, of Kenton Co., Ky.

On the 15th inst., by the same, Mr. Ephraim D. Merrell and Miss Ellen E. Robinson.

On the same day, by Rev. Mr. Orr, Mr. John Williams of this city, and Harriet Leathers, daughter of Capt. P. Bliss. of Covington, Ky.

On the 16th inst.,by Rev. James E. Wilson. Mr. Thos. J. Finch and Miss Elizabeth H. Carr, of Alleghany city, Pa.

On the 17th inst., by Rev. Mr. Lowry, Mr. Samuel Winall and Miss Lydia Woolsey, both of this city

DEATHS.

On the 13th inst., Mrs Sarah A.. wife of John W. Sullivan and second daughter of Wm. P. Williams, aged 24 years.

At St Charles, Mo.. Rev. J. H. Fielding, President of the St. Charles College, on the 15th inst.

In this city, on the 16th inst., Mr. Erasmus Benson.

On the 18th inst., of the Bronchitis, in the 5th year of her age, Helen, daughter of George W. and Susan L. Phillips.

Cisterns, and Well and Cistern Pumps.

I recollect the period in Cincinnati when the old fashioned cistern of cooper work was all that the great mass of our citizens had to depend on as a receptacle for water. The great depth and consequent expense of wells forbade a resort, in early days, to such a medium of supply. As the water works became extended over the city, the public has felt less interest in constructing cisterns, and except along the north and west lines of our city, they are now rarely built. I hold this to be great impolicy. There is a comfort and luxury in cistern water, now that cisterns are cemented with hydraulic lime, for which nothing else is a substitute. The water is here preserved at an uniform temperature throughout the year, rendering it more acceptable, either in summer or winter, than that which flows from the hydrant. It is, besides, a purer and of course wholesomer article. I say nothing on the subject of the protection cisterns afford families in the earlier stages of a fire, when a bucket full obtained on the spot, and at an instant, is of more value than hogsheads full at a later period of its ravages. It is well known, too, that the supply of river water is inadequate to the consumption of the city, even where hydrants exist. On occasions, too, that supply is entirely shut off. Under these considerations, it will be seen, that no family, if possible, should be without a cistern. They are now built inconceivably cheap; as low, I learn, as ten dollars for a small one.

If cisterns are built, we necessarily want pumps. Of these, there is a variety made in Cincinnati, all more or less convenient and efficient. But examining, of late, the public pump, on Lower Market street, I incline to think it among the best.

This is Van Allen's patent, and extensively manufactured by Messrs. Wardell & Atkinson, on Hopple's Alley, in our city. They are of wood, the tubes coated with a composition to preserve them, which appears as impenetrable as metal. The joints are of iron screws, which hold with a firmness that defies the strain always created in pumping, and secures an air tightness not attainable in wooden joints. Two excellencies I notice in these pumps. The valve being perfectly loose, clears itself at every stroke of the piston, and the valve seat being concave, it becomes impossible for any substance to get fastened between the valve and the seat, as is so frequently the case on the ordinary principle. The importance of this will be readily understood by those who have been annoyed by gravel, &c. being carried up in pumps, and lodging in the bucket.

Mr. Wardell, in the establishment to which he belonged, in Philadelphia, I learn, has made and sold fifteen thousand of these pumps.

The Well, on Lower Market street, is 52 feet deep, and the pump there has been in constant service for the last 18 months, in perfect order all that time.

Wardell & Atkinson also build cisterns, furnish and set grates, furnaces and chimney pots.

Marriage Licences.

In the list of marriages of this week, there is "Married, by the Rev. James E. Wilson, Thomas J. Finch to Miss Elizabeth Holmes Carr, of Alleghany City, Pa."

There is an incident connected with this event worthy of remark. I was assured by the groomsman, as he handed me in the notice of the marriage, that such was the influence of the scene on his feelings, that but for the want of a marriage license, he should have stepped forward and become a principal also, instead of playing second fiddle on the occasion.

This confession speaks volumes, and determines me to go for the repeal of marriage licences, as soon as I can get time to agitate the subject. Here is a youthful pair, fitted to ornament society in the family relation, ready to plight their vows, and the State steps in, like the Dutch Squire, in Pennsylvania, with "*vare ish mine tollar?*" banishing all the romance of fond affection, compelling the impatient lover to wait "the law's delay," and interposing a *veto* from the exercise of which even Old Hickory, in the plenitude of his iron will, would have shrunk. Here are two congenial spirits seperated, perhaps never more to meet, who, but for the pre-requisite of these hateful licences, might have 'like kindred drops been melted into one.'

On these and other considerations, I go for the repeal of the marriage license system. What right, I would seriously ask, has society to interpose even the slightest obstacle in the shape of expense or delay to the establishment of that relation on which its whole well-being depends?

Millerism.

This delusion has been producing here as elsewhere, its appropriate effects. Friend Eshelby knocked off on Saturday, declining to take any more *measures*. Those of the brethren who are carpenters have locked up their chests of tools, and other mechanics have laid down work also. As the day approaches, to which they look forward as the consummation of all earthly things, the faithful *adventists* continue nearly the whole time, day and night at the Tabernacle, corner of John and Seventh sts. What the consequences will prove when the 23rd shall have passed away and the 24th dawn upon us, it is fearful to contemplate. These believers have been gathered out of every Christian church in the land, and yet I have no doubt, a majority of them will be brought when they behold the fallacy of their

calculations,to the awful conclusionthat the Bible is a lie. Well was it prophesied of such, "*They be blind leaders of the blind*," and both must fall into the ditch.

One of the brethren whose wife did not hold the same views, came into the breakfast room and said he believed he should not work any more, and should employ the few days that remained in preparation for the great event. After sitting some time and seeing no signs of breakfast, he inquired how soon it would be ready, when his wife replied, that she thought as he did, and concluded to cook nothing more,particularly as the apostolic injunction to the church was, "If a man will not work neither shall he eat." He hesitated a little while and then added, If you will get me some breakfast I will go to work again.

Relics of the Past.

The following letter from Capt. Armstrong, to General Wilkinson, derives much interest from the incidents relative to Lieutenant, now General Gaines, refered to therein. The last letter of Wilkinson's published, desires Armstrong to advise Gaines, then Ensign, of his promotion to a Lieutenancy. By this it will be seen that General Gaines has been more than fifty-two years in continued service, a length of time which perhaps has no parallel in military history. He is probably the only commissioned officer who survives of Wayne's army of the west, and undoubtedly the only one still on the military roll.

FORT HAMILTON, June 1, 1792.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 24th May, came duly to hand, I am pleased with the idea of having much of your company this summer. I have happily anticipated your wishes. I have a cellar adjoining the well, and in part of it a cistern that contains about four hundred gallons, which I fill with water once every day, which serves to keep the cellar cool,and answers the purpose of a fish pond. The pleasing idea of being received into the arms of friendship in Philadelphia must, in some measure, lessen the fatigues of the long journey your lady is about to undertake. I sincerely wish her a pleasant and safe passage.

Will you come and eat strawberries with us? if we had a cow you should have cream also Green peas we have in abundance; if you could spare some radish seeds, their produce would hereafter serve to ornament your table. Four of the cattle left for the supply of this post,broke from the drove some days since, took the road for Fort Washington, and could not be overtaken by the party on foot who pursued them as far as Pleasant Run. One other this morning swam across the river, and is so wild that Mr. Ewing has crossed to shoot him; there is, therefore,only one bullock remaining, he will give the garrison about four days' provision.

You will, no doubt, receive by this express a letter from Lt. Gaines,inclosing two orders relative to the ——— of this garrison. Should he inclose you the orders of the 25th and 31st of May,any thing that may appear ambignous therein, will be explained by the following relation. I had filled the cistern already spoken of in the evening, in order to give the water the night to settle, for the use of the troops next day. Mr. Gaines drew the plug and emptied it. As the drawing three or four hundred gallons of water is attended with much fatigue, by way of reprimand I observed to Lt. Gaines,that if directing him to attend the filling and emptying it would have any other effect than to hurt his feelings, I would direct his attention thereto for a month. His reply was, that he would disobey such an order, the issuing of which will be the cause of a complaint. *He is young in service, and will learn better.* I have read him this part of my letter, and referred him to the 18th chapter of the Baron's instructions.

From the list of appointments accompanying your list, I see there are but three brigadiers appointed. I think the law says four, and I hope means yourself.

Respectfully,
Your ob't Serv't,
JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Brig. Gen. JAMES WILKINSON.

Benjamin Franklin.

I have, in my possession, a file of the Pennsylvania Gazette, for a series of years, beginning at 1744, just a century since. The earliest years bear the imprint, "Philadelphia, printed by B. Franklin, Post-Master, at the new Printing Office near the Market." The first number bears date August 16, 1744, and displays the effigy of the British Lion with the motto, "Mercy, Justice." Every thing about the paper is remarkable. Negro women and men are as freely advertised for sale, as they would be in a Louisiana paper of the present day. Dutch and Irish servants are advertised in some places for sale, and in others, as runaways from their masters. Other advertisements equally characteristic of the times, abound. But the great leading topic for thought is, "Here is a newspaper, published in the then principal city of the United States, extending its circulation over half the inhabited continent, and the composition, press-work, editing, and even the mailing—for these papers bear his well known writing on the address—all performed by one man; by a man, who, by the force of his unaided energies, became identified with the history of his age and country, in politics, science

and literature." And the paper, a weekly sheet, only one fourth the size of the "Advertiser," but adequate, probably, to the wants and desires of the age. What a wonderful revolution has the press wrought in later days!

Fuel.--Coal.

As the season of laying in Coal for the winter consumption is at hand, I wish to call public attention, once more, to the fact, that we have, in the Pomeroy Coal mined, in our own vicinity, an article which ought to supercede the highly bituminous coal of Pittsburg and Wheeling—first, because it affects the lungs much less, and secondly, because it does not disfigure our house fronts as much as the rival articles. I press this matter with great earnestness, from the strong desire I have that the great and increasing consumption of Coal, as fuel, here, should not become the means of staining and discoloring our fair city. This is a matter, I hold,in which the whole community has a deep stake, and one by which our prosperity, as well as our pride, are affected—much of the rapid growth of Cincinnati resulting from its beautiful appearance, which is constantly attracting strangers to settle in the place.

MARRIAGES.

On the 20rd inst., by the Rev, E. W. Sehon, C. A. Garrett, of the firm of C. A. Garrett & Co., and Miss Eliza A. Jordan, all of this city.

On the 23d inst., by the Rev. N. L. Rice, Mr.P. M. Farnsworth, of the Atlas Office, and Miss Martha Fulton, eldest daughter of Robert Fulton, Esq., all of this city.

On the 23d inst., by the Rev. Hart Judah, Mr. Isaac Liebenstein and Miss Adeline Wolf, both of this city.

In Covington, Ky., on the 23d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Bayless, Mr. John G. Webb and Miss Pamela Payne, all of this city.

On the 24th inst., by Rev. Mr. Deering, Mr. Alexander C. Christopher and Miss Susan Jones, daughter of Wm. H. Steele, all of this city.

On Fifth Day, the 24th inst.. in Friends' Meeting, James Taylor and Elizabeth C. daughter of the late Wm. Shipley.

DEATHS.

On Friday morning, Oct. 18th, 1844, at the house of her uncle, Nathan Stewart, on Sycamore St., south of 8th, Miss Jane F. Tuley, of Scarlet Fever. aged 21 years.

Monday evening, at 10 o'clock, in the 35th year of his age, Mr. Wm. Ryall, formerly a native of Halifax, Novia Scotia.

On Wednesday afternoon, 23d inst.. at half-past 3 o' clock, Amelia A. Champlin, daughter of Matthew F Champlin.

On the 21st inst., after a severe illness of a few days Vannelia James, infant daughter of James R. and Angelina Smith.

Changes in Transportation.

It is but a few years since, that the mackerel and herring put up at the east in the fall, only reached us in Cincinnati at the opening of the spring business, there being felt too great a risk in the circuitous and tardy route of the shipment of its being intercepted by the closing of navigation either of the Ohio or the canals One among many evidences of a change in this respect, I noticed on Wednesday last, the 23rd inst., in a row of barrels of herring and mackerel, inspected and branded October, 1844, and lying opposite Elliott's. Lower Market. Those who relish the luxury of a fat mackerel, but a few days in salt, can appreciate the benefits which our modern approximations eastward are conferring on us.

Mike Fink.

BY HIRAM KAINE.

In the interval between the first commencement of trade and travel on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and the introduction of steamboats, a race of men, with peculiar and distinct habits and manners, sprang into existence upon the silent waters. They were composed of old Indian fighters, who, on the return of peace, could not abandon their predatory habits, and of refugees from more civilized classes of society, who saw an attraction in the wild life of adventure led by the Boatmen. No trace is now left of them,—as the steamboat-man of the present day is no more like his keel-boat progenitor, than the "hand" on a fishing-boat is like a salt water sailor. We will not undertake to say in whose favor this difference would operate. It is very possible that while much of the blunt sincerity and courage of former times has degenerated into ruffianism, society, at least along the rivers, has gained by the safety of its property from lawless pillage.

As Mike was the last, so was he the most celebrated of all the "River men." To this day there is scarce a town or city between Pittsburgh and New Orleans, that has not some tradition in which he bears a conspicuous part. He appears to have been a man of great personal strength and courage, and of singular energy of character.

From what we have been able to learn, Mike was born about the year 1780, in Allegheny co., Pa.; and his early adventures in the city of Pittsburgh, were of themselves sufficient to form a volume of wild romantic interest, illustrative of the bloody character of the Indian wars.

While a mere stripling, Mike enlisted in a corps of scouts, a body of men who "fought the Indians in their own way," and exulted in the capture of a scalp, as much as did their savage enemies, Many were the bloody and desperate conflicts in which they were engaged; and here Fink displayed those admirable qualities of courage and fortitude, for which he was afterwards so famous. One of his adventures, while a scout, is worthy of a recital; and it was one which he himself used to tell with great pride.

"As he was creeping along one morning with the stealthy tread of a cat, his eye fell upon a beautiful buck, browsing on the edge of a barren spot three hundred yards distant. The temptation was too strong for the woodsman,and he resolved to have a shot. at every hazard. Repriming his gun and picking his flint, he made his approaches tn the usual noiseless manner. At the moment he reached the spot from which he, meant to take his aim, ne observed a large savage, intent upon the same object, advancing from a direction a little different from his own, Mike shrunk behind a tree with the quickness of thought, and, keeping his eye fixed on the hunter, waited the result with patience. In a

few moments the Indian halted within fifty paces, and leveled his piece at the deer. In the meanwhile, Mike presented his rifle at the body of the savage, and at the moment the smoke issued from the gun of the latter, the bullet of Fink passed through the Red man's breast: he uttered a yell and fell dead at the same instant with the deer. Mike re-loaded his rifle, and remained in his covert for some minutes, to ascertain whether there were more enemies at hand, he then stepped up to the prostrate savage, and having satisfied himself that life was extinguished, turned his attention to the buck, and took from the carcass those pieces suited to the process of jerking."

In the progress of years, however, the great West began to fill up with a white population; and the tribes either retiring or making peace the occupation of the scouts was gone. Some of them settled down as farmers,—others still ranged the woods as hunters—but by far the greater number commenced trading on the river. Among this latter number was *Mike Fink*, who by his superior courage and dexterity, soon became the most famous of all his companions. By the phrase, trading on the river, our readers are not to understand the system of commercial intercourse which now covers the Western waters with floating palaces. A broad low flat-boat, with a "cabin" erected in the centre, in which the crew slept upon straw, propelled by long poles, constituted the only vehicles for transportation. Upon these "dug outs," the richest cargoes were often taken from Pittsburgh to New Orleans; and though anything but secure guardians to the property along the river, we believe there is no example on record, of dishonesty towards their employers by the boatmen. *Mike's* standing, in this particular, is thus summed up in the fragment of a work, a few leaves of which have been sent to us by a friend, entitled, "The Last of the Boatmen,"—"Every farmer on the shore, kept on good terms with Mike; otherwise there was no safety for his property. Wherever he was an enemy, like his great prototype Rob Roy, he levied the contribution of Black mail for the use of his boat. Often at night, when his tired companions slept, he would take an excursion of five or six miles, and return before morning, rich in spoil. On the Ohio he was known among his companions by the appellation of the "Snapping Turtle," and on the Mississippi he was called the "Snag."

This was the palmy period of Mike's career. He was in all but name, a king. Law,—he recognised none, save his own wishes, while he possessed unbounded influence over his comrades. His personal appearance at this period is thus described in the sketch before us:—"He was leaning carelessly against a large beech, and as his left arm negligently pressed a rifle to his side, presented a figure that Salvator would have chosen from a million, as a model for his wild and gloomy pencil. His stature was upwards of six feet, his proportion perfectly symmetrical, and exhibiting the evidence of Herculean powers. To a stranger he would have seemed a complete mulatto. Long exposure to the sun and weather, on the lower Ohio and Mississippi, had changed his skin; and but for the fine European cast of his countenance, he might have passed for the principal warrior of some powerful tribe. Although at least fifty years of age, his hair was as black as the wing of the raven. Next to his skin he wore a red flannel shirt, covered by a blue capote ornamented with white fringe. On his feet were moccasins, and a broad leathern belt, from which hung suspended in a sheath a large knife, encircled his waist.

His wonderful skill with the rifle, was not among the least imposing of Mike's claims to the admiration and obedience of the wild people among whom he lived. Various stories of the singular precision of his aim, are still extant. While passing Wheeling once, a negro was walking up from the beach with a small pitcher upon his head. Although at a considerable distance, the unerring rifle knocked the vessel from its resting-place, to the no small amusement of his companions. Another feat is thus narrated of him:—

"Mike, followed by several of his crew, led the way to the beech-grove some distance from the landing. I invited my fellow-passengers to witness the scene. On arriving at the spot, a stout, bull-headed boatman, dressed in a hunting-shirt, but bare-footed, in whom I recognised a younger brother of Mike, drew line with his toe, and stepping off thirty yards, turned round fronting his brother, took a tin-cup which hung from his belt, and placed it on his head. Although I had seen this feat performed before, I acknowledge I felt uneasy whilst this silent preparation was going on. But I had not much time for reflection; for this second Albert exclaimed—

'Blaze away, Mike, and let's have the quart.'

My 'compagnons de voyage,' as soon as they recovered from the first effect of their astonishment, exhibited a disposition to interfere. But Mike, throwing back his left leg, levelled the rifle at the head of his brother. In this horizontal position the weapon remained for some seconds as immoveable as if the arm which held it was affected by no pulsation.

'Elevate your piece a little lower, Mike, or you will pay the corn,' cried the imperturbable brother.

I know not if the advice was obeyed or not. But the sharp crack of the rifle immediately followed, and the cup flew off thirty or forty yards, rendered unfit for future service. There was a cry of admiration from the strangers, who pressed forward to see if the fool-hardy boatman was really safe. He remained as immoveable as if he had been a figure hewn out of stone. He had not even winked, when the ball struck within two inches of his skull.

'Mike has won!' I exclaimed. And my decision was the signal which, according to their rules, permitted him of the target to move from his position. No more sensation was exhibited among the boatmen, than if a common wager had been won. The bet being decided, they hurried back to their boat, giving me and my friends an invitation to partake of 'the treat.'

Another feat he used himself to narrate with much relish. Once, while floating down the middle of the stream, he discovered a negro, with his foot upon the fence, watching the boat as it passed.

'That nigger's heel is entirely too long for use. Who'll bet I can't trim it from here?' said Mike.

A quart was instantly staked,—and Mike, slowly raising his rifle to his shoulder—the "nigger" was saved several inches of leather in after times.

But it would fill a volume to detail half of the strange legends of which Mike was the hero; and we must close our researches into his history, for the present.

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY.

CINCINNATI, NOVEMBER, 1844.

Animal Magnetism.

No. II.

I have said that many of the occult workings of nature, as observed in Pennsylvania, are not less wonderful than the mesmeric phenomena, and that as they establish the great fact of the universal sympathetic principle which pervades all nature, they corroborate the general truths of Animal Magnetism and Neurology.

A dislike to lengthen an article already too long, forbade my resorting to specifications in my last article on this subject. I have, therefore, exposed myself to cavils and doubts as to the matters of fact which are involved in the various modifications of the mesmeric, or great sympathetic science, as they exist in Pennsylvania, and probably elsewhere. Be it my employment now, to furnish a narrative of individual cases, which rest on the testimony of men resident here and whose veracity and intelligence cannot be impeached by any man in the community. Their names can be had on application to me.

Many years since, said my informant on one of these points, I kept store in Baltimore. Myself and a clerk in my employ, were one evening sitting at supper, when an inmate of the family burst into the room with, Oh! Mr. D., Mrs. Morrison's child is just scalded dreadfully, and cannot live. Mrs. Morrison was one of our neighbors. Let us go over to her house, said Mr. G., the clerk, I can cure the scald. I stared at him, but on his rising to go over, went along. There was the child scalded as badly as I ever saw a human being, and in perfect agony. The mother had bathed it in oil, and bandaged it over, but the screams continued and were dreadfully distressing. Madam, said G., please take off these bandages. What for, said the mother.—I can extract the fire if you do. She declined. I added my request to that of my clerk. The bandage was removed and the appearance of the body was awful. I had no idea that the child could live twenty-four hours. As soon as it was entirely stripped, G. leaned over it, breathed on it, and said a few words in a low tone. The child hushed up instantly, and not even a moan or a sob followed. Come said Mr. G., the pain is gone, let us go back to supper.

The scald healed in a few days. I never could get him to tell me how he operated the cure; when I spoke to him on the subject, he always contrived to change it. He could also stop bleeding at a moment's notice, and without a failure.

Another very remarkable faculty he possessed, which was, that if the names of two persons were handed on a piece of paper to him, he could invariably tell which would first die.

Hear the testimony of a second witness, as respectable a man as any in Cincinnati, or anywhere else. I had a fine horse which had the *hokes*, said my informant, and I took him to a celebrated farrier in our neighborhood, to be cured. Besides being cut in the eye for this complaint, he was bled to reduce the fever which accompanied it. The operation being delicately and skilfully performed, took up nearly the whole morning, and by the time it was completed, the dinner was ready, of which I was invited to partake. I was, however, unwilling to lose sight of the horse, who was bleeding freely, and hesitated to comply. It was a summer day, and the door to the dinner room which led to the yard, was wide open, and I was enabled by a slight movement of the head, to keep my eye almost at the same moment on both the farrier and my horse. The horse appeared considerably exhausted with the loss of blood, and being a valuable one, I became alarmed, and told the operator that he would bleed to death. No danger replied he, that is the life of the cause. I persisted, however, and told him he must come out and we would bandage him up, so as to stop the bleeding. Oh! said he, if that is what you want, I can do it here just the same. So saying, he turned himself on his chair at the table, and without rising from his seat, repeated something, and perhaps made some motions, and the blood which had been running a steady stream, stopped flowing, instantaneously. I am certain not another drop fell after my attention was directed to the horse. I have seen other persons who could also stop bleeding, in a manner equally remarkable.

In 1814, I resided on Diamond Alley, Pittsburg, said another person to me, a very intelligent man, where I kept the most extensive livery stable in the place. The water which was used for the horses, had become unfit for further service, and we had dug a new well, in sinking which, we went a great depth, and after all the water was not fit to use. As it had cost much trouble to dig it so deep, the disappointment was great, and I was the more annoyed at the circumstance, by the fact, that absolutely I did not know what to do next. In this perplexity, an individual who proved to be a well digger by profession, came along, and after examining the premises, remarked to me that I should have dug *there*, pointing to a spot about five feet along side. I was so provoked with him, in my then excited and worried state of feeling, that I told him petulantly, that he only

said so because he wanted a job of well digging. Well, said he, Mr. B., I will dig this well where I set my stick, and if I do not find first rate water at half the depth, I will charge you nothing for the job. Very well, said I, catching at the suggestion as a relief to my anxiety, although I had not a particle of expectation of success, set to work then. He did so, and at precisely the depth previously indicated, he came to water so pure, that for years afterwards, the citizens for three squares off carried water to their tables from it. The two wells were so near each other that the earth of the second one dug was thrown into the first. I paid him his bill and added a five dollar note as a present. I never paid money with greater pleasure.

I will conclude the subject for the present with my own experience in the Divining rod. My friend and quondam partner, Joseph Jonas, Esq., called on me to ascertain if I could find water in the Synagogue lot on Broadway, where it was needed for the ritual of their religious services. Having prepared myself, I went, and examining the premises carefully, I found water within two or three feet of the east wall of the house of worship. Here, said I, is abundance of water, and judging from indications, I should expect that if a well be dug here, the water will flow over the curb. That, said he, is the very thing we want. It is desirable for the purpose of making it a water of purification, that it should be a running water. I concluded to trace its course beyond the limits of the lot, which was rendered difficult by the built-up condition of the lots to the east. After spending three or more hours in the enterprize, I succeeded in getting outside of the dwelling, and following the course towards Schnetz's Garden, on descending the hill just at its foot, I found it issue in quite a large spring, of whose existence I was ignorant. I have no doubt that if the well had been dug in the Synagogue lot, it would have spoiled the outlet of the spring.

But we need not go to Pennsylvania for facts on this subject. Dr. T., an intelligent physician of North Bend, has had many cases lately of chills and fevers in that vicinity, springing from drawing the water off the canal, during the autumnal seasons. His remedy—and it proves a very successful one—is to tie a string around the right arm and left leg or around the left arm and right leg, just as the chill is about to come on, by which means he succeeds invariably in averting the paroxysm.

I repeat it, what is there in Animal Magnetism more wonderful than these things? and, I may add, better attested or more susceptible of being accounted for on natural principles.

Another number will be devoted to Chiromancy and its kindred operations, which I propose to compare with the Neurological and Clairvoyant phenomena.

Review.

Mason's Juvenile Harp. In nothing, scarcely, is the spirit of improvement and change so characteristic of the age we live in, more strongly manifested, or more strikingly illustrated than in the world of letters. Formerly, years of scrutiny and critical examination could alone entitle a work to the honor of being received as a "Standard," on the subject of which it might treat; and when so received, it could with difficulty be displaced by any newer candidate for favor, even in cases where the superiority of the new-comer over its predecessor, was evident to the most superficial observer.

In schools, the very antiquity of "Dilworth" and "Pike," and "Morse," in Spelling, Arithmetic, and Geography, were assigned as a reason for the preference entertained in their favor, and the opposition to the earlier class of improved modern works in those studies. But that day has gone by, and as extremes generally meet, the fault *now* is, that so numerous and so varied are the books that rapidly succeed each other, in every branch of science and education, that teachers and others are puzzled to decide in making a choice from the number, and are scarcely allowed time to give those selected for use, the trial that is needful to test their merits and pronounce upon their claims to be regarded as standard authorities.

This improvement in works designed to convey elementary instruction to the mass is probably in nothing more apparent than in those which embrace the science of sacred music. A few years ago, and the "Old Colony," "Bridgewater," "Dyers," and "Cole's, Collections," were standards of musical skill and taste in the eastern portion of our land; while, beyond the "*patent notes*" of the "Missouri Harmony," and the "Western Lyre," we, of the West, knew little or nothing of this delightful branch of science. But a vast revolution has since then taken place, and works alike creditable to the talents and taste of their compilers have multiplied in our midst, till the musical wants of the west, no less than of the east, are now as fully supplied are those of any other department of study. Conspicuous among the *Pioneers* in this reform, have long been the Messrs. Mason, and by their various publications devoted to the advancement of sacred music, they have, it is believed contributed more than any others to the improved state of that art in our country.

The Juvenile Harp, which has just been issued in a superior style, by Wm. T. Truman, of this city, is designed to take the place, as a musical collection for *youth*, which has been by general consent assigned to Mason's *Sacred* Harp, among our collections of church music—a popular compendium of such compositions as will

please the greatest number. It is a neat volume of 208 pages, pocket size, and contains 140 songs, suitable for juvenile singers, comprising in one volume most of the best compositions of that class, which previously were scattered through several separate publications.—From a cursory examination of the book, the music appears to be well arraigned & judiciously selected, the only fault which is noticed being the insertion of a few pieces of little merit, apparently written for the occasion, and inserted to fill out the desired number of pages. But there is quite enough of that which is really good, to make the work fully worth its cost to the purchaser.

Street Perplexities.

I have already stated that I have frequently been mistaken for Jonah Martin, having once got a dinner on his account for coffee-house services in a case where he advocated the license and I opposed it. The story is in the Advertiser of the 2nd inst. One of the richest circumstances in the case I was not made aware of, until a few days since. The proprietors of the Hotel did not find out the mistake, although six years had passed, until they read that narrative.

Some few weeks ago, I had business over the canal, and fell into a conversation with one of my German acquaintances there, which was commenced in that language by myself, knowing that the individual spoke English with difficulty. After keeping it up for some ten minutes, we were about to part, when my friend remarked, slapping me on the shoulder,—"Well Mr. Martin, so long I knows you, I neffer know you talk Detch pefore." "I cant speak German very well," said I, "and, may be, next time we meet, you cant get me to speak it at all. It is just as I feel in the humor." I said this, in hopes that on his next meeting with Jonah, that he would insist on *his* speaking German *again*.

But it is not my only difficulty that I am mistaken for Martin, as I am not unfrequently accosted as Mr. Funk, which leads into more serious perplexities, of which the following may serve as a specimen:

"Good morning,' said a good-looking countryman to me. 'What is wheat worth now?' 'About 65 cents, I believe,' was my reply, wondering at the same time why I should be appealed to for the statistics of the grain market.—'Well, said my querist, 'if we should elect Mr. Clay this fall, I am in hopes I shall get a better price for it. I was silent, not wishing to enter into politics with a stranger, and in the street. But he would not let me off. 'What do *you* think?' said he. I observed that I thought the Presidential election had nothing to do with the price of produce. 'How!' exclaimed he, 'why I always thought you was a Whig, Mr. Funk.' 'I am neither Mr. Funk nor a Whig,' said I testily; 'and if you were to look sharp, you would see the difference; Funk wears gold spectacles, and the Democracy carry the gold, *when they have any*, in their pockets. Good bye.'

Wood County, Ohio.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of two notes, giving the desired information to my query in last Advertiser as to the etymology of Wood, one of the counties in Ohio, one of which, the fullest, follows:

816461

Dear Sir:

In your paper of this morning, you inquire the origin of the name of Wood County. It was probably named after Col. Wood, of the engineers, in the U. S. Army, who was killed at Fort Erie. He was a very distinguished man—was the principal engineer in Gen. Harrison's army, in the campaign of 1813, and planned the celebrated sortie, which was so successful, so far as the plan was pursued, and the orders of the Commander-in-Chief obeyed, and so disastrous in the end, in consequence of a departure from those orders. In 1814, he was with the army of Gen. Brown, in the brilliant campaign on the Niagara, and was conspicuous in all the leading events. He was killed in the sortie from Fort Erie, towards the close of that campaign. His reputation was very high. Few men of his age and rank stood so well with the army and the country; and his premature fall was greatly lamented. He was well known to all the leading men of Ohio, of that day, and he served with many of them in the N. W. Army, and they would have been very apt to perpetuate his name by attaching it to the soil.

One of Your Readers.

C. Cist.

French Literature.

I regret to see advertised, by book-sellers as respectable as Desilver and Burr, of our city, a French periodical "*L'Echo des Feuilletons*," of which I ask and will accept nothing further as evidence of its character than that the infamous Madame George Sand is announced as one of the contributors. This woman, in whom an immoral life well illustrates immoral principles, has done more to corrupt the youth of Paris, at the present day, than any one of her cotemporaries. If the 40,000 subscribers in that city attest the general corruption of morals there, and 9000 more in our own country, expose their families to the same influence, it is sufficiently to be deplored. For myself, as the conductor of a periodical, I lift the warning voice to caution my readers how they suffer the writings of Madame Sand, and her kindred spirits of evil, to enter

their families under the seductive plea "that being led on unconsciously by the charms of the subject, they will, unawares, make rapid progress in the language." Rather, I apprehend, to make rapid progress in losing that delicacy and purity which is the pride and glory of American women.

Animal Magnetism.

She was a fine strapping young woman enough, dressed half and half between a fine lady and a servant maid; but as sly looking a baggage as you could select from an assortment of gipsies, and, unless her face belied her, quite capable of scratching a Cocklane ghost. Indeed something came across me that I had seen her before; and if my memory don't deceive me, it was at some private theatricals contrary to law. For certain she could keep her countenance; for if the outlandish figure of a doctor, with his queer face, had postured, and pawed, and poked towards me, with his fingers, for all the world like the old game of "My grandmother sends you a staff, and you are neither to smile nor to laugh," as he did to her, I should have burst to a dead certainty, instead of going off, as she did into an easy sleep. As soon as she was sound the Count turned round to me, with his broken English—

'Ladies and gentlemen,' says he, 'look here at dis young maidens, Mizz Charlot Ann Ellzabet Martin'—for that is his way of talking—'wid my magnetismuses I tro her into von state of sombamboozleism"—or something to that effect, Mizz Charlot Ann, don ait a slip.'

'As fast as a church, Mister Count,' says she, talking and hearing as easy as broad awake.

'Ferry good,' says he. 'Now, I take dis boke —Missis Glasse Cokery—and I sall make the maidens read some little of him wid her back. Dere he is bytween her shoulder. Mizz Charlot Ann, what you see now mit your eyes turned de wrong way for to look?'

'Why then,' says she, 'Mr. Count, I see quite plain a T, and an O. Then comes R, and O and S, and T; and the next word is H, and A and I, and R.'

'Ferry goot,' cries the Count over again.— Dad is to rost de hare. Ladies and gentlemen, you all hear? As Gott is my shudge, so is here in de boke. Now, den, Mizz Charlot Ann, vons more. Vot you taste in your mouse?'

"Why, then, master,' says Charlotte Ann, 'as sure as fate, I taste sweet herbs chopped up small!'

'Very goot, indeed! but vot more by sides de sweet herrubs?' 'Why,' says she, 'its a relish,a salt and pepper, and mace—and let me see—there's flavor of currant jelly.'

'Besser and besser,' cries the Count. 'Ladies and gentlemen, are not dese vonderfools? You shall see every wort of it in the print. Mizz Charlott Ann, vot you feel now?

'Lawk-a-mercy, Mister Count,' says she, there's a sort of stuffy feel, so there is, in my inside!'

'Yaw! like von fool polly! Ferry goot! Now you feel vot?' 'Feel! Mr. Count,' said she 'Why I don't feel nothing at all the stuffincs is clean gone away!'

'Yaw, my child!' says he, dat is by cause I take away the cokery boke from your two shoulders. Ladies and gentlemens, dese are grand powers of magnetismus! Ach himmel! As Hamlet says, dere more in our philosionies dan dare is in de heaven or de earth! Our mutter Nature is so fond to hider face! But von adept, so as me, can liftet up her whale!'—*Hood.*

The Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, Member of Parliament.

Thomas Babington Macaulay is the son of Zacharia Macaulay, well known as the friend of Wilberforce, and though himself an African Merchant, one of the most ardent abolitionists of slavery. In 1818, T. B. Macaulay became a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1822. He distinguished himself as a student, having obtained a scholarship, twice gained the chancellor's medal for English verse, and also gained the second Craven Scholarship, the highest honors to classics which the University confers. Owing to his dislike of mathematics, he did not compete for honors at graduation, but nevertheless he obtained a fellowship at the October competition open to graduates of Trinity, which he appears to have resigned before his subsequent departure for India. He devoted much of his time to the "Union" Debating Society, where he was reckoned an eloquent speaker.

Mr. Macaulay studied at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1826. In the same year, his "Essays on Milton" appeared in the Edinburgh Review; and out of Lord (then Mr.) Jeffrey's administration of that paper, arose, an intimate friendship. Macaulay visiting Scotland soon afterwards, went to circuit with Mr. Jeffrey. His connection with the Edinburgh Review has continued at intervals ever since.

By the Whig Administranion, Mr. Macaulay was appointed Commissioner of Bankrupts.— He commenced his parliamentary career about the same period, as member of Colne in the reform parliament of 1832, and again for Leeds in 1834, at which time he was Secretary to the India Board. His seat, however, was soon relinquished, for, in the same year, he was appointed member of the Supreme Council in Calcutta, under the East India Company's new charter.

Arriving in Calcutta, in September, in 1834, Mr. Macaulay shortly assumed an important trust, in addition to his seat at the Council. At the request of the Governor General, Lord Wm. Bentick, he became President of the commission of five, appointed to frame a penal code for India; and the principal provisions of this code have been attributed to him. One of the enactments, in particular, was so unpopular among the English inhabitants, as to receive the appellation of the "Black Act." It abolished the right of appeal from the local courts to the supreme court at the presidency, hitherto exclusively enjoyed by Europeans, and put them on the same footing with natives, giving to both an equal right of appeal to the highest provincial courts. Inconvenience and delay of justice had been caused by the original practice, even when India was closed against Europeans in general, but such practice was obviously incompatible with the rights and property of the natives under the new system of opening the courts to general resort. This measure of equal justice, however, exposed Mr. Macaulay, to whom it was universally attributed, to outrageous personal attacks, in letters, pamphlets, and at public meetings.

The various reforms and changes instituted by Lord W. Bentick and Lord Aukland, were

advocated in general by Mr. Macaulay. He returned to England in 1838.

Mr. Macaulay was elected member for Edinburgh on the liberal interest in 1335; and being appointed Secretary at war, he was re-elected the following year, and again at the general election of 1841. No review of his political career is here intended, although, in relation to literature, it should be mentioned that he opposed Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's copy-right bill, and was the principal agent in defeating it. As a public speaker, he usually displays extensive information, close reasoning and eloquence; and has recently bid fair to rival the greatest names among our English orators.—His conversation in private is equally brilliant and instructive.

Mr. Macaulay may fairly be regarded as the first critical and historical essayest of the time. It is not meant to be inferred there are not other writers who display as much understanding and research, as great, perhaps greater, capacity for appreciating excellence, as much acuteness and humor, and more subtle powers of exciting, or of measuring the efforts of the intellect and the imagination, besides possessing an equal mastery of language in their own peculiar style; but there is no other writer who combines so large an amount of those qualities, with the addition of a masterly style, at once highly classical and most extensively popular. His style is classical because it is correct, and is popular, because it must be intelligible without effort, to every educated understanding.—*Horne's New Spirit of the Age.*

The University at Glasgow and its Discipline.

It is remarkable, (says Kohl in his travels in Scotland) that while the number of students in the other universities of Great Britain has always been on the inerease, those of the "Universitas Glasguensis" has steadily decreased. Between the years 1820 and 1826 there were here nearly 1600 students, and now there are only 1000, among whom, as also in Edinburgh, there are many from the British colonies. In the English universities of Oxford and Cambridge all students must belong to, or declare allegiance to the established church, on which account, those seminaries of learning contain fewer from the frequently dissenting colonies of Great Britain, than do the Scottish universities. The faculty of Medieine draws the greatest number of students, and therefore, the regulations and restrictions for the students in this faculty, are especially mild. It has been often remarked, that the youth of the freedom-loving English nation are subjected to a discipline so severe, that the youth of our country would, on no account, submit to it. Such a censor, for example, as sits here, in Glasgow, by the side of each professor, could not be introduced into one of our universities. It is the duty of the censor to watch the behaviour of the students during the lectures, and to note any ill behaviour or insubordination. A very common offence against which he has to animadvert, is that wide spread passion in all English schools, the considering the writing-tables as good material for exercises in engraving, and the execution of all sorts of design upon it. I found, in the lecture-room at Glasgow large placards threatening all such artists with heavy punishments. It is a curious subject of investigation for the psychologist, how is it that our wild, disorderly students, who would not allow such restrictions to be laid on them, should often in after life be metamorphosed into such obedient citizens, whilst from the British youth, treated and overlooked as schoolboys, such obstinate and powerful opponents to government should arise. Under the head Humanity, here, as with us, is understood philology; or rather, as philology here is confined at Latin and Greek, the study of these two languages, and especially the former, the latter, Greek, being much less zealously pursued in England than in Germany.—"A professor of humanity" is a teacher in Latin. In the middle ages, when Latin was, indeed, the herald of all the muses, this appellation was sufficiently applicable and appropriate. But now all such old appellations, which have lost their significance, should be allowed gradually to drop away, like the old feudal titles among the nobility. The new light of humanity, which has risen among the nations of Europe, through the zealous and industrious study of nature, has made its way here, but slowly, through the old Latin humanity. It is but lately that they have established a professorship of Natural History. Only since 1818 have they a separate professor of Chemistry. Up to that time, only a lecturer was tolerated on this branch of science, so all important in Glasgow. There are other new professional chairs, but the old chairs have still many privileges, as, for example, free lodgings in the college, and the like. The new professional chairs, about nine of which have been founded since 1816, are carrying on a war at this present time with the old ones, with whom they wished to be placed on an equal footing. They demand free lodgings, and a voice in the internal regulations of the college, which, up to the present time, they have not obtained.—But it is more than probable they will soon be placed on equal terms. Natural distinctions and limitations are also being gradually laid aside. Formerly none but Scotchman were allowed to be professors. Hudgisson (Hutchinson?) was the first Irishman whom they admitted, and now there are one or two professors from Ireland in that high school. This is a remarkable fact: and I do not believe that we, in Germany, have any conception, that the different subjects of the kingdom of Great Britain have been accustomed to make such distinctions among themselves.

Biography of Col. John Armstrong.

Col. John Armstrong, was born in New Jersey, 20th April, 1775. At the commencement of the Revolutionary war, having gone to Philadelphia to dispose of a load of wheat, for his father, he found that recruits were enlisting for the service of the U.S., and when he returned home said to his father he felt inclined to join the army, if it met his approbation. The inquiry was made, "in what capacity," to which he replied, "*as a private soldier.*" After a moment's reflection, the old gentleman said, "I would prefer you should have some command, but if you think your country needs your service, you have my permission.

John arranged his little affairs, and started next morning to Philadelphia, where he joined the army. In a short time he was made Ser-

geant, and from 11th Sept., 1777, to the close of the revolution, served as a commissioned officer in various ranks.

On the disbanding of the army, he was continued in the service. Was commandant at Wyoming in 1784, at Ft. Pitt in 1785, and 1786,and from 1786 to 1790, in the same capacity, at the Garrison, at the Falls of Ohio. In the spring of 1791, he returned to Philadelphia to recruit his force, with a view to the approaching campaign in the North West, under the command of Col. Josiah Harmar, reached Ft. Washington in August of that year, and marched thence with the main body of troops. He afterwards participated in the campaign, under General St. Clair, and was in command at Ft. Hamilton, until the spring of 1793, when he resigned.

During the Revolution and Indian wars, he served a period of 17 years, was in 37 skirmishes, 4 general actions, and one siege. Among which were the battles of Stony Point, Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth, and the siege of Yorktown, in Virginia.

His service in the Revolutionary war was extremely severe. While on the Pennsylvania lines, his men were often relieved in consequence of the excessive fatigue, while he himself remained in active service, to the constant annoyance of the enemy. At one time he stationed his men behind a stone wall, enclosing a grave yard. Having a fine horse,he had rode up to the vicinity of Tarlton's encampment, when a number of horsemen gave him chase. Reining his horse so as to allow his pursuers to come very near him until he was approaching the point where his men were secreted, he gave spur, and leaving his pursuers behind, they were fired upon by his party, while he rode round the lot and entered at a gate on the opposite side.

At another time, directing his men to be governed as to the position they were to assume by the waving of his hat, he approached very near the enemy's encampment, his intended retreat being round a mill pond, but finding himself intercepted in that direction, his only chance of escape was to cross the forebay of the mill, where if the stretch would have proven too great for his horse to leap, he must lose him and cross on the timbers. On approaching it, unwilling to lose an animal which had so often proved useful to him, he gave him the spur and cleared the forebay, which none of his British pursuers were willing to attempt. Before they could reach him round the pond, he was snugly in ambush with his men in a thicket ready to receive them.

He often remarked that he never knew himself alarmed but once during his command, and that was while grazing his horse in a meadow, and resting his men, an hundred British horse had unobserved passed up a drain and were within fifty yards when first observed. His command being only 25 men, the odds were as four to one against him, and in an open field, but affecting a smile, he said, "My brave fellows stand fast and we will laugh at them,"--"reserving fire till within 20 steps, then fire front platoon." His order was obeyed, the fire given, the enemy's lines broken and thrown back,and forming in his rear. Ordering his second platoon "face to the right about," a second fire was poured in, and the horse were again broken, and so successively by platoons,until the enemy finding themselves regularly cut off by every fire, and *the little band standing firm without the loss of a man*, withdrew at a gallop.

At another time, a regiment of the enemy having been stationed on either side of a lane protected by a stone fence, where he must pass to avoid a swamp which was impassable, he drilled his men so that but two were together at a time, each passing forward ten steps, then waiting till the next came up,& so on until all reached a point near the enemy, the night being very dark. In an audible tone, he then ordered "the right and left wing, to flank out and surround the enemy!" by which the enemy were surprized and confused, when he hastily pressed his "*right and left wing*" of 25 men through the lane undisturbed. Although other incidents equally interesting might be given, let these suffice.

After the close of the Revolution, he passed over the mountains to the western wilds. While stationed at the Falls of Ohio, he and his little force in the garrison rendered essential service in protecting the inhabitants of Kentucky from the depredation of the savages, frequently following them into the interior, and reclaiming horses stolen from the Kentucky side. And at one time saving the garrison at Vincennes from starvation, by his fortitude and exertions.

Several attempts to supply them having been foiled by the savages. When he came near the rapids of the Wabash, anticipating an attack from the Indians at that point, he despatched three of his men with the intelligence to Colonel Hamtramck, commanding at the post, and requesting the Colonel to meet him at that point, with such force as could be spared from the garrison. He had not proceeded far up the river until they found two of the men in a canoe tomahawked and scalped, one of them having the communication to Col. Hamtramck. Another party was then sent forward by land to the Fort, and a portion of the men sent to collect wood and bark, to be placed in piles on a sand bar near the rapids. At night the fires were kindled, making a show of a large encampment, but neither the men nor provisions

were there; the boats were quietly fastened among the willows at another point, and the men lodged on shore *without fires*. The second despatch fortunately reached the Fort. Colonel Hamtramck mustered his whole force, leaving the women and children with a very few (it is believed not more than three) men in possession of the Fort, and pressed forward to meet the provisions, intending in case they had been taken by the Indians, to make an attack upon them and retake the supplies. Descending the river, in periogues, and descrying the fires on the bar, they supposed them to be the fires of the enemy. While he was giving directions to his men, having approached near enough he was hailed by Armstrong, and brought to. A careful watch was kept during the night, and at an early hour Hamtramck giving the entire control to Armstrong, new hands were put to the poles, and the rest set on shore. The boats were pressed forward with uncommon energy, and by 11 o'clock reached the Fort in safety, to the no small joy of all concerned, and especially those who belonged to the Post, who having had supplies intended for their relief twice cut off by the savages at the Rapids, were now, for a time, placed beyond want, for which service they were indebted to the exertions and management of Col. Armstrong.

The Indians were making frequent excursions into Kentucky, during the time of Armstrong's command at Fort Finney, (situate on the Indiana bank, at the lower end of what is now known as the old town of Jeffersonville.) With a view to prevent the savages from passing the river and bringing off horses from Kentucky. Armstrong built a block house at the mouth of Bull creek, on the Indiana shore, which commanded a view of their crossing places, at what is now known by the names of the Grassy Flats, and 18 mile Island bar, at both of which, particularly the flats, the river was fordable at a low stage.

While his men were engaged in building the block-house, he with his tomahawk girdled the timber on about three acres of land, on top of the hill, opposite the Grassy Flats, and planted peach seeds in the woods. When the first settlers came to the Illinois Grant, and landed at the *big rock*, designated as their landing place, now well known by boatmen, in the fall after Wayne's treaty, they found the timber dead and fallen down, and the peach trees growing among the brush and bearing fruit. The settlers cleared away the brush, and this *woody orchard* supplied them with fruit for some years. There are at this time, persons living who were of these settlers, and saw this wilderness orchard. This settlement was long known as "Armstrong's Station."

In Harmar's campaign he suffered severely In the action fought under the command of Col. Hardin, near where Ft. Wayne now stands, he lost 31 men out of 39 of his command. The militia having been thrown into disorder, suddenly retreated, leaving Captain Armstrong to contend at the head of a decidedly unequal force. The Captain and most of his men stood their ground, anticipating a rally of the militia, in which they were disappointed, when the Captain after shooting an Indian in the act of scalping the last man he had on the field, threw himself in the grass between an immense oak stump and log which had been blown down where he remained about three hours in daylight. At night the Indians went to their war dance, within gunshot of where he laid. Desiring to sell his life as dear as possible, he at one time tho't of attempting to shoot a chief, who he could distinguish by his dress and trinkets in the light of the fires. Taking his watch and compass from their fobs, he buried them by the side of the log where he lay, saying to himself some honest fellow tilling this ground many years hence may find them, and these rascals shan't have them. Finding, however, great uncertainty in drawing a *bead* by cloudy moonlight, and that of the fires at the dance, and thinking it possible he might escape, in which case they would be useful to him, he dug them up and replaced them in his fobs. Soon after, being satisfied that there were Indians very near him, and conscious that they would prefer taking him prisoner to shooting him, should he cock his gun, and on attempting to escape, be discovered, he could wheel and shoot before the Indian would attempt to shoot, upon which he cocked his rifle; the Indian near him began to rattle in the leaves and mimick ground squirrels and perwink. The Captain cautiously moved, and on the third step was so distinctly discovered by the Indians that the savage yell was given, when everything was instantly silent at the dance. The Captain then took to his heels, springing the grass as far as practicable to prevent tracking. After running a short distance, he discovered a pond of water into which he immediately jumped, thinking there would be no tracking there. Seating himself on a bog of grass, with his gun on his shoulder, and the water round his waist, he had not been in the pond five minutes when the whole troop of Indians, foot and horse, were around the pond hunting for him. Using his own expression, "such yells I never heard. I suppose the Indians thought I was a wounded man, that their yells would scare me, and I would run and they would catch me, but I tho't to myself I would see them d—d first; the Indians continued their hunt for seven hours, until the moon went down, when they retired to their fires."

"The ice was frozen to my clothes, and very much benumbed, I extricated myself from the pond, broke some sticks and rubbed my thighs and legs to circulate the blood, and with some difficulty at first, slowly made my way thro' the brush. Believing the Indians would be traveling between their own and the American camp, I went at right angles from the trace about two miles to a piece of rising ground, thinking to myself it is a cold night, if there are any Indians here, *they* will have fire, if I can't see their's they can't see mine, and fire is necessary for me. I went into a ravine where a large tree was blown up by the roots, kindled a fire, dried myself, and laid down and took a nap of sleep. In the morning, threw my fire in a puddle of water, and started for camp."

Capt. A. being a first rate woodsman,and conversant with the Indian habits, when he came to open wood, passed round it, in wet ground walked logs, and stepped backwards to prevent being tracked. About half way from the battle ground to the American Camp, he discovered three Indians coming along the path meeting him, he squatted in the hazle bushes, about 20 steps from the trace, and the Indians passed him undiscovered. Said he, "I never so much wished for two guns in my life. I was perfectly cool—could have taken the eye out of either of them, and with two guns should have killed two of them and the other rascal would have run away, but with one gun thought it best not to make the attack, as the odds was against me, as three to one."

Reaching the vicinity of the ground where he had left the main army the day before, the day being now far spent, he expected soon to meet with those he had left there,but was suddenly arrested in his lonely march by the commencement of a heavy battle, as he supposed, at the encampment. Hesitating for a moment,and then cautiously moving to a position from which he could overlook the camp, instead of seeing there his associates in arms from whom he had then been separated two days, a different scene was presented. The savages had full possession of the American camp ground.Is it possible,said he, that the main army has been cut off. Having been these two days without eating a mouthful, except the breakfast taken early in the morning of his leaving camp, he began to reflect upon what should be his future course. Much exhausted from fatigue, without food, alone in the wilderness, far removed from any settlements and surrounded by savages, the probability of his escape was indeed slight, but duty to himself and country soon determined him upon the attempt. At this moment the sound of a cannon attracted his attention. He knew it was a token for the lost men to come in, and taking a circle, passed in the direction from whence the sound came, and arrived safely at the camp; the army had changed position, from the time he had left, to a point two miles lower down the creek, which presented ground more favorable for encampment. The dusk of the evening had arrived when he got to camp, greatly to the surprize of his acquaintance, who had numbered him with the men who had fought their last fight. Col. Armstrong in speaking of this engagement and the heavy loss in his command, always evinced much feeling, saying "the men of my command *were as brave as ever lived; I could have marched them to the mouth of a cannon, without their flinching.*" Much difference of opinion has been expressed by writers and authors as to the place where this battle was fought; but the memorandum kept by Col. Armstrong, and now found in his own hand writing, of the march of Harmar's Army from Ft. Washington, fixes beyond doubt the place to be near the St. Mary and St. Joseph, a few miles from Ft. Wayne in Indiana.

Col. Armstrong was well known as a Soldier and woodsman. The importance to the country, of a tour of exploration and examination of the Western wilds, of the number of the Indians, the location of their towns, &c., becoming manifest; the charge of this hazardous enterprise was given to and accepted by him. On the 20th Feb. 1790, Gen. Harmar notifies him that he is to make the tour, provided the Governor of the Western Territory judges it advisuble. If not, he is to return from Vincennes, and explore the Wabash—make particular examination of the communication of that river with Lake Erie—depth of water—distances, &c., and if it can be done with safety, proceed to the Miami village. He immediately started on this tour, and proceeded up the Missouri some distance above St. Louis, *not with an army to deter the savages, nor yet an escort, but entirely alone!* It was his intention to examine the country of the upper Missouri, and cross the Rocky Mountains—but, meeting with some French traders, was persuaded to return in consequence of the hostility of some of the Missouri bands to each other, as they were then at war, that he could not safely pass from one nation to another. Returning then as he was directed, to Post Vincennes, he called on Hamtramck for an escort—whose force being small, desired to know the extent of the escort, Armstrong replied, "an escort of two friendly Indians." The Indians being called out, he selected from among them, judging for himself their characters—the choice proved to be that of a father and his son. With these he traversed the then wilderness of Illinois and Indiana—his savage companions proved to be faithful, and in every way a good selection for the object he had in view.

After completing this exploration, he returned to Fort Washington and discharged *his escort*.—

This was a tour of great hazard and exposure of constitution; the notes taken by him of the country, the quality of the soil, and water courses, are evidence that he anticipated that the country would ere long, be populated by white men. And here may be introduced an anecdote to show his opinions on that subject.

While stationed at the Falls of Ohio, having just returned from an excursion after a party of Indians, he was making some notes of the country over which he had travelled, when his brother came to see him, who enquired what he was doing, and on being informed, remarked, "you are giving yourself much trouble for no benefit —you will never live to see this country settled. The reply was, "*I expect not only to live to see this country settled, but to see vessels built at this place, and freighted for Europe!* He did see the country settled, and four vessels lying at anchor below the Falls at one time—none of them were however, built at that point, but before his death a large steam boat, the "United States," was built at the Jeffersonville ship yard. From one of his memorandums, it seems he was at the Falls preparing for this exploring expedition on 27th Feb., 1790, was at Vincennes 18th March, 1790; at Fort Washington 28th July, 1791, preparing for the campaign under Gen. St. Clair.

Of his participation in Harmar's campaign mention has already been made. He again went out in the campaign of Gen. St. Clair, at the time of the battle, was some distance from the scene of action, having been sent back with Hamtramck's regiment to protect the provision. On the opening of the fire, they made press march for the battle ground, but met the army retreating—when they covered the rear, and assisted the men who were wounded or given out. Col. A. dismounted from his horse and placed on him two men, who could travel no farther.—After some time, they came up to Capt. John S. Gano—who had given out and seated himself on a log, the two men on the horse having rested, they gave place to Gano—and alternating, in this way many men were saved who must otherwise have perished by the savages' tomahawk, or in the flames—returning from this expedition he was put in command at Fort Hamilton.—Most of the fortifications at that post were erected under his superintendance there, he took charge of the wounded, provided for them until they were able to go forward to Fort Washington. Of the service here, the letters of St. Clair are highly complimentary; he continued in command here until the spring of 1793, when he resigned, and soon after married a daughter of Judge Goforth of Columbia. When Gen. Wayne came west, he urged Col. Armstrong to take command of a regiment, expressing great confidence in his bravery, and regretting the loss of so well tried an officer and soldier. Having then a family and his constitution failing from hardships and exposures in the service of his country for a period of 17 years, he declined service in this campaign. Soon after his retirement he was appointed Treasurer of the North Western Territory. His first commission as Treasurer, is dated 13th Sep., 1796. Another commission to the same office is dated 14th Dec., 1799.—He served also, as one of the judges of the Court of Hamilton county, and many years as magistrate in Columbia, where he resided from 1793 to the spring of 1814, when he removed to his farm opposite the Grassy Flats, in Clark county, Indiana, and died there on the 4th February, 1816, after a confinement of five years and 24 days; during which time he was unable to walk unless supported by persons on either side of him —his remains were interred on that farm where a monument is placed to mark his resting place

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Millerism—The Finale here.

I feel it my duty to record the late exhibitions of Millerism, as far as they have been made in Cincinnati, as part of the history of the times.

For the last eighteen months the delusion has been spreading west, and was propagated here with great industry and zeal by Himes, Jacobs and others. As a part of its influences, the Midnight Cry was established and circulated gratuitously. Religious services, originally commenced and carried on for a length of time at the Cincinnati College edifice, have been maintained with a degree of feeling and devotedness, worthy of a purer and better grounded faith, and as the numbers of the believers increased, and their resources augmented by the addition of men who were possessed of means, the Taber nacle, a broad building of 80 feet square, uncouth in outward appearance, but well adapted for their purpose otherwise, was erected. This building is capable of seating two thousand persons on benches.

It will be recollected, that Miller, the author of this movement, predicted originally, that the *second advent*, or consummation of all things, would take place with the close of 1843. When that period passed, it became necessary to assign a new one, or abandon the faith. It was then discovered that the termination of the Jewish year, on the last day of Nisan, or the 23d March, 1844, was the proper date. After the fallacy of this calculation was demonstrated by the result, it was finally concluded that the long expected advent would be the day of Jubilee—according to Jewish chronology, the 10th day of the seventh month—which brought us at the last day and hour to midnight of the 22d of October.

All these periods were referred to in succession, in the Midnight Cry, and so firmly was the faith of the Millerites fixed on the last calculation, that the number published Oct. 22d, was solemnly announced to be the last communication through that channel to the believers. In this progress of things, both in the press and the tabernacle, as might have been expected, deeper exercises of mind, among the Millerites, was the result, and within a few days of the 22d, all the brethren had divested themselves of their earthly cares, eating, drinking and sleeping only excepted. Chests of tools which cost forty dollars were sold for three. A gold watch worth one hundred dollars was sacrificed for one fifth the value. Two brothers of the name of Hanselmann, who owned a steamboat in company with Capt. Collins, abandoned to him their entire interest in it, alleging they had nothing farther to do with earthly treasures. John Smith, an estimable man, once a distinguished member of the Baptist Church, and a man of considerable property here, left it all to take care of itself. A distinguished leader in this movement, shut up his shop and placed a card on his door, "*Gone to meet the Lord*"—which, in a few hours, was irreverently replaced by some of the neighbors with "*Gone up.*"

One of the believers, the clerk of one of our Courts, made up his business papers to the 22d, and left later business to those who were willing to attend to it. Another, a clerk in one of the city banks resigned his position in order to devote his entire attention to second advent preparations. And others settled up their worldly business, paying their debts, as far as was in their power, and asking forgiveness of their unpaid creditors, where they were unable to discharge the account. Others, again, spent weeks in visiting relations and friends for the last time, as they supposed. In short, after all these things, all ranks and classes of the believers assembled at the Tabernacle on the night of the 22nd and 23rd successively, to be ready for the great event.

In the meantime, considerable ill feeling had been engendered among the relatives of those who had become infatuated with these doctrines, as they saw their wives, or sisters or daughters led off by such delusions, to the neglect of family duties, even to the preparing the ordinary meals, or attending to the common and every day business of life. The spirit of Lynching was about to make its appearance. Crowds upon crowds, increasing every evening, as the alloted day approached, aided to fill the house or surround the doors of their building. A large share were ready to commence mischief so soon as a fair opportunity should present itself.

On last Sabbath, the first indications of popular displeasure broke out. Every species of annoyance were offered to the Millerites at the doors of the Tabernacle, and even within its walls, on that and Monday evening—much of it highly discreditable to the actors. At the close of an exhortation or address, or even a prayer by the members, the same tokens of approbation, by clapping of hands and stamping of feet, as are exhibited at a theatre or a public lecture, were given here, interspersed with groans of *Oh Polk! Oh Clay!*—shouts of, Hurrah for Clay, Hurrah for Polk, Hurrah for Birney; and loud calls of "move him," "you can't come it," varied occasionally with distinct rounds of applause. A pigeon was let into the Tabernacle also, on Monday evening to the general annoyance. On Tuesday the crowds in and outside the building, still increasing, and not less than twenty-five hundred persons being within the walls, and nearly two thousand in the street adjacent, a general disturbance was expected. But the Mayor and police had been called on, and were upon the ground, and distributed through the crowd.—The clear moonlight rendered it difficult to commit any excess irresponsibly; and above all, *Father Reese*, venerable for his age, erudition and skill in theology, and his magnificent beard, occupied the great mass outside the doors, as a safety-valve to let off the superfluous excitement. At nine o'clock the Millerites adjourned, as it proved *sine die*, going home to watch at their respective dwellings, for the expected advent.—They held no Tabernacle meeting on Wednesday evening, to the disappointment of the crowd which assembled as usual, to which, by way of solace, *Reese* again held forth. At 9 o'clock, the out-door assembly dispersed, also without day.

Wednesday evening having dissipated the last hopes, and confounded all the calculations of the "Adventists," they have since, to a great extent, resumed that position in the community which they previously held. The carpenter has again seized his jack plane, the mason his trowel, and the painter his brush. Eshelby has tied on anew the leather apron, and brother Jones again laid hold of the currying knife. The *clerk* in the bank, whose post was kept in abeyance until he should recover from his delusion, is again at his desk, and *John the Baptist*, by which well known soubriquet, one of the principal leaders is designated, has gone back to his houses and his farms, content to wait, as other Christians are willing, for the day and hour to come, as the CHART has pointed it out.

In most popular delusions, the leaders are crafty, designing and dishonest men, and the mass honest dupes. I have watched this movement in every stage of its progress, and believe that all concerned, "Priest and people alike," were

sincere in their convictions. As respects the extent to which the delusion spread, and the consequences to its followers and to those who were connected with them as families, there is nothing new in the result. History records fifty or more similar extravagances, which, on account of the greater ignorance of our fathers, were on a more extensive scale. I conclude with a synopsis of one of these, by which, it will be seen that man is the same in all countries and in every age.

William Whiston, a divine, astronomer and writer of considerable eminence, in the early part of the last century, prophesied, on a given day, the destruction of the world by its coming in collision with a comet then visible. A general consternation was the result. In London, not less than fifty thousand packs of cards were burned, and seven thousand kept mistresses married in one day. The archbishop, at Lambeth, was applied to for a form of prayer suitable to the event. The Governor of the Bank of England gave it in charge to the officers of the Fire Engine companies to keep a good look out for the Bank. The theatres were closed, and the Churches could hardly contain the multitudes that rushed to them. The mob compelled the Captain of a lighter in the Thames, loaded with gun powder, to commit his freight to the river. Every vessel in port was filled with the crowd, who sought refuge on water as the safest place in the impending danger. The sailors, of which there are always vast numbers in London, as is the custom on board ships that are not expected to survive, dressed themselves in their best clothes, and drinking, to drown all consciousness, filled the streets with riot and alarm by day and night. In short, a general consternation pervaded all ranks and classes of society.

Such is human nature in every age.

Popular Education.

Mr. Cist—*Dear Sir:*—Knowing the deep interest you feel in the Common School enterprize of our city, I take pleasure in presenting you with the fifteenth "Annual Report" of the Trustees and Visiters, embracing, among other things, the laws and ordinances under which the Schools are conducted.

The friends of education have much to hope for from these Schools. Since their commencement they have been gradually growing up into system, and emphatically pointing, at no distant day, to a "Central High School," which shall complete the series.

While on this subject, I will mention, that an individual in the city has liberally offered to be one of *ten*, who will give $1000 each, for the establishment of a "Central High School" for the educating of boys, to be taken, under certain regulations, from the Common Schools of the city. The new establishment to embrace the 4 collegiate classes, and to give as thorough an education as any institution in the land; thereby carrying out the system as it exists in our public Schools, of entire equality in the education of the youth of this community.

The Trustees of the Hughes Fund, it is hoped, will yet unite on some plan with the Trustees of the City Schools, to establish a Central High School for girls, taken from the Common Schools, by which all those who may desire, may receive a finished education without going from home to obtain it.

These contemplated institutions, with the Woodward and Cincinnati Colleges, will entitle our city to rank high in the estimation of those who may make the facilities for education the reason for selecting this city as a place of permanent residence. Let the appeal, then, be made to the lover of western enterprise, the lover of his country, the lover of his race, to come forward at once, and meet this noble proposition of a citizen, to establish a "Central High School." Cannot nine men be found in this city who will delight to enroll their names as brethren in this noble enterprise? I send you the name of the first, to be used on any proper occasion.

One of the Trustees of Com. Schools.

Ancient Marriage Licence.

[seal.] By his excellency the Right Honorable JOHN Earl of DUNMORE, Captain General and Governor in Chief in and over the province of New York and the Territories depending thereon in America, Chancellor and Vice-Admiral of the same.

To any Protestant Minister of the Gospel,

Whereas, There is a mutual purpose of Marriage between *Charles Morse* of the City of New York, *Gentleman* of the one party, and *Margaret Collins* of the same city, *Widow* of the other party, for which they have desired my License and have given Bond upon condition that neither of them have any lawful let or impediment of Pre-contract, affinity or consanguinity, to hinder them from being joined in the holy bonds of Matrimony, these are therefore, to impower you to join the said Charles Morse and Margaret Collins in the holy bonds of Matrimony, and them to pronounce them Man and Wife.

Given under my hand and the prerogative seal of the province of New York, at Fort George, in the City of New York, the twelfth day of April, in the eleventh year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord, George the Third, by the grace of GOD; of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c., Annoq. Domini 1771. DUNMORE.

By his Excellency's command,

P. W. Banyar, Sect.

Executed the 13th April, by John Siegfried Geroch, Minister of Christ Church.

On this document I comment,

1. That this John, Earl of Dunmore, is the same notorious individual who figured as Governor of Virginia, at the breaking out of the American Revolution.

2. That at that date none but *Protestant* ministers of the Gospel were authorized to marry in this country. This was the statute law of Great Britain, and its provisions extended to the colonies.

3. Can any of my New York readers point out the scite of *Fort George?*

4. What an absurdity is the whole system of marriage licences, availing nothing but to put fees into the hands of public officers.—*Ib.*

Foreign Correspondence.

London, August 1, 1844.

My Dear Sir:—I have just returned from an extensive tour through the Mid-land and Northern counties of England; and as I have seen and learned much of this beautiful but ill-governed island, I cannot refrain from troubling you with some of my lucubrations.

The diversified and picturesque scenery—the beautiful and secluded villages—the magnificent and gorgeous habitations of the nobility, fill the mind of the traveller with emotions of wonder and delight. The whole country seems to be one beautiful garden. Every thing is in order, from the palace of the peer, to the hovel of the peasant. It is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the English peasantry, that their houses, however humble, are the abodes of neatness. Even in the wretched and miserable huts which are every where scattered over this lovely land, there is a straining at appearances which indicate how strongly home is implanted in the bosom of an Englishman. In the abodes of the rich, order, utility, refinement and luxury prevail, to a degree wholly inconceivable by the unsophisticated backwoodsman. If it were possible for man to shut his eyes to the misery and wretchedness which constantly obtrude themselves upon his notice, he might well deem this an earthly paradise. But, amid all the beauty, profusion, splendor and gorgeousness which surround him, the appaling fact is ever staring him in the face, that misery and disease, and crime, are here triumphant.

During my sojourn in the North, I was an eye witness to a scene of great interest, in the opening of the Newcastle and Darlington Junction Railway. It was an event of great importance to the surrounding country, and had drawn together a vast assemblage of people from various parts of England. Besides, there were some important historical facts connected with locomotion developed, which I think worth knowing and worth recording.

The celebration of the opening of the road, took place on Thursday June 17 at Newcastle upon Tyne. By means of this road, a direct and uninterrupted communication has been opened between London and Newcastle, the distance between the two places being 305 miles. At 5 o'clock in the morning of that day, a special train left Euston square London, and at half-past 2 P. M. arrived at Gateshead on the banks of the Tyne, and opposite to Newcastle. The average rate of running was about forty miles an hour. This was an extraordinary and unprecedented achievement in the history of railroads. One train which arrived was upwards of 350 yards long, and contained between 8 and 900 passengers. It was drawn by three engines. Never before, have I witnessed such an exhibition of the mighty power of steam, or of the wonderful skill and enterprise of man. It was a scene, once beheld, never to be forgotten.—Upon the arrival of this train the excitement and enthusiasm was intense; and as car after car was delivered of its living freight, the spectators gazed in astonishment, and wondered from whence the living mass of human beings came.

What a proud spectacle this must have been to one man who witnessed it, and who might have exclaimed to the assembled thousands:—'Behold! I have done this!"

About forty years ago, a poor, but honest and industrious man worked at a steam engine in a colliery belonging to Lord Ravensworth near to Newcastle upon Tyne. He had an inventive genius, and untiring application. He devoted himself with great assiduity to the fulfilment of his daily task. His intervals were devoted to the improvement of the mechanical business under his control. Those intervals were short for he frequently rose at one o'clock in the morning for the purpose of commencing his accustomed task. But he persevered, and success attended his efforts. Many and important improvements were made to his engine; but as yet, they brought him no mitigation of his constant toil. At length an idea gleamed in upon the uninstructed mind of this laborious man—"What if this mighty stationary wizard could be made to move." The thought startled him at first with its wild image, but it soon took the shape of reality. Still no step could be taken without money—and he was poor. Time rolled on. The mighty workings of genius were at last triumphant. Lord Ravensworth, the owner of Killingworth colliery furnished funds to construct an engine—it was the first Locomotive Engine that was ever built, and in honor of the noble individual who had as nobly used his wealth, it was called "My Lord." This was thirty-two years ago. The great achievement of the age was accomplished; and now burst forth the stupendous intellect which

had been for years groping in the gloom of a coal pit. After laying down various railroads, and completely establishing the practicability of his invention, he was sent for to plan the line of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad. He then pledged himself to obtain a speed of ten miles an hour; and although he felt conscious that there was no limit to the velocity of his engine, yet he was afraid to avow it. It was a hard matter for him to keep it down to that, but he said it had to be done. It now became necessary to apply to Parliament for a charter, and he was deputed to appear before a Committee.—One of them thought he was mad; others that he was a foreigner; but he was determined to succeed, and genius and perseverance triumphed over incredulous and purse-proud stupidity. Each succeeding year witnessed new triumphs—until his fame had become a part of the fame of his country—his, as imperishable as hers. Step by step he had risen from the obscurity of his station, and by the vigor of his intellect, conferred immortal honor upon the name of GEORGE STEPHENSON.

What a lesson this man's history might impart to those who are conscious of superior powers, yet chilled by adverse circumstances. If he had not persevered, the rail road might yet have been an iron path for horses to jog upon, instead of being made what it is, the conqueror of time and space.

Upon the arrival of the various trains at the station at Gateshead, and after the conclusion of some civic ceremonies, about 500 gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous dinner. Among the distinguished individuals present, Mr. Stephenson was the "observed of all observers." He was there upon the spot which had witnessed his early toils, and his mighty triumph—he was amidst the poor who had toiled by his side, and the noble, who were honored by his friendship. How various were the emotions of his heart, when beholding what he had accomplished.

I might extend this letter to a much greater length, but I am fearful of wearying your patience. If what I have written should be acceptable, I shall, at a future time, trouble you again. This is a vast field for the study of man. Since I have been here, I have observed some astonishing anomalies in the peer and peasant. They shall form the subject of another letter.

Adieu. Yours, D.

Anecdote.

When Mr. Sanders, one of the patentees in the recent discovery of *magneto electric light*, laid his specification before H. L. Ellsworth, the head of the department, that gentleman remarked, I am in the habit every day of seeing something ingenious or remarkable offered for patents, but this is of greater importance than anything I have seen for years, and if it came from any other place than *Cincinnati*, I should be disposed to consider it a great humbug. But there seems to be no limits to your enterprise and energy. It was only last week one of your citizens applied for a patent for a new mode of rendering lard, in which the whole hog of three to four hundred weight is put into an iron tank, and comes out hoofs, hide, and bones, an entire mass of lard! And as the sailor who was blown up at the theatre, and supposed it was a part of the performance, remarked, I wonder what you are going to shew *next!*—*Ib.*

Etymologies of County names in Ohio.

Of the 79 Counties of Ohio, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Jackson, 6;—commemorate the Presidents of those names. Carroll, Fayette, Franklin, Greene, Henry, Hancock, Hamilton, Knox, Morgan, Montgomery, Marion, Mercer, Putnam, Stark, Trumbull, and Warren, 16;—are named after the heroes and statesmen of revolutionary date. Butler, Clark, Crawford, Darke, Hardin, Logan, and Wayne, 7;—record the names of those to whom Ohio has been indebted, on the battlefield, for her emancipation from Indian violence and massacre. Preble is called after a gallant sailor, as is Ross, after an able statesman, both of a later date, say 1806. Allen, Brown, Clinton, Harrison, Holmes, Lawrence, Perry, Pike, and Shelby, 9;—bear the names of the heroes of the last war. Williams, Paulding, and Van Wert, honor the memory of the patriotic and incorruptible captors of Maj. Andre. Two derive their appellations from Governors of Ohio. Meigs and Lucas.

Of Indian originals, we have but 16;—Ashtabula, Cuyahoga, Coshocton, Delaware, Erie, Geauga, Hocking, Huron, Miami, Muskingum, Ottawa, Pickaway, Scioto, Sandusky, Seneca, and Tuscarawas, many of them having the same name with streams, lakes, and bays, in their limits or neighborhood. The names of 11 indicate some peculiarity in location, quality of soil, or character of surface, as Belmont, Champaign, Clermont, Fairfield, Highland, Lake, Licking, Portage, Richland, Summit, and Union. The names—Guernsey, and Gallia, serve to point out the fatherland of the first settlers in these Counties. Athens, and Medina, are Asiatic names, absurdly and inappropriately applied in our State, unless the location of an University, at the first may redeem its share of that reproach. Columbiana, and Lorain, are, I presume, corruptions of Columbia, and Lorraine, both unsuitable names, although for different reasons. One name, that of Wood, defies my scrutiny. Will Mr. Scott, of the Toledo Blade, shed light on its origin?

Can it be named after Judge Reuben Wood?

Of all those who have furnished names for these Counties, three individuals only survive, Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, James Ross, of Pittsburg, and Robert Lucas, of Piketon, Ohio.

The Progress of "Light."

Unexpected difficulties have been and yet are delaying the exhibition of the *magneto electric* light, lately discovered in our city. It is necessary that 6,000 feet of copper wire should be wrapped with cotton in the manner of bonnet wire, to insulate the conducting wires which are cylindrical and spiral. There is no machine here for such purposes and the inventors are driven to the alternative of constructing one for themselves, which will probably delay them two weeks more, or commence operations at Philadelphia, New York, or Boston, where the wire can be covered in 24 hours. Nothing but absolute necessity will drive them to this last course. They think with me, that the city of their nativity has the stronger claim to be the first in witnessing the glories of this discovery

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From Cist's Advertiser.

Capture of O. M. Spencer, by Indians.

The following letter from Gen. Wilkinson to Col. Armstrong, refers to the capture, by Indians, of Oliver M. Spencer, one of the early settlers of the Miami Valley, and father to Henry E. Spencer, Mayor of our city.

Spencer, then a boy of eleven, had been on a visit to Cincinnati, from Columbia, where he then lived, to spend the 4th of July here, and having staid until the 7th, set out in a canoe with four other persons who were going to Columbia.—About a mile above Deer Creek, one of the men much intoxicated, made so many lurches in the canoe as to endanger its safety, and Spencer, who could not swim, becoming alarmed, was at his earnest request, set ashore, as was also the drunken man, who was unable to proceed on foot, and was accordingly left where landed. The three in the canoe, and Spencer on shore, proceeded on, but had hardly progressed a few rods, when they were fired on by two Indians. A Mr. Jacob Light was wounded in the arm, and another man, name unknown, killed on the spot, both falling overboard, the man left on shore tomahawked and scalped, and Spencer, after a vain attempt to escape, was carried off by the savages, and taken out to an Indian village, at the mouth of Auglaize, where he remained several months in captivity. The tidings of these events were taken by Light, who swam ashore a short distance below, by the aid of his remaining arm, and Mrs. Coleman, the other passenger, who, though an old woman of sixty, and, of course, encumbered with the apparel of her sex, was unable to make any efforts to save herself, but whose clothes floating to the top of the river probably buoyed her up in safety. It is certain, at any rate, incredible as it may be thought by some, that she floated down to Cincinnati, where she was assisted to shore by some of the residents here.

Spencer, after remaining nearly a year among the Indians, was taken to Detroit, where he was ransomed, and finally sent home, after an absence, in various places, of three years, two of which he passed among his relatives in New Jersey. He resided, subsequently, in the city, where he held various offices of trust and honor, and died on May 31st, 1838.

FORT WASHINGTON, July 7th 1792.

JOHN ARMSTRONG Esq:

Dear Sir,—I send out to apprize you that, this day about noon, a party of savages fired on a party consisting of two men, a women and Col. Spencer's son—about one and a half miles above this, and on this side of the river—one man killed, the other wounded but not mortally, and poor little Spencer carried off a prisoner. I sent out a party who fell in with their trail in Gen. Harmar's trace about six miles from this, and followed it on the path about two miles farther, when the men failing with fatigue, the Sergeant was obliged to return—master Spencer's trail was upon the path—this is a farther answer to the pacific overtures, and makes me tremble for your hay. I pray you if possible to redouble your vigilance, and on Monday morning early Captain Peters will march with his company and six wagons to your assistance—send me twenty horses the moment Peters reaches you, and I will be with you next day—in the meantime, your cavalry should scout on both sides of the river, and your rifle men be kept constantly in motion—adieu,

Yours

JAS. WILKINSON, Brig. Gen.

Drawing School.

Amidst the various facilities afforded in this city for a good education, we have hitherto been deficient in a school for drawing, calculated to commence with the elements and carry the learner out, as his genius and taste may justify, into the higher branches of the art.

That deficiency is now supplied, by a competent instructor in this department Mr. M. ROSIENKIEWICZ, who has opened at his room on 4th street west of the Council Chamber, a school for drawing and design. Mr. R. comes recommended to some of our most respectable citizens as a gentleman and artist. As respects the last, in my judgment, he needs no other testimony than his own exquisite productions which ornament the walls of his room, two of which, a boat, leaving a vessel at anchor, for the adjacent shore, and

a perspective of Greenock surpass in beauty any thing I remember to have seen in water colors.

Mr. R. is a stranger, on every score deserving encouragement. He is a native of Poland, of a land at the bare mention of whose name the pulse of every lover of liberty beats quicker, of a land which sent us a Kosciusko and a Pulaski, with hundreds of subalterns, in the hour of our country's danger to fight her battles. When we have it in our power to repay the obligation in the only manner in which we can repay it, by affording encouragement to the fine genius and taste of one of her worthiest sons, let us not neglect the opportunity. I doubt not, that Mr. R. will be extensively sustained as soon and as far as he becomes known. As his best introduction to the community I recommend the public to visit his rooms and make his acquaintance.

Chronology for the week.

Nov.1 1756, Earthquake at Lisbon which cost more than seventy thousand persons their lives. The second shock laid the city in ruins. The bed of the river Tagus was in many places raised to the surface, a large new quay with several people on it sank to an unfathonable depth. At the time of this earthquake, Loch Lomond and Loch Ness, two beautiful lakes in Scotland, were uncommonly agitated, and the latter after flowing and ebbing for an hour, spread over the northern bank, a space of thirty feet. At the Hot Wells at Bristol in England the water became red as blood and so turbid that it could not be drank. The water of a common well which had previously been perfectly clear became perfectly black at the same time, and remained so for sixteen days. The natural course of the river Avon was reversed on this occasion and many other remarkable effects were observed which appeared to be connected with the same cause. The entire duration of this earthquake was six minutes.

2nd. 1519, Reformation in Germany by Martin Luther.

3rd 1534, Henry VIII constituted by his Parliament head of the Church of England. Synod of Dort assembled 1618.

4th 1794, Organization of the British Missionary Society. Defeat of Gen. St. Clair by the Indians 1791.

5th 1605, Gunpowder plot, discovery of the

7th 1665, The first English newspaper made its appearance at Oxford England.

R. R. M.

Profane Swearing.--A Lay Sermon.

On my way to my office, a few mornings since I passed the driver of a dray, who had considerable difficulty in getting his horse to obey his orders. He seized him, at length, by the head, violently enraged, and belabored him with his whip handle, interlarding his abuse with, God damn your soul! God damn'you! and much other profane language of the sort.

I felt grieved, both for the horse and the driver, which last was still a mere youth; but knowing by experience what little it avails to address a *maniac*, whether he be so under the influence of passion ardent spirits, or permanent mental derangement. I passed on, resolving to speak to the drayman on the subject, at a suitable opportunity, and meditating deeply on the scene.

Here thought I, is a young man who believes his horse has a soul, and yet, probably, is ignorant he has one himself. A man who, perhaps, never prays at home, and yet prays publicly in the streets. A man who never asks a blessing at his meals, or on his repose at night, and doubtless never prays unless to supplicate a curse upon his horse, or some fellow being.—What a *bundle* of *inconsistencies* is human nature!

Other reflections suggested themselves to me in further meditating on the subject. Would this youth as willingly have asked, publicly, for blessings on his horse, or on himself, or his fellow being? Did he ask in faith? Did he expect a favorable answer to his prayers? Was he aware that the damnation of the horse's soul involved the destruction of his body? Was he willing to lose his horse's service entirely and forever, on the present provocation? What a *tissue* of *absurdities* is human nature!

Following out the theme, I asked myself, whether this was not a topic of rebuke to christians as well as profligates. How many religious people shrink from praying in public, even for blessings, while this poor fellow was so deeply engaged invoking curses in a similar exercise. How far short in fervency is the most ardent prayer, I recollect to have heard lately, when compared with the earnestness of this drayman. Truly the *children of this world* are not only wiser, but frequently more in earnest than the *children of light*.

After all, there is an essential difference in prayer. The ploughing and the dray driving of the wicked is sin, and their prayer, however fervent,not being in a right spirit,and directed to right objects, avails nothing. It is the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man,only,which availeth much.

And so I dismiss the subject for the present.

The Guano Islands.

It is stated in late foreign journals, that the famous product of *Guano* is keenly exciting the spirit of adventure amongst speculators, and that between forty and fifty English vessels have sailed from England to bring guano from the rocky islands on the West coast of Africa. The

West India planters, it seems, have begun to use it freely for their sugar canes, and so successfully (it being supposed they would require large quantities) that numerous vessels have been sent to procure loads of it for the West India market.

Immense beds of guano are known to exist on two of the islands lying on that desert and uninhabited coast, which stretches from the southern point of the Portuguese possessions of Congo, almost to the grand Orange river, the northern boundary of the British possessions at the Cape; and as rain rarely if ever falls along this coast, it is probable that the guano will be found to have been collecting in the same manner on the whole of the islands along it, for centuries.

A Liverpool paper in reference to the same subject says:

A writer in one of the London papers wishes to know whether there is not some danger of this article being subjected to an export duty in Africa as well as in South America, but we may certainly dismiss his fears, for there are no inhabitants along the coast, except lions and other beasts of prey, amongst which Custom-house officers are not to be found; and as for the islands, their only inhabitants are the sea birds which produce the guano, and which, if they take toll at all, take it in the form of flesh and blood, for it is a fact that the first guano searchers who landed on these islands had to fight as fiercely with the birds for their cargoes as Eneas and his companions had to fight with the Harpies of old in defence of their dinners.

With regard to the effect of Guano as an admirable fertilizer, we have seen it stated in the Durham (Eng.) Chronicle, that during the last season, an *old land* grass-field, upon which the substance had been tried, produced two excellent crops of hay. The manure was applied at the rate of one cwt. per acre. The first dressing took place in March last, and a second immediately after the first crop had been led. The cost of each dressing was about 12s per acre. The produce of the first crop averaged about 2½ tons per acre; and the second two tons.

Thunder.

Thunder claps are the effect of lightning, which causes a vacuum in that portion of the atmosphere through which it passes; the air rushing on to restore the equilibrium may cause much of the noise that is heard in the clap. An easy experiment on the air pump illustrates this: Take a glass receiver open at both ends, over one end tie a piece of a sheep's bladder, wet and let it stand till thoroughly dry. Then place the open end on the plate of the air pump, and exhaust the air slowly from under it. The bladder soon becomes concave, owing to the pressure of the atmospheric air on it, the supporting air in the receiver being partly thrown out.—Carry on the exhaustion, and the air presses at the rate of fifteen pounds on every square inch. The fibres of the bladder being no longer capable of bearing the pressure of the atmospheric column upon the receiver, are torn to pieces, with a noise equal to the report of a musket, which is occasioned by the air rushing in to restore the equilibrium.—Imagine a rapid succession of such experiments, on a large scale, and you have a peal of thunder, the rapture of the first bladder being the clap. But the explosion of the gasses, oxygon and hydrogen, of which water is composed, will also account for the noise.

Power of the Memory.

In distinguished men the thorough awakening and vigorous exertion of the mind has more to do with their eminence than is generally thought. In most men the intellectual energies slumber, or are but half put forth. A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Rome, relates some anecdotes of the eminent linguist Cardinal Mezzafonti, which illustrates this truth.

Mezzafonti is able to speak 52 languages. The Pope attributes his extraordinary powers in this respect to miraculous aid. A friend of the Cardinal's informed the writer that he took the same view of the case; which, with the circumstances mentioned below, shows that his powers as a linguist did probably receive, when extraordinary exertion was demanded, a remarkable impulse and developement.

He states that when an obscure priest, in the North of Italy he was called one day to confess two foreigners condemned for piracy, who were to be executed the next day. On entering their cell he found them unable to understand a word he uttered. Overwhelmed with the thought that the criminals should leave this world without the benefits of religion, he returned to his room resolved to acquire their language before morning. He accomplished his task, and the next day confessed them in their own tongue. From that time on, he says, he had no difficulty in mastering the most difficult language. The purity of his motive in the first place, he thinks, influenced the Deity to assist him miraculously. A short time since a Swede, who could speak a patois peculiar to a certain province of Sweden, called on him in that dialect. Mezzafonti had never heard it before, and seemed very much interested. He invited him to call on him often, which he did, while the conversation invariably turned on this dialect. At length the Swede calling one day, heard himself, to his amazement, addressed in this difficult patois. He inquired of the Cardinal who had been his master, for he thought, he said, there was no man in Rome who could speak that language but himself. "I have had no one," he replied, "but yourself—I NEVER *forget a word I hear once.*

MARRIAGES.

ON the evening of the 29th, by the Rev. E. W. Sehon, Mr. C. Edwards, to Miss Catharine Jane Hoagland, all of this city.

In this city on the 30th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Sehon W. N. Haldeman, Editor of the Louisville Mornin Courier, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Wm. Metcalf Esq., of Cincinnati.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 30th, at Christ Church, by the Rev. B. P. Aydelotte, Mr. Thomas J. Stannus, to Helen McGregor, daughter of the late Francis Shield, Esq., all of this city.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 31st, by Elder William P. Stratton, Mr. Alvin C. Knapp, to Miss Eliza Martin, all of this city.

DEATHS.

ON Saturday morning, October 26th, at half past 10 o'clock, of Congestive Fever, in the 3d year of her age, Fanny, daughter of Geo. W., and Susan L. Phillips.

On Sunday the 27th inst, in this city, Miss Sarah Jane Blakely, aged 18 years.

Of Consumption, Wednesday, Oct. 30th, at 11 o'clock, P. M., Susan Comstock.

On Wednesday morning Oct. 30th, at 3 o'clock, Thomas M., infant son of Peter and Ellen Outcalt, aged 10 mos.

On Wednesday, Oct. 30th, at 3 o'clock P. M., after a few hours' illness, Mrs. Ann Brown, in the 78th year of her age.

She was among the first pioneers in the settlement of this city, and has been for about thirty years an exemplary member of the Presbyterian church

Narrow Escape.

When we read in the history of battles, to what dangers the commanding officers are at times exposed in leading their troops into an engagement, it becomes matter of surprise, how they escape with life, and in particular instances without even a wound. Marlborough, Wellington, Napoleon, Washington and Jackson, have been remarkable for having exposed themselves greatly in this respect, yet according to my recollection of all these, Napoleon is the only one who was ever wounded in battle and his wounds were few and not severe.

But there are dangers incidental to such cases, unseen and unrecorded in many instances, which increase the hazard of life to such a degree as to satisfy even a careless observer of the fact that their lives are under the care of an overruling providence which reserves them for future usefulness. We are all familiar with the fact, as declared by an Indian chief on the treaty ground, that he had three times taken deliberate aim, during the battle which ended in "Braddock's defeat," at Washington, then commanding the provincials, and missed every time.

The following anecdote relating to the same individual is not so generally known. It may be found in a well attested note to page 122 of Bisset's continuation of history, vol. II.

Col. Ferguson of the British army, who lay with part of his riflemen on the skirts of a wood in front of Gen. Knyphausen's division, writing to his brother Dr. A. Ferguson, the day after the battle at Brandywine creek, states, "We had not lain long when a rebel officer, remarkable by a hussar dress, passed towards our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another dressed in dark green and blue, mounted on a good bay horse, with a remarkably large high cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to them and fire at them, but the idea disgusted me; and I recalled the order. The hussar in returning made a circuit, but the other passed within a hundred yards of us; upon which I advanced from the wood towards him. Upon my calling, he stopped, but after looking at me, proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made a sign to him to stop, leveling my piece at him; but he slowly continued his way. As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged half a dozen balls in or about him, before he was out of my reach; I had only to determine, but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was acquitting himself very coolly of his duty; so I let him alone. The day after, I had been telling this to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me, when one of our surgeons, who had been dressing the wounded rebel officers, came in and told us, that they had been informing him, that Gen. Washington was all morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a hussar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every point as above described. I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who it was.

The Pardoning Power.

It must be obvious, that the power originally given to the highest authority, to protect the innocent merely, has under a variety of influences, become perverted to the injury of the public interest and is tending rapidly to jeopardize the public safety. It becomes then time for the community to interpose and insist that the power should be exercised only in its legitimate department, and no longer be made the means of returning to the bosom of society, in many cases, directly after their conviction of the basest or most flagitious crimes—the scoundrels, who in the face of legal ingenuity, difficulty of proving what every body knows to be true, and the false sympathies of juries have been sent at length to the Penitentiary where they should long since have been immured.

Acting Governor Bartley introduced a rule no doubt with the best of motives which I think increases the evil he proposed to remedy,—the facility with which persons convicted of crimes obtain through their friends signatures to petitions for pardons. He required public notice to be given in every case, that such application would be made, calculating probably that when the case did not deserve a favorable hearing that the community would exert themselves to defeat it. But this was not placing the subject in its proper attitude. There is an active interest enlisted on behalf of the convict, while the public welfare remains in the neglected province of every body's business.

I agitate this subject now that we have a new Governor under whose administration I trust that a convict who has had a fair trial and *all the evidence in his favor present which exists*, will be made to serve out the period for which he was sentenced, and as we have no right to expose our Governor to influences which we ourselves can hardly withstand, let the legislature pass a law by which the signers to a petition for the pardon of a convict shall be held answerable for his future good behaviour in the penalty of one thousand dollars, to be collected from any of the signers. I guarantee that responsible men will become more careful under such circumstances what they sign.

Another abuse connected with this subject, is a practice prevalent at Columbus, perhaps elsewhere, of the Governor pardoning a convict, a few days prior to the expiration of his sentence, so as to restore him to the rights of citizenship. I

hold this, if possible, deserving still greater censure than the abuse of which I have been already complaining. If the law disfranchises a man for crime, by what moral right does the Governor evade its requirements. Is he not sworn to execute and support the laws? And are we who have borne unblemished characters, willing to go to the polls, it may be, along side of individuals of this description and find our right of suffrage neutralized and nullified by such scoundrels. I feel at the moment of writing this, almost the same degree of indignation which made my blood boil on seeing an infamous counterfeiter deposite his vote along side of mine at the Sixth Ward on Friday last, and I now say what every friend to good order in society should say with me, that no candidate for Governor shall receive my support hereafter who does not pledge himself to set his face against these abuses.

The following narrative which I derived from Governor Corwin himself, in reply to my asking him how he could justify it to his conscience, to let loose on society such fellows as he had lately pardoned, from Cincinnati, sheds light on the whole subject. You do not know, said the Governor, how far the community are to blame rather than the executive. I will give you an instance. Not long since, a man was convicted of arson in B------ county, and sent to the penitentiary. In a few days a petition for pardon came on, setting forth that there was great reason to doubt the man's guilt, that it was believed that an alibi, could be substantiated in the case, and various other reasons urged to induce the exercise of official clemency. The petition was signed by the Judges, members of the bar, county commissioners, and respectable citizens at large. The very jury which convicted him, and the prosecuting attorney who officiated at the trial, signed it. It appeared a clear case. But I had been so often imposed upon, or attempted to be, that I paused to reflect. What is your name? said I to the bearer. He gave it, and I knew it to be that of one of the most respectable citizens of the county. I glanced over the signatures; why is not your name to the petition? He replied that he did not know the facts in the case to be as stated; and on further conversation, admitted that he did not believe the statement. Very well, I shall have inquiries made upon this subject on the spot, before I interfere. I did so, and to my utter astonishment ascertained that the whole affair, was thus managed to get the county clear of the expense of supporting the convict.

I wrote such a letter as the case deserved to such of the parties as I knew, and recommended to the prosecuting attorney, to resign his office. What a mockery of justice do such scenes present. Is it any wonder that the community so often of late years, takes the law into its own hands.

Winter's Chemical Diorama.

Our townsman, R. Winter has returned from the East, with his *chemical pictures*, which he has been exhibiting for the last thirteen months, in Boston, New York, and Baltimore. with distinguished success. He is now among his early friends, who feel proud that the defiance to produce such pictures as Daguerre's, which was publicly made by *Maffei and Lonati*, who exhibited them here, was taken up, and successfully accomplished by a Cincinnati artist.

Nothing can be more perfect than the agency of light and shade, to give life and *vraisemblance* to these pictures. They are four in number. The Milan Cathedral, at Midnight Mass. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem. Belshazzar's Feast, and the Destruction of Babylon. These are all fine, each having its appropriate excellencies, but the rich, yet harmonious coloring in the two last, has an incomparable effect, which must strike every observer. But the pen cannot adequately describe the triumphs of the pencil, the eye alone must be the judge.

Exhibition on Fourth, below Main Street, Miller's buildings.

Early Jails, &c.

The great range of power lodged in the hands of Territorial Governors, and which St. Clair, from his millitary habits and personal character, was disposed to stretch to its full extent, the kindred influence which a garrison stationed here, with a force originally outnumbering greatly the settlers, naturally had upon the whole community, and the difficulty if not impossibility of obtaining redress elsewhere, for abuses or authority committed here, all, naturally led to many irregular and summary proceedings, in the early days of Cincinnati.

As a Gallows stood in 1795, on Walnut below Fifth street, the presumption is, that it had not unfrequently been made use of, although there is little pioneer lore on this subject, and its victims must have been distinct from the military corps, in which deserters are shot, not hung.—But in those days, the gallows, the pillory, and the whipping post, were appendages of civilized society, two of them in the further advance of civilization driven out of existence, and the third in a rapid process of extinction. Several of our citizens survive, who have witnessed not only these structures, but also the administration of justice under their operation. Jonah Martin, while a youth, was present when Sheriff Goforth inflicted the "*forty stripes save one*," upon a woman convicted of setting fire to haystacks, and

Mr. Samuel Stitt, witnessed the same punishment applied to another woman guilty of theft, by the hands of Levi M'Clean, the deputy Sheriff and jailor at that time. It must not be inferred, however, that the infliction was as severe as it appeared to be. Goforth was a man of great humanity, and even M'Clean, although jailor, pound keeper, butcher, and constable, four hard hearted avocations, played on the fiddle and taught singing school.

Men are not steel, but *steel* is bent,
Men are not flints, even *flint* is rent,

And Levi, unless his prisoners rebeled on his hands, or he had himself taken a glass too much, in which case he would turn in and take a flogging frolic among his *pets*, without making much distinction between debtors and criminals, was rather a good natured fellow, than otherwise.

The first jail here was built early in 1793, and as every thing else in the early days of Cincinnati, was located to accommodate the convenience of the bottom interest. It was, therefore, built upon Water street, west of Main street. Although a mere log cabin, of a story and a half in height, and probably sixteen feet square, the ground in its neighborhood being cleared out, it was distinctly visible from the river. Small as it was, it was amply large enough to accommodate the prisoners, most of whom were in for debt. Neither were its inmates kept strictly within its limits, or even those of the yard adjacent, the prisoners visiting around the neighborhood throughout the day, taking care to return in time to be locked up at night, and on the approach of the Sheriff, scampering home in a great fright, like so many rats to their holes.

This was the Jail referred to in the following letter of Judge Symmes to Wm. McMillan, Esq., now published for the first time:

North Bend, Dec. 28th, 1792.

Dear Sir;

I hope, that by this time the jail is begun and going on briskly. I hear that the people of Cincinnati are voting on this question--whether the jail shall be built on the first bottom or the second bank? If you will allow us at North Bend to vote also, our voice is for the second bank most decidedly. Our reasons are--the ground will be had much cheaper—fuel will be had easier and at less expense—the situation will be more elevated and healthy, in addition to its more magnificent appearance—the soil is much more dry—the prisoners will at no time be drowned in a fresh like pigs in a sty—a great expense will be saved in carting the timber--it is or soon will be more in the centre of the town. It will be more convenient than Cincinnati for the people of the other villages in the county. Water may be had by digging a well which ought to be within the liberties of the prison, and if it stood on the banks of the Ohio, a well will be necessary that privileged prisoners for debt allowed the liberty, might draw for themselves. But, if interested motives are to direct our votes, the inhabitants of North Bend vote that the prison be built on Congress green,* a most elegant situation.

Sir, your most obd't servant.

JOHN CLEVES SYMMES.

Wm, McMillen, Esq.

As greater space became requisite for immuring within the walls of a jail that increase of prisoners which kept pace with the increase of the town, a new jail of hewed logs and lapt-shingle roof, two stories high, and larger than its predecessor, was erected within less than two years, at the S. E. corner of Walnut and Sixth street, on the lot now occupied by an apothecary store. Its size was 15 by 20 feet. Late in 1795, the building was moved with 8 yoke of oxen, by the public teams in charge of Captain John Thorp, quarter-master in the public service, assisted by Mr. John Richardson, to the lot at the corner of Church Alley and Walnut street, now in the tenancy of H. & J. Koch, tailors. It was from this "*dungeon keep*" that the following pathetic notice issued, being published in the "Cincinnati Spy," of November 4, 1799:

'Those indebted to Dr. Himes, are desired to remit the sums due—he being confined to jail *deprives him of the pleasure of calling personally* on his friends—they will therefore oblige their unfortunate friend, by complying with this request without loss of time. Hamilton county prison, Oct. 29th, 1799."

* The public ground in front of the village of North Bend,

I am indebted to a correspondent, who is obviously a professional man for the following rebuke. I sit corrected.

Mr. Editor:

Your paper has recently contained an editorial remark, under the head of Marriage Licences, in which you tell a story of a groomsman who would have got married himself, under the influence of the moment, if he had had a license. And from your closing remark about it, that here were congenial spirits prevented from a union of bliss, because the law interposed a delay and an expense for a marriage license, many persons may suppose you were serious in reprehending the law as an evil and a burden.

Society is already too prone to hold the marriage tie too lightly, and inconsiderate engagements are, doubtless, encouraged by the facility with which divorces are dispensed from our courts, and even by our Legislature, in face of the Consitution, which says that no law shall be passed impairing the obligation of contracts.

If it is in seriousness you ask, what right has society to interpose even the slightest obstacle in the shape of expense or delay, to the establishment of that relation on which its whole well-being depends? I would as seriously answer, that the well-being of society, gives an undoubted right to prescribe all salutary regulations, on every matter connected with that well-being. It is of moment to society that marriages shall not be made without consideration; and it is of moment to the parties, that a ready and cheap mode of proving their marriage, should exist. For the sum of seventy-five cents, the Clerk issues the marriage license, and makes a record of the marriage, a certificate of which, the person solemnizing it, is bound to return to him within three months. Proof of actual marriage is often needed in connection with the rights of property, and that proof is thus furnished with certainty and cheapness. If your groomsman, in a fit of excitement, would have committed matrimony, with a kindred lunatic, and on the morrow's morn, the delusion was so far spent, as to leave no desire of renewing the perpetration, they might well thank the "law's delay," as a benign rescue from a life of wretchedness.

So, Mr. Editor, I think you ought not to speak lightly in your columns, on such sober matters, for many persons may misunderstand you, and be misled by your respectable authority.

VINCTUS.

October 31st, 1844.

Early Conveyances.

The following, together with that great paramount title, undisturbed possession for twenty-one years, is the right by which is held property of great value here, 100 feet by 200, comprehending Luck's tavern scite, and that of the two frames on the north upon Sycamore, between Third and Fourth Streets, and running west to Mayor's Alley, in the centre of the block. Of so little value was it considered fifty years ago, that the assignment from Cook does not even specify the assignee.

Know all men, by these presents, that I, Jonathan Fitts, do hereby bind myself, my heirs, &c., to hold and defend to *Peyton Cook*, my right, title, and claim to a town lot, in Cincinnati, viz: No. 61. The right of said lot to said Fitts have, by these presents vested in said Cook, for value received, this 28th August.

JONATHAN FITTS.

Test.
John Vance,

(Endorsed,)

I do hereby assign my right and title to the within said lot, for value received, as witness my hand and seal, this 25th Jan., 1791.

PEYTON COOK.

Testas.
B. Brown.

Relic of the Past.

Capt. Jno. Armstrong to Gen. James Wilkinson.

Ft. Hamilton, 13th July, 1792. 10 o'cl'k.

Dear General—Capt. Barbee, is this moment arrived. The packet accompanying this will no doubt, inform you of every particular from the advanced posts, the loss of all the cattle from Ft. Jefferson, &c.

One man taken prisoner on the 19th October, 1791, belonging to the detachment of Federal troops, then under my command, and one taken the 4th November, 1792, in Gen. St. Clair's defeat, are also here. They made their escape from an Indian village, 50 miles above the Miami, on the St. Joseph's, passed that village the second day, and on the morning of the third, reached Fort Jefferson. They came through the field or place where our army was defeated, and say that their different Flags from us have been received at the Auglaize river, and the messengers were then tomahawked—that the last was a Captain—poor Truman.

I expect all my hay will be in stack to-morrow. All is well here.

Sketch of the Life of John Bush.

John Bush was born in Winchester, Virginia, on the 21st of March, 1767. His father, Philip Bush, was a Captain under the then Col. George Washington, at the time he capitulated to the French and Indians, at the Little Meadows, in which campaign he imbibed a great dislike to tee French, which accounts somewhat for an anecdote which occurred at his tavern, in Winchester, in 1797. The present King of France, Louis Phillippe was, during the winter of that year, with his brother, &c., *incognito*. He called at Bush's house and ordered a room and dinner. He was shown into the dining room.—When dinner was announced, it was found he had secured the doors to prevent intrusion, and had of course shut out the boarders. Upon an explanation being demanded, he declared himself and company to be *gentlemen*, who wished to dine by themselves. He was told by Mr. Bush that none but gentlemen dined at his house, and that for his insolence he must seek other quarters. His horse was ordered, his baggage produced, and he was obliged to leave the house.

This anecdote was published in the papers of the day. In 1783, John Bush (as did many of the enterprising and chivalrous sons of Virginia) came to the bloody ground to make it his permanent home, and lived in the family of Col. Thomas Marshall, of Fayette, now Woodford county. He was engaged in many of the dangerous scouting parties that went in pursuit of the marauding Indians, and once in a company of only four, two of which were sons of Col. Marshall.

He volunteered in the expedition of Gen. Harmar, in 1789,, crossed the river at Cincinnati, and marched to Fort Wayne—volunteered in the army, and went with the troops engaged in both days' battles with the Indians. On the first day. he commanded an advanced guard of 20 men, with orders by Major Fountaine, to charge any body of Indians the spies might discover and fire upon. He asked the Major what he was to do if he came upon a *large body* of Indians. Fountaine demanded to know if he was afraid? No, Sir, I am not afraid, but wish to know my duty, was the reply. Well, Sir, if you fall upon 10,000 Indians, it is your duty to charge through them and form at their backs. The detachment, as is known, were drawn into ambuscade and defeated, and about one-third, including many of the best spies and soldiers, were killed. After the Indian town had been burned, Harmar's army commenced its usual march for the settlement and encamped about 6 miles off. Col. Hardin solicited permission to return to the town with another detachment and surprise the Indians, which being granted, volunteers were again called for, excusing those who had been in the first day's engagement. Maj. Fountaine went to Bush and requested him to go. He agreed, provided they would get him a very fine horse, belonging to one Nelson, which being procured, he marched with Harmar and reached the town just before day. The detachment divided into two parties, Bush with that of Cols. Hall, McMullen, and Fountaine. When it became light enough to see, a number of Indians were discovered some fifty or an hundred yards in advance. Fountaine, as Bush thinks, without giving the word *charge*, in his eagerness, charged alone, and was shot, and fell from his horse. The Lieutenant of the troops advanced and ordered the charge, but was followed by only four men, Bush, Titus Mershon, and two named Moore. When reaching the place where Fountaine lay, they were fired on by the Indians, and all wounded but the Lieutenant. Bush had his sword knocked out of his hand. and a ball grazed his cheek and cut off part of his queue. They then returned; but a reinforcement coming up, the Indians gave way, and many of them were killed in crossing the St. Joseph. They were followed by the horsemen. On reaching the opposite bank, Bush saw an Indian leave the rest, which he followed and took prisoner; some of the troop coming up they cut him down beside Bush's horse. He cursed the fellow for a coward, and turned his horse and rode towards the firing that had commenced under Cols. Hardin and Willis. Upon coming in sight, he found himself in the rear of the Indians, and Hardin's troops firing directly towards him. He then tried to turn them on the right flank; but, in ascending a small rise, he met 50 or 60 Indians, who halted & fired at him just as he turned his horse, the ball passing through his coat. He then attempted to pass on the left, but found the Indian flank reached to the river. His next effort was to retreat to the rear, where he soon met several horsemen, who told him there was a body of Indian horsemen approaching in that direction—they having, as he since supposed, become alarmed at seeing some of their own men.—He now determined to charge through the Indian lines and join Hardin, which he accomplished in safety, followed by his few associates. On passing the Indian town he saw a very large Indian behind a tree, and prepared to strike him with his sword, but, the Indian, turning the tree just at the moment, saved himself. Hardin's men were begining to give way, but seeing the men charge through the Indians, they rallied and fired again, but were soon compelled to retreat. During the retreat the horsemen were directed to ride as far as they could with safety to the rear and bring up the men that were going out.

At one time during this dangerous employment, Bush got mired in a swamp, with a man behind him. He made the man get off, but not being able to extricate the horse, he got off himself, and remained trying to get him out till two Indians came up and took the man prisoner.—He then sprang out of the swamp and was fired at by the Indians, which alarmed the horse so that he cleared the swamp and was regained and mounted.

On his return to Fort Washington, he crossed the river to the Kentucky side, now Covington, and passed the night there. In the course of the night, his horse was stolen. Next morning he re-crossed the river, reported his horse as lost, returned and walked to Georgetown the same day. A few years after, he married the daughter of John Craig, the Commandant of Bryant's Station.

In 1794, he settled in the bottom opposite Gen. Harrison's future log cabin residence at North Bend, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, as early as '97, and for whom he had always interchanged an unchangeable friendship.

He had four children, (three sons of whom survive,) by his first wife. In 1813, he married a sister of Ex-Governor Noble, by whom he has had 21 children, 8 of whom survive. Between his first and last there is about 40 years difference.

He still resides in Boone county, Kentucky, and although in reduced circumstances, he has never received a cent by way of pension—Congress having passed no law granting any to Harrison's soldiers.

The Methodist Preacher.

Looking toward my New Appointment.—Up to the close of Conference, I have kept faithfully the forty dollars reserved for the purchase of a horse so soon as I should reach my new circuit. But over and above that I have not five dollars, and wife and children all want new shoes, and my boots have given way at the side. They have been twice half-soled, and the uppers wont stand it any longer. My only coat is all threadbare, and white at the seams. That, however, is no matter, it will look well enough back in the woods, although it has rather a shabby appearance here among so many shining new black coats. But, besides the absolute want of shoes and boots, it will cost us all of thirty dollars to get to our new home. Where, then, is the horse to come from? Be still, despondent heart! The Lord will provide. You go forth in his cause, and he will take care to supply the armour, if you will always keep it bright and whole! Yes—yes—weak, timid, trembling soldier of the cross! The Captain of your salvation will go before you, and lead you on to certain victory. Only be faithful: look not back for a momen ; but press forward.

I have just had a talk with brother T———. He called in very kindly to give me all the advice, encouragement, and instruction that he could, in regard to my new appointment; and also to furnish me with a list of the names of some of the prominent brethren. There is no parsonage provided for the preacher's family. Nor do the people pay the rent for one. But a log cottage, he says, with a little patch of ground for a garden and pasturage, can be had for about twenty dollars a year. A cow will cost as much more, But where is the money to buy her to come from? Ah, me! If I had just about as much as it costs three or four of the sisters here for ribbons and laces, how rich I should be. The elegant dinner-set, upon which our food is served here every day, the good sister told my wife, cost eighty dollars. There was a plainer set for sixty; but the first set had a gold band, and she liked it best and gave twenty dollars more, for the sake of the gold band. Now, just the price of that gold band on the dinner-set would buy me a cow. Ah, me! These thoughts trouble me. But hush! hush! poor, doubting, murmuring heart! *Thou shall not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.* If the good Master has prospered our brother and sister in their basket and store, I ought to be thankful to him on their account, that he has given them the good things of life with a liberal hand.

I met old father H———y this morning, with his cowhide shoes and leather strings, wool hat, coarse coat, and shirt collar unbound with a neckcloth. It is two years since I last saw him. We talked for half an hour about matters and things. He is no happier than when I last met him. Not so happy I think. The luxurious living of our rich professors troubles his soul. He has lifted his voice against it faithfully, and enforced his precepts of temperance and moderation by a rigid, self denying example, but it is all of no avail. There is no diminution of the evil he complains of. His own perverse heart, too, causes him great affliction. The bitter things which he is daily compelled to write against himself, humble his soul to the dust. He finds, he says, every day, lower and lower depths of evil in his own heart, the discovery of which fills his soul with the deepest anguish. Dear, good old man! His troubles and his trials *here*, will, I trust, make him richer *there*. I cannot, however, coincide with him in all his positions. I cannot follow him in all his examples. The bounties provided by nature—her delicious fruits—sweet flowers—honey from the rock—were not all made in vain; or, only for those who look not for good things beyond this world. They are all for us, if in our power to obtain them, and to me, it seems a greater sin to put aside the blessings thus provided by our Father's hand, than to receive them, and use them with thankfulness.

But he is sincere, and the Lord looks at the heart. I wish more of us had a portion of his self-denying spirit. I am sure I need some of it to enable me to bear up more patiently than I do. I do wish I could never feel troubled about anything—that I could really say from the heart: 'Thy will, not mine, be done.' I often say as much with the lips—but, alas! it is, I fear, only from the teeth outward.

I had written thus far in my journal, when my wife came in, and holding a stout bundle in her hand said, with a cheerful smile,

'What do you think this contains, dear?'

'I don't know, I'm sure,' I said. 'What does it contain?'

'You shall see,' was her reply, as she unrolled it. There were three pairs of shoes a piece for the children, and three pairs for wife, enough to last them all the next year. Then there were four frocks a piece for the little ones, and four new gowns for wife, besides various other matters, such as muslin for underclothes, and nice warm Canton flannel, and stockings!

'Not all for us?' I exclaimed,in astonishment, as Mary displayed these before my eyes.

'Yes, all for us. May the Lord reward sister A—— for her goodness—we cannot.' Tears of thankfulness were in her eyes.

'Amen!' I responded, fervently. In the next moment my heart smote me for what I had thought and written about the gold bands on the dinner set. Several times since I have turned to the page of my journal where it lies recorded, and taken up my pen to erase it. But I have as often determined to let it remain. It presents a true history of my feelings, and I cannot blot it out.

After supper that evening—the last we were to spend in the kind family of brother and sister A——, brother A—— began to ask about my new circuit, and how I expect to get along on it. I felt a little delicacy about replying to his questions—for I could not speak very encouragingly, and I never like to make a poor mouth. But he was in earnest, and cornered me so closely that I had to tell all the truth about the means the circuit afforded, and my own poor condition.

'And so you still have your 'horse money' safe?' he said, smiling after he had got all out of me.

'Yes, that still remains untouched. But a part will have to go for stage hire. That can't be helped. Though I doubt not, something will turn up, and that I shall get a horse after I get there easily enough. Horses don't cost much in that section of the country, and then to add to what is left after paying our fare, I hope to receive about ten dollars for the sale of some things at the old place, left in the care of a good brother. It will all come right, I know, brother A———. It always has come right.'

No doubt,' he said. 'The Lord will provide.'

Brother A——— seemed thoughtful after he had said this. After sitting for a little while, he said, rising,

'Come, brother B———.'

I followed him up stairs, into his chamber He closed the door, and then opened a large mahogany wardrobe, well stocked with clothes.

'You and I are near about the same size,' he said, taking down a black frock coat, that was very little worn. 'Try on this and see how near it will come to fitting you. I have not worn it for some months, and it is a pity to let the moths get into it. There!' he continued, as I drew on the coat, 'it fits you just as well as if it had been made for you, and scarcely shows the wear it has had. Let me see,' he added, turning again to the wardrobe, 'what else we have here. Ah! this is just the thing for you!' bringing out an overcoat, made of stout beaver cloth. 'You will want just such a thing as this next winter. It will keep you as warm as toast while riding among those snowy hills. I found it almost too heavy for me last winter. But to ride in it will be the dandy.'

He did not stop here. Two pair of good pantaloons, as many vests, and a pair of excellent boots, were added to these. I tried to thank him, but my voice was so husky that I could not articulate distinctly. The remembrance, too, of what I had thought and written down about the gold bands on the dinner-set, with other reflections not clothed in words, choked me. He did not stop here. Next morning as I shook hands with him, and bade him farewell, he left two pieces of coin in my hands, saying as he did so, with a smile;

'Don't touch the 'horse money,' brother B——. A minister can't walk around his circuit.'

Excellent man! May the Lord reward him? As for me, I feel humbled before my Master, for my want of faith. So many—many times has he brought me safely out of the wilderness into a clear place, and yet I am unwilling to trust him.

Mutton and no Mutton.

It is odd enough that a sheep, when dead, should turn into mutton, all but its head; for, while we ask for a leg or a shoulder of mutton, we never ask for a mutton's head. But there is a fruit which changes its name still oftener; grapes are so called while fresh; raisins when dried, and plums when in a pudding.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, Oct. 31st., by the Rev. R. S. Killen, at the residence of Samuel Lewis, Esq., Mr. Edward P. Lamphear, to Miss Rebecca S. Lewis, daughter of Thatcher Lewis, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 31st, by Elder James E. Challen, Mr. H. F. Davis to Nancy Gano, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. the 5th inst., at Christ's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Brooke, David Austin, jr., of New York, to Miss Cordelia Pickett, adopted daughter of John P. Garness of this city.

On Wednesday evening, 6th inst, by Rev. Dr. Colton Mr. John K. Waits, to Miss Catharine Carnelly.

DIED,

In this city, on Monday, the 4th inst, of inflammation of the lungs, Ann Eliza, the eldest daughter of James S. and Eliza Ogden, aged 17 years.

Her parents in her have sustained the loss of a dutiful and affectionate child.

On Wednesday the 11th, of consumption, Mr. Josiah Nicholas, formerly of Morris county, N. J.

Recollections of a Voyage to Italy in 1800

The language of a thorough sailor, is *sui generis*, and much of it is unintelligible to the uninitiated. It was sometime before I could comprehend readily all the phrases which I heard. In performing many parts of the duty on shipboard, it is customary for the sailor to answer the order by repeating the words in which it is given; as in directing the steersman, hard-a-port, he replies, hard-a-port it is, sir. The steward having misbehaved himself, the Captain turned him before the mast, and took a smart active fellow in his place. Just after he had got into his new berth, I desired him to brush my coat, then on me, which he began to perform so gently that I could scarcely feel him, and I exclaimed, with a little impatience, Brush away, Tom. Changing his hand instantly, to a manner which resembled curry-combing a horse, he repeated, Brush away it is, sir; and was pursuing his operation with so much energy, that I was obliged to moderate him, by saying, I am afraid you mistake me for the main mast, Tom. I was pleased with the sailors, and found them to be the frank, honest, and jovial, good-natured fellows, which they are generally reported to be.

The monotony of sea life renders every accidental variety interesting. A sail discovered in the horizon, or any distant and cloud-like land calls the attention of all on board. The latter is sometimes useful as well as pleasant, and serves to mark the sailor his position on the chart. On the 29th of July, we passed the Azores, or Western Islands. *Pico*, except its top, which rose above them, was shrouded by the clouds. From its height condensing the vapors that float around it, I suppose this is frequently the case. Moore mentions the same thing when he passed it·

"The only envious cloud that lowers,
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height."

There was a fine effect produced on Terceira, by the sun shining brilliantly on one part of it while the rest appeared deluged by a heavy shower of rain. The climate of these Islands must be delightful,

On the 7th of August a sail was visible from the mast head, astern of us, and steering our course. She was seen the whole of the next day and appeared in chase of us, close by the wind. The following morning finding her within a few miles of us, the captain ordered the ship to be tacked and stood for her; when alongside she proved to be brig Huntress from New York bound to Leghorn. On the ensuing day we made the land, which proved to be Cape Spartel, on the Barbary coast. The wind was light and fair, and I went aloft to have a better view of the scenery which we were approaching. I observed something which appeared to be a large

white rock on the shore, directly ahead of us and had seen it for at least half an hour, when some one made it out to be the sails of a large ship, approaching us, close hauled; but we still could not ascertain what she was, till having approached within two or three miles, she changed her course, and we perceived her to be a vessel of war; in a short time, having tacked again, she came alongside, and proved to be the British frigate Topaz.

Cape Spartel is one of the head lands which form the straits of Gibraltar: Trafalgar is the other. The outline of both coasts is very varied, and distant mountains are seen over the lower lands near the shore; but to an American, accustomed to behold the hills and mountains of his own country clothed with towering forests, the bare and rugged hills of both shores present the appearance of great sterility. At this time the wind was fair, and there was every prospect of passing the straits without any difficulty; but the wind suddenly came round to the east, and blew with great violence for several days, so that we tacked from one cape to the other, without making any headway. I became very tired of it, and could have exclaimed *fortiter occupa portum*, with all my heart. I felt all the tedium which Horace mentions. In this situation we spoke the brig Greyhound from Boston, and the Huntress, which had parted company rejoined us. Till our arrival off Cape Spartel, the voyage might be considered as a very pleasant, although a slow one, the winds in general, being moderate and the weather fine. But we now paid pretty dearly for our former ease, being beat about from cape to cape without being able to get within them.

On the morning of the 19th, we observed several vessels at anchor under the lee of Cape Spartel, and as we had very strong gales, accompanied by a rough sea, the captain determined to bear away, and come into the smooth water under the lee of the land. As we approached it, he said to me, that he thought I would be able to catch some fish, and directed one of the men to bring me some fishing lines, which I got ready, and waited for the opportunity of trying my luck, when the ship should be hove to. We had not reflected on the possibility of any of these vessels being enemies, and were approaching them with great confidence, when a large brig that lay rather in shore of the others, got under weigh, and at the same time hoisted the French flag. I saw it the instant it began to ascend, and turning to the Captain, who was near me, said, "I believe we should have other fish to fry than those we expected to catch." "By Jove!" exclaimed he, "A French man-of-war brig." All hands were piped, the ship tacked, and in five minutes had as much sail on her as she could carry. As soon as this was done, the decks were cleared, the men called to quarters, the guns double-shotted, and every thing prepared for action, the brig being in chase of us. The other vessels, although two or three of them were armed, kept their positions. Conjectures were now hazarded, about what the brig could be. She showed eighteen guns. "I'll swear," said one of the mates, "that some of the vessels under the land are not French built ships." "In that case," says another, they "must be her prizes." "If she has taken and manned so many prizes," said the Captain, "she cannot have many men left on board, and if she hasn't, she might not be an overmatch for us." "If we could take her," said the first Mate, "we should be able to capture all her prizes; that would be a glorious haul of prize money!" In ten minutes it was all arranged. The conjectures were communicated to the crew, and the determination to take the French brig and all her prizes, was received by them with three cheers, so animating that I myself felt a little of their spirit. The ship was then hove to, and she stood for the brig, under reefed topsail; on which, the brig hauled her wind, took in sail, and then tacked again for us. We were directly close along side of each other, when, behold, down came the French colors, and in their place an English ensign was displayed. I heard one near me exclaim, in a tone of great mortification, "d—n it, she's not a Frenchman after all!" It was easily to perceive the honest fellow thought he had lost a large sum of prize money by the transformation of the national ensign.

Our ship had been well armed before leaving port; and although the number of her men was small in proportion to her guns, yet they were sufficient to work the guns on one side. I have said she had thirty men, but this included her officers. Her twelve guns were six-pounders. One part, which is usually neglected in merchant ships, had been well attended to; that is, the security of her quarters. The space between the outer and inner planks above deck, was stuffed full of seasoned hoop poles which, from their elasticity, formed an admirable defence against shot; and above the wood work, iron staunchions to the height of a man's head, filled with old cables.

On the passage, the crew had been frequently exercised at their guns, in which exercise I had participated; and my shipmates acknowledged that I could beat them at a target with a musket or pistol and single ball. Indeed, it would have been singular had I not had some superiority over them at these weapons; for I have been very fond of shooting from my childhood, and can recollect having my gun when so small

as not to be able to hold it without a rest. The Captain said he saw no reason why a person who was so expert with a musket, should not be a good marksman with a cannon, and offered me, in case of an action, the command of a gun. "Very well," said I, "If we should be compelled to fight, it would be less awkward to be busy than to be idle. What is considered the most honorable position?" "The quarter deck, for it is usually the most dangerous," said he. Of course, I could do nothing else than take a quarter deck gun.

During our conjectures about the supposed French brig and her prizes, I had taken particular notice of the spirited manner of the first mate; and the animation which he displayed at the expected rencontre. It was he, who expressed his mortification at seeing the English in the place of the French ensign. He was about twenty-two years of age, born in Nantucket, out of which he sailed when but eight years old, on board of a whaler, in a voyage round Cape Horn. There is no better school for a seaman than these voyages. He who is accustomed to pursue his enormous prey amidst the icebergs of Hudson's Bay, or the rocks of Terra del Fuego, can bid defiance to any thing. He had been at sea, with but few intermissions ever since. I had taken little or no notice of him during the voyage. Nothing had occurred to bring him out. It could easily be seen that he was a good sailor, and perfectly at home at all parts of his duty: but this had very little interest for a landsman, and I had seldom spoken to him. The trite adage of *nimium ne crede colori*, applies to many men who seem better than they are, but Charles Ramsdell was better than he seemed to be. He was not only an expert sailor; but a brave, frank, and honorable fellow.

During the following night, the wind moderated, and the next morning (the 20th) became fair, and we stood into the straits of Gibraltar. At 4 A. M. Tarifa bore N. W. Ceuta point, S. E. by E. and the rock of Gibraltar N. E.

I was very soundly asleep when Ramsdell came to awaken me, and said, "I think that we shall have a battle; there are several French privateers near us." "Well," said I, "I shall hear you when you begin, and that will be time enough to get up." "No," replied he, "you had better see that the men are ready at your gun; I am very certain that you will be wanted there shortly." I laid a few minutes longer, till thinking that it would not be to my credit, if my companions should imagine me more disposed to remain snugly in my birth, than to join them, I got up. On repairing to the deck, I saw several vessels under the Spanish shore, which were pointed out to me as French and Spanish privateers and gun-boats. There were at that time four American brigs in sight—one was near the Spanish shore; the other three astern of us.—Two of the latter were the Huntress of New York, and the Greyhound of Boston. The brig near the shore appeared to be unarmed. One of the privateers boarded her, and sent her under the guns of a fort. Several sails were visible far astern of us, which we supposed to be a fleet we had seen under Cape Spartel. Some of the privateers stood for these, while two of the largest bore down on the brigs astern of us. It was the duty of our captain, as it is the duty of all commanders of merchant vessels, to avoid an action. The breeze was fair, but light, and we had all sail set. I find by the log-book, a copy of which is before me, that the remarks were made only to three o'clock in the morning, at which time we were going at the rate of only two knots (or miles) an hour; but the current, which always sets from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean, favored us. The privateers sailed remarkably well. The hindmost one began to fire on the brig nearest to her, which being unarmed, and seeing no prospect of escape, hauled down her colors and hove to for the privateer to board her. I felt very much like a person who sees a venomous snake in the act of swallowing a beautiful bird. The quarter guns had been run out of the stern-port. I asked the captain to give me permission to fire a shot at the privateer, to which he assented, but said it was too far off for me to hit. I aimed the piece and fired; the shot struck in the true direction, but short of her, on which she immediately hove to for her consort to come up to her, which she did in a few minutes, (the brig not having been boarded, but lying to with her topsail to the coast,) and after some consultation they both neglecting the brigs which they could easily have taken, as they were unarmed, bore directly down on us. Each of them, as we afterwards ascertained, carried two long brass twenty-four pounders, which worked on slides, and were served by regular artillerists, in her bows: and as they came down on us, these were fired with very excellent aim; and that at a distance, which from the inferior size of our guns, we did not think it expedient to answer. The effect of this distant fire is, I think, more unpleasant than that of a closer action. You see the gush of smoke from the gun; you know you are in the spot aimed at; a twenty-four pound ball is on its way to you; you can count eight or ten deliberately before it reaches the spot, and before it is decided whether it strikes you or not. For my part, I endeavored to persuade myself, that this would not strike me; but apprehensive that if one of those shot came through the stern it would bring a volley of splinters with it, I jum-

ped on the taffrail, and sat there endeavoring to judge of the distance by counting the seconds which elapsed from the firing of the gun till the shot passed, which it did with a whiz, which I did not find quite such pleasant music as Charles XII, declared the first volley of musket balls which he heard, to be. It was thought best to retain our fire till the enemy should be quite near us. I had remarked a good many holes made in our sails, and ropes cut away by the round shot, when my attention was attracted by a sputtering noise, and I was just going to ask the captain what it was, when catching me by the arm, he said, "they are firing grape, get from the taffrail." It was my duty to obey, which I did without the slightest demur. I think I can recollect my feelings at the time, very well.—I had in the course of the voyage more than half an inclination to see an action: but then I should have prefered having the control of both its duration and intensity. As it was, I could not help seeing that we were greatly outnumbered, the consequence was, a very hesitating mood whether I should like it or not. I had never seen a battle. It was worth something to see one. It is not every day we have an opportunity, but this was misty and chilly—that kind of weather we call raw, and I had not eaten my breakfast; and let me tell you, that a breakfast before a battle is not to be despised. I fancy no one likes to fight before breakfast; and I knew not how to get mine. The wheel had been unshipped, and the tiller ropes rove through blocks in the cabin; and the cook was stationed there to assist in working the ship: the steward was at one of the guns. If I was again in such a situation, I would advise a different disposition of affairs. While I was in this blank humor, Ramsdell said to me, with as much glee in his countenance as if he had just been partaking of an excellent sea-pie and a can of grog, (by the way there was no grog given to the men before the action; that was another error.) "I'll warrant, we'll knock the dust out of these fellow's jackets, if they come along side of us." From the size of the enemy's vessels, I was not quite so certain of the correctness of this declaration as he appeared to be. They were up with us in as short a time as he desired, and before I could make up my mind whether I wished them in our vicinity or not. Their fire was returned with spirit. The wind was light, but fair for Gibraltar, the batteries and shipping of which, were within sight, having by this time emerged from the straits and passed Europa point. The captain thought it best to keep the sail on the ship, and continue the course, although we fought under great disadvantage by doing so, as we were able to reply to their fire with the two stern guns only. The captain apprehended, that the privateers might suspect that a running fight would place us within the protection of the British batteries, before its conclusion, and therefore would attempt to carry the ship by boarding, and he directed the boarding nettings to be triced up, which placed us all as it were in a cage; but the enemy threw such showers of grape and cannister upon us, that in a quarter of an hour's time, the boarding nettings were cut away in all directions, and the rigging was so torn to pieces, that the ship became perfectly unmanageable, and she drifted without our having any power of directing her course. About this time the ensign was shot away from the mizen peak, and fell on deck. The Frenchmen supposed we had struck, and both vessels began to cheer; but a continuation of our fire soon convinced them that they had been mistaken, and a very smart sailor, of whose name I recollect only the first part, which was Tom, without waiting for orders, snatched up the ensign, ran up the mizen shrouds, and tied it fast. It was not, however, long before the mizen shrouds were shot away, and it fell a second time, when the part of it which was left being torn to ribbands, was run up to the fore top gallant mast head, and displayed such a tattered escutcheon that it would have been impossible to tell what nation it belonged to.

The vessels of the enemy were long and low, and built for sailing, and full of men. In the disabled situation of our ship, one of them took a position directly under our stern, and within fifty yards of us; the other lay on our larboard quarter, about double that distance.—We could not give the least direction to our ship; but as the current set us to the eastward, and the wind though light was fair, and assisted our drifting, it was evident that it was necessary only to fight long enough for the ship to be carried into such a situation, that if the privateers should at last succeed in capturing her, they could not get her against wind and current to Algiers; but would have to take her to the British vessels of war, which we could see, very composedly viewing all our troubles from Gibraltar. I do not hesitate to acknowledge that after the engagement had lasted an hour or more, I was sufficiently satisfied with its duration and effects, and I should not have objected to some of the British vessels coming to partake of the honors to be obtained; on the contrary, I cast my eyes several times in the direction of Gibraltar, when the smoke would permit me to see it, and felt no small degree of surprise at the tranquility with which the combat appeared to be viewed. But the sailors and soldiers on that station, are accustomed to see and hear cannonading, and custom does wonders, or they might not have considered it any part of their business.

"What do you stop for?" said Charles the XIIth, to his Secretary, who, looking much aghast,had suspended his writing at a time when the king was dictating to him. "The bomb, sire!" exclaimed the Secretary, alluding to one which the moment before had fallen through the roof, and whose fuse was hissing its preparation to explode. "What has the bomb to do with your business? Go on with the letter," said his majesty. So I suppose the British sailors minded their business and left us to get on with ours.

The Frenchmen in consequence of their vicinity and their vessels being lower than ours, were very much exposed to our shot. We could bring but one cannon to bear on them; but they were completely within the effect of our muskets, and during the action I looked at them repeatedly with much astonishment, and could not help saying to myself, "it is really surprising that they are not all killed yet!" They certainly bore the fire with much fortitude and perseverance, and took a great deal of beating. The Captain of one of them had but one arm; but with that he flourished his sword in fine style, and was constantly encouraging his men. Twice I levelled a musket at him, and as often thought it was a pity for the poor fellow, who behaved so well, and turned it on others; but notwithstanding my humanity, before the action was over,he got a ball in his remaining arm,from some other person. One of the stern guns being overloaded, (for there is a strong temptation to fill them to their muzzles with canister shot,) in its recoil canted over, and as I took a handspike to assist in bringing it to its proper position, the Captain applied his shoulder to it to assist me. At that moment a grape shot which came through the port hole, struck him in the upper part of his breast, and passed through his body, as he leaned in a stooping position. He fell, and the first Mate, who was close by me, assisted to take him below into the cabin. I have mentioned an Italian passenger: when the engagement was likely to take place, the Captain thinking he appeared to have no inclination to take part in it, veiled his desire that he should remain below, by telling him that he would be much obliged by his assisting the cook who was stationed in the cabin, at the tiller ropes; to this he assented, and I had neither seen nor thought of him after, till I went into the cabin where he and the cook were placed, with the tiller ropes in their hands, although the ship had long ceased to obey any direction from them. They were both crying lustily, but from different motives. The one from simple apprehension of danger, the other at what he conceived to be the degradation of being placed in a post of less danger than he was entitled to from his experience. He was an old man, with a rough and weather-beaten face, had served his country in the revolutionary war, and lost one leg on board a privateer. It was owing to the latter circumstance, that the Captain supposing his activity impeded, and his ability not equal to his inclination, had sent him below. His companion said nothing; but, perhaps, he thought the more.

While I was endeavoring to place the Captain in as easy a position as possible, Ramsdell observing the hatchway leading from the cabin to the magazine, which was directly under it,open, &the gunner beneath,by its light,very composedly filling his cartridges from open casks of powder, drew an old sail over it. At this time one of the privateers ran aboard of us, and endeavored to enter her men,over the stern,and through the cabin windows, two of which had been left open. Those who made the attempt over the stern, first entered our boat which hung there, and which being very much cut to pieces with shot, when a number of the Frenchmen entered, gave way,and dropped them into the sea. Those who attempted the cabin windows were very unceremoniously pushed back, without any regard, on their side to the grace of attitude, for which their countrymen are so celebrated, and without much concern on our part whether they gained their ship, or joined their companions who had just tumbled into the waves. The old cook bore a hand in this, and used a pike with infinite good will. The dead lights were then got into their places. All this kept us a considerable time below, and when it was accomplished, we ran on deck. I was up first,and was much astonished at the appearance of affairs there. There were but three of our men to be seen. I stood like a goose; I think so, because I felt like one. I could not imagine what had become of the men. To me it was all incomprehensible. Ramsdell was on deck the instant after me. He comprehended the whole thing at a glance, and with a presence of mind which I then thought and still think wonderful, he ran forward to the forecastle, and stooping at the hatchway, called like a trumpet, and in the pure nautical style, "D—n your limbs, why are you skulking below, when the Frenchmen are making all sail they can away from us." If he had told them, as was the case, that at that moment the Frenchmen were lashing their bowsprit to our starboard mizen rigging, they might not have been extremely obedient to a command to come on deck; but Ramsdell supposed that any information of that nature was unnecessary, and that they might be left to trust their eyes in that particular, when they came on deck. Perhaps he uttered the only words which would have brought these fellows in an instant to their

duty. As it was, they rushed on deck as fast as they could push each other through the hatchway. Let me do them the justice to say, that they had not discovered the slightest disposition to flinch from their guns till Ramsdell and I left the deck. He left to assist in carrying his commanding officer below, and did not expect to be absent a minute. When in the cabin he could not leave it till the magazine was secured; for a wad coming in at the cabin windows might have blown up the ship; and when that was done, the window had to be closed. By the time the crew got aft, the enemy were climbing over our quarters, and were properly met and repulsed with boarding pikes. An officer, distinguished by an epaulet, (I do not know what right any one on board a privateer had to wear it, unless he belonged to the artillerists on board) was shot on our side and fel overboard.

Early Politics.

Cincinnati, Dec. 24th, 1804.

Much Respected Sir:

When I left New York on the 25th June, I proceeded on to Philadelphia in the Stage, from Philadelphia to Newcastle in Delaware State, from thence to Frenchcreek, and then in packet to Baltimore, where I arrived on the 29th at 12 o'clock, P. M. On the 30th I attended the horse-market, and bought a Maryland poney, got him rigged and trimmed, and on the 1st day of July I parted with my friend Mr. Williamson, and set my face towards the westward, no other company than my Maryland poney. I overtook and passed many on the road who were travelling to the Westward, but some I did not like their company, some travelled too fast and others too slow—I chose to go on one steady gait, and therefore travelled by myself, and arrived at Columbia on the 18th of July, at 10 o'clock P. M.—was very sick four days on the road, so that I could not travel. I was eighteen days travelling from New York to Columbia, which Sir, was a much shorter time than you calculated I would take. My sickness on the road was owing to my getting wet frequently—I rode through a great deal of rain. The next morning after my arrival I went to see Edward, I found himself, wife and child, all well—we were glad to see each other—I delivered him the bundles, letters and messages delivered to my charge, and was glad to find the bolting cloth did not get wet, rubbed, or in anywise injured. I have been sick since my return nearly two months, am now well—my father and mother have both been dangerously ill. with an intermitting fever, but have greatly recovered—my father is very much broke in consequence of it, and finds old age crowding on him very fast—he has been honored lately by the citizens of the State with an appointment of Elector of President and Vice President of the U. States, and met the other Electors at Chillicothe [the seat of Government of the State] on the 5th instant, and was highly pleased in having it in his power to give a vote to Jefferson as President, and to his old fellow citizen, Governor Clinton, as Vice President. The State of Ohio has two Senators and one Representative in Congress; consequently had a right by the Constitution to choose three Electors, which they did; who met at Chillicothe and gave three republican votes. It is pleasing to see the republican interest throughout the Union increasing so rapidly; I hope it may never cease until the whole world is republican, and not even then, The Fed'a. triumph greatly about the little State of Delaware, having elected three Aristocrats in Congress—*poor souls*. The Legislature of this State now in session are all Republican, the Federalists here are silent, scarcely attend elections.—I was glad to find by the New York papers that your city has not been visited by the fever as heretofore.

I have weekly been expecting to hear something of Bonaparte's expedition, but have not heard anything decisive. I am somewhat at a loss what to say about that man; he for a long time appeared to be extending the victorious arms of France, in favor of Liberty, but has at length bartered the people out of their rights. If he had exerted himself in establishing a Government upon the firm basis of Republicanism, giving the people all the elective privileges possible—then his name would have been handed down to posterity and enrolled among the worthies, but now he must be despised by the friends of Liberty. The people of France are a restless people—I have no doubt but their government will change and Buonaparte yet tremble at the sight of the Guillotine.

I have sent you by this day's mail some of the newspapers printed at this place, and at Chillicothe—one containing the Governor's message. The first private conveyance I will send you a copy of the constitution and a map of the country. Edward was here yesterday, himself and family are well.

I would, sir, have wrote you before, but have not been able to use the pen until lately. Please sir, to give my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Meeks, and Messrs. Joseph and John Meeks.

With much respect and regard,
I have the honor to be, sir, your
friend and ob't. servant,
AARON GOFORTH.

Col. Edward Meeks:

A statement of votes given for Electors of

President and Vice President at the late election in this State.

Republican.	
Nathaniel Massie	2593
William Goforth, Sen'r.	2502
James Pritchard	2475
Federal.	
Bazaleel Wells	364
John Reily	320
B. I. Gilman	190
John Carlisle	80
Doubtful, John Bigger	176

Bank Note Engraving in Cincinnati.

Although every one who handles bank notes, must have remarked the high degree of improvement to which, as works of Art, these engravings have been brought, few persons seem aware, that it is not only by the advance in skill among artists, but by the aid of machinery, that this branch of the Fine Arts, has reached its present order of excellence.

It is generally supposed, also, by the community, that the various notes issued by the Banks in the Western States, are engraved altogether in the Atlantic cities. This is a great but a very natural mistake. Rawdon, Wright, & Hatch, the great engraving establishment at New York, extensively supply banks, through the Atlantic States, but the whole of the engraving for those of the west, which bears their name, is executed at the branch in Cincinnati, in charge of their representative here, Mr. Wm. F. Harrison. That this is done in a stile of excellence, equal to any at the East, an inspection of the various specimens of engraving, which may be seen at the establishment, will satisfy any person competent to judge.

How it is that engravers here, with a much less force in numbers, and only four years in operation, can execute work in a style equal to any of the great eastern engraving houses, is one of those problems only to be solved by that great engine of modern days, LABOR SAVING MACHINERY, which with the adjuncts of the combination and permutation principle, leaves the mind of the Artist free for the creation of forms of beauty and taste, which, under the old system required the use of his hands and head also to elaborate and execute. Let me go into details.

The dies are first engraved on pieces of soft steel, of sizes varying with the subject, which are called *bed pieces*, the figures being, of course, sunk into the plate. These bed pieces being then carbonized or hardened, a roll of soft steel is passed over the plate, and indented with the engraving by means of a transfer press, capable of supplying a seven tons' power, one lever of which rolls the cylinder, while another presses it. The roll also is then hardened by the same process, as was the bed piece, and serves in turn to transfer the subject in its original form, to a steel or copper plate, which is then passed to receive its finish into the hands of the letter engraver, and it is then ready for the printing press. Duplicates of the engraved cylinders are made by the Cincinnati establishment for the New York house, or by the New York establishment for the branch here, as the case may be, these cylinders or dies being common to both concerns. Of these, there are in the office in Cincinnati, more than one thousand, each of which presents in the face of the circle four or five figures of vignettes, denominations, or letter press as the case may be. These dies bear the same relation to the old style of bank note engraving, as moveable types to the Chinese system of block printing or the first efforts of Faust or Guttemberg, and it is by the combinations and changes which may be multiplied by this means to any indefinite extent, that an infinite variety in elegance of pattern as well as ample security from counterfeiting results, and a plate of the most elaborate character and finish can be supplied to order in three days, which it formerly would have taken as many months to execute.

It is difficult to convey to one who has not examined the specimens in this establishment, a just idea by description of the various checks in the way of counterfeiting afforded here. Some of these, however, are obvious, when suggested to my readers. The various denominations bear upon their several vignettes, in the number of prominent figures, the number in value also. Thus for example, a Five dollar bill has the ornament at the head or in the body of the note, composed of five distinct female figures, gracefully grouped, and the figure 5 at the border is ingeniously constituted of five seperate and distinct fancy figures. So with the Two and the Three. Again, the word "*Five*" is, in some patterns incorporated into every figure in the note, or letter of the title. Under these and other guards and checks, it becomes impossible to alter a small note to a larger one. In some cases the denomination is chemically printed or stained into the very fibre of the note in red letters, by a process of their own, which it is impossible either to imitate or to alter without destroying the note. Their United States Treasury notes afford a splendid specimen of this sort.

Having stated that the titles, devices, denominations, and letter press which are of boundless variety, are four or five thousand in number, it may be easily judged what exhaustless combinations of embellishment and security may be wrought out here by the taste and the skill of an accomplished artist. If twenty-six letters of the alphabet may be combined to fill thousands of pages no two of which are alike, what

combinations may not be expected from more than four thousand figures and devices?

Skill in bank note engraving is of vital importance, both for the protection of the banks and of the public, as every one must have felt, who recollects engravings of the Mount Pleasant and Lancaster banks, of our own State, and many of the plates of the Bank of the United States, in all which cases it was always difficult and sometimes impossible to detect the counterfeits from the inferior execution of the genuine notes. What Rawdon, Wright, & Hatch can do, and have done, may be inferred from one or two facts:

When the Bank of Upper Canada went into operation, a large share of its capital being owned in England, that interest secured the engraving of the notes to London artists. The notes when offered in Buffalo, where Canada paper usually circulates freely, could not be put out without difficulty from the general apprehension that they were counterfeits, so inferior was the work to that of our best engravers, and a new set of plates were ordered of Rawdon, Wright, & Hatch, specimens of which I saw at the office, to supply their circulation in the United States at least.

It was news to me, as it probably will be to my readers, that this firm engraves the checks of Rothschild; Baring, Brothers, & Co., Brown, Brothers & Co., Roche & Co., and others, eminent bankers in London, Paris, Dublin, and other commercial cities in Europe. Why they enjoy this preference, may be judged from the following circumstance:

We all recollect M. Alexandre de Vattemare, and his system of cosmopolite exchanges. On his visit to this country, he obtained among other exhibitions of the American Arts, a copy of the various specimens from this firm of their bank note and check engravings. These naturally attracted much attention in a city like Paris, and *Galignani's Messenger*, a journal of the highest reputation, wound up its criticism on the subject, by saying that these engravings entirely surpassed any thing that could be produced on the continent.

It must be apparent, from what I have said, that this Cincinnati establishment is prepared and qualified to execute bank note plates of equal excellence, at as reasonable prices, and on as short notice as any other in the United States.

Western Literary Journal.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of "The Western Literary Journal and Monthly Review" for November, being the first number of that periodical. The columns of the Advertiser do not afford space for a suitable notice of its contents, consistently with the claims of other things.

I like the tone of morality, and the American and Western feeling it exhibits. Its lot is cast on one of the noblest theatres in the world for its purpose, and if faithful to its present promise, a long course of usefulness is before the "Journal." Beyond this I do not feel disposed to speak of it at present. Six months will give that method and arrangement to its design and consistency, and distinctness to its character, which no first number of a periodical can present.

Our Country—One Hundred Years Ago.

I commence this week a series of brief extracts from the Pennsylvania Gazette, published in Philadelphia by Benjamin Franklin, a file of which commencing August 30, 1744, more than one hundred years since, is in my possession. I add such comments and explanations as are likely to illustrate the various subjects. The whole will serve to shed light on the darkness of the past.

Aug. 30, 1744, a message from Governor Clinton, Governor of the *province* of New York, on the opening of the General Assembly of the Colony "*Die Lunae*," 20 Aug., 1744. It would make perhaps half a column of the "Advertiser." In those days Governors confined their Messages strictly to the affairs of their own respective provinces, an example worthy of their successors in the States at the present day. Gov. C. was doubtless of the same family with Geo. Clinton, one of our early Vice Presidents, and Dewitt Clinton, Governor of New York during the early part of this century.

Great Britain being at war with France, the colonies were extensively engaged in Privateering, and advertisements of prize vessels with their cargoes make their appearance regularly in the "Gazette." Here is a notice on the same subject.

"To all gentlemen and others that are inclined to go on a privateering voyage against the enemies of the Crown of Great Britain. This is to give notice that the Brigantine Raleigh, now fitting out at Norfolk in Virginia, commanded by Capt. Walter Coode, mounting 12 guns with 120 small arms, 120 pair pistols, 120 pair cutlashes, and 120 pair cartouche boxes, with all other warlike stores, and six months provision; to be manned with 120 men, will be in order to receive men on board by the 5th September, and with all expedition will proceed on such a cruise as may be judged likely to prove most advantageous to all parties concerned. Durham Hall for the company."

"Four likely negro men and one woman, all young, fit for plantation business, to be sold by Wm. Bell, below the Drawbridge, near Powell's wharf." Negro slavery existed at that date, it seems, in Pennsylvania.

Runaways of convicts sold in the colonies, are advertised also. "An English servant man, Thomas Goodson; a Welsh servant lad, Morgan Jones; a native Irishman, Patrick O'Cadden," &c. &c.

Fashions of the day. "Thomas Catninger, staymaker from London, has removed to Chesnut near Front street, and keeps the sign of the Green Stays, where all sorts of stays may be had on reasonable terms."

"To be made or sold by Matthews and Charlton, Peruke makers in Chesnut Street Philadelphia. Perukes of English hair of any sort, color, or make, viz; *Tyes*, *Bobs*, *Majors*, *Spencers*, *Foxtails* or *Twists*. They also make *Curls* or *Tates*, for ladies or others, made of their own or English hair at the shortest notice as cheap as in London."

Pope the poet. "London, May 8, we hear that Alexander Pope, Esq., who died a few days ago, has appointed the Lord Visc. Bolingbroke, and the Earl of Marchmont to be his executors."

The names of vessels on the shipping list are very characteristic of the times, "The Charming Sally, Two Pollies, Rosanna, New Susannah, Increase, Relief, Tryal, Mulberry, Alice and Mary, Delight, Unity, Little Gipsey, Good Intent, Lovely Lass, &c."

"Just published and to be sold by B. Franklin, at the New Printing Office near the Market. The Grand Treaty held at the town of Lancaster with the Indians of the six nations, in June, 1744. Price, eighteen pence. Also, "The Chronicles of the Kings of England, written in the manner of the Ancient Jewish historians, by Nathan Ben Saddi, a priest of the Jews," written, doubtless, by Franklin himself.

"To be sold, Curriers Oil, Chockolate, Indigo, &c, by John Leech, near *the church*, Philadelphia."

It might be hence infered, that they had but one church in Philadelphia at that date. This was far, however, from the fact.

Ancient names and styles of dry goods, "Mantua and paduasoys, calimancoes, plain & striped tammies, hairbines, alapeens, duroys, ribbed druggets, turkets, florettas, nonesopretties, worsted shaggs, shalloons, madrepoors, sawns, chittabully baftas, gurrahs, mamoodies, seersuckers, &c., for sale by John Morgan." We need a dictionary of fashions badly. What will the next generation understand by *Roorback* cassimeres.

"London July 8. Yesterday the treasure taken by Admiral Anson consisting of 208 chests of silver, 18 chests of gold, and 20 barrels of gold dust, was carried through our city in 32 waggons, preceded by a kettle drum, trumpets, and French horns, guarded by the seamen, commanded by the officers, and was lodged in the tower. On the first waggon was the English colours with the Spanish ensign under it, and every third or fourth waggon carried some trophy of honor taken from the Spaniards in the South Sea as well as the Acapulco ship."

It appears from the face of the "Gazette" and his own autobiography, that Franklin set the types, did the press work, mailed and addressed the papers, and as postmaster forwarded them to his subscribers.

Besides all these, an advertisement "Very good *lamblack* made and sold by the printer hereof," serves to show that he doubtless made his own printing ink, which is more than can be said of his successors in "*the art conservative of arts.*"

Review.

The Pictorial History of the United States u America—By John Frost, L. L. D., 2 vols. royal octavo. This is a work *got up* (to use the technical phrase) in a very superior style. The Publishers have evidently felt that every thing about about these volumes should be such as patriotism and good taste would equally approve. The paper, typography, binding, and pictorial illustrations are all such as should belong to a publication which must form a part of the library of every family, which can afford its purchase.—The current of narrative flows full and gracefully, while the ornamental character of the work will doubtless invite the attention of youth to the subject, and obtain for it a more gracious reception than would probably be yielded it under a less showy appearance.

Although the question I asked, respecting the etymology of Wood County, has been already answered in the columns of the Western General Advertiser, the following communication derives interest from the historical record contained in the closing part:

URBANA, O., 30th Oct., 1844.

MR. C. CIST:

Dear Sir—Your paper of 23rd Oct.,contains an article on the names of Counties in which you say the name of Wood, defies your scrutiny.—Your question whether it can be named after Judge Reuben Wood, is meant, I suppose, to express doubt and possibility.

The County was named after Col. Eleazer D. Wood, a gallant officer of the last war, who was distinguished in the sortie of Fort Meigs, and who fell at the head of his regiment in the sortie from Fort Erie, on the 17th Sept.,1814. He was also distinguished as the officer who discovered and reported to Gen. Harrison, the fact of the enemy being formed in open order, at the battle of the Thames, which led to the order for Col. Johnson's celebrated charge with his mounted men.

The name of the County was doubtless conferred by Gen. Harrison, who was a member of the Ohio Senate, in 1820, when the County was created. The "New Purchase," as then called, embracing all the country north of the old Indian Boundary, was, at the same time divided into Counties, as follows:—Van Wert, Mercer, Putnam, Allen, Hancock, Hardin, Crawford, Marion, Seneca, Sandusky, Wood, Henry, Paulding, and Williams. It is probable that he suggested most of the names; and I have heard him state that the names of Paulding, Williams, and Van Wert, suggested by him, were objected to for want of euphony, and, I think, for want of distinction in the persons,

Yours respectfully,

J. H. J.

Growth of the City.

In a late number of the Advertiser a calculation was made, predicated on the votes given at the General election on the 8th ult., which pointed out 70,636 as the population at this time within our corporate limits. This estimate seems corroborated by the late presidential election also.

As a means of judging the growth of particular districts of our city, the population may be distributed among the wards as follows:

	1844.	Census of 1840.
First Ward,	4963	3869
Second do	8929	5370
Third do	8043	7325
Fourth do	7264	6087
Fifth do	10363	9341
Sixth do	7094	4577
Seventh do	8950	4743
Eighth do	7416	new ward
Ninth do	8109	new ward
	70,636	

In comparing these tables it must be recollected that since 1840, two new wards, the 8th and 9th have been added. That the first ward now comprehends but a small although compact part of what originally bore that name, that the second is the only ward which has gained any territory: that the third, fourth and sixth wards have each lost a part of their territory since, and that the fifth is reduced one half nearly in its breadth, and the seventh has lost four-fifths of its original limits. With these allowances it will be seen that the principal growth of our city is in the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th wards, in other words, that its increase has been mainly in the northern and western regions of Cincinnati.

City Buildings.

A new style of building fronts—of which there are two specimens on Fourth street, east of Plum, in the dwelling houses just putting up by S. S. Smith, and S. C. Parkhurst,—is just becoming introduced here. It is a variety of white lime stone or marble from the Dayton quarries, and will, I have no doubt, be generally employed for this purpose in future.

Our city is not only rapidly increasing its buildings, but is imbibing a purer taste in the display of its buildings, public and private. We are all under obligation to Bishop Purcell, for the introduction of the Dayton limestone, which in the new Cathedral, I believe, he was the first in the city, to make use of for ornamental purposes.

Anecdote of Lough, the Sculptorr.

When Mr. Lough, the sculptor, "whom not to know argues yourself unknown," first arrived in London, his purse was an exact antithesis to his mind, for the first was certainly trash, but the latter pregnant with the beauties of his art, which he has since stamped on his creations. He took lodgings in a humble habitation (a shoemaker's we believe,) and there commenced forming the clay which eventually became his "Milo rending the oak." The magnificent work is, as every one doubtless knows, of large dimensions—not quite colossal, but certainly too large to be comfortable in an attic. The sculptor worked on, and completed it all but the upper portion, which required greater height, How was this to be managed? He would not leave his work incomplete, but what could be done? The thought at last struck him to break through the roof of the apartment, which, after sundry qualms, he ventured to do. His invariable custom had been to keep the door locked; and now came the awful moment to make known to his landlord the dilapidation which had occured to his property. With fear and trembling the poor sculptor led him to the room, expecting the most summary legal punishment for the injury he had committed. When the shoemaker, however, beheld his work, he was enraptured with its beauty that he said not a word about the injured ceiling, and gave him a pair of razors—all the poor fellow had at that moment to offer—as a memento that the kindly feelings of a man in so humble a rank of life were thus called forth at the sight of Mr. Lough's first great production. We need hardly add at what value the gift is to this day estimated.

MARRIAGES.

On the 12th inst., by the Rev. E. W. Sehon, Mr. Wm. C. Whicher and Miss Sarah N. Patterson, of this city.

On the 14th inst., by Elder James Challen, Mr. John Dennhard and Miss Minerva Blair, all of this city.

On the 14th inst., by Rev. Asa Drury, Henry Snow, Esq., and Miss Catharine L. Lynd, daughter of Rev. Dr. Lynd.

On the 14th inst., by Elder Wm. P. Stratton, Major George Hawpe, of Henry co., Tenn., to Miss Rebecca Wilson, of Mill Creek township, Ohio.

On the 13th inst., by Rev. E. T. Collins, Pius Chambers, of this city, and Hannah Chamberlain, of Springdale.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. E. S. Southgate, Mr. Thomas Buist, of this city, and Miss Missouri Eliza, daughter of David Downard, Esq., Campbell co., Ky.

DEATHS.

On the 17th, of inflammation of the lungs, Anna T. Cist, eldest daughter of the Editor of the Advertiser.

In this city, on the 12th inst., Michael Pugh, formerly of Lancaster, Ohio.

On Tuesday night, at his residence on Longworth st., Mr. B. Ezekiel, aged 58.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 22, 1844.

DEAR SIR:

In the laudable effort you are making to collect and perpetuate historical facts, will you suffer me to suggest, that you cannot be too careful in discriminating between statements that are well authenticated, and such as are of doubtful veracity. It has been frequently said, and with some truth, that in the second and third generations of new settlements or colonies, an endless variety of legends are fabricated, with more or less plausibility, which are recited and repeated till they acquire a sufficient amount of confidence to be adopted and recorded as matter of history, although they are unsupported by evidence, and are frequently at variance with known and well authenticated facts.

I have often thought that caterers for future historians, have a heavier responsibility on their consciences, than historians themselves, because it is their duty to investigate the truth of all the statements they receive, before they adopt them as true, and give them their sanction; and because the historian, who is neither more nor less than the compiler of facts thus collected, and sanctioned by the chroniclers of the day, is justified in assuming them to be true, taking it for granted that they have been fully examined, and sufficiently tested by those who have committed them to record. In consequence of the carelessness of those who undertake to collect and preserve detached portions of recent history, many of the historical works now extant, are so blended with fiction, as, in a great measure, to destroy their value. Statements furnished by those who do not profess, personally, to know their truth, should not be received, or sanctioned, unless they are accompanied with evidence sufficient to attest their authenticity. There is such a propensity in human nature to believe and give currency to fable and fiction, as ought to put the editors of periodical publications on their guard. There is also a great disposition to exaggerate; in proof of which, I refer you to the fact, that stories originally simple, and devoid of interest, after they have been often repeated, assume a character of much importance.

Memory is also, more or less treacherous and deceptive; always liable to lose the distinctness of original impressions, and in its recollections, to mingle mere legendary tales with authentic facts. There is also on the minds of most men, a desire, springing from a laudable disposition, to give the best coloring to incidents that affect themselves, or their friends. This often prompts them, innocently, to exaggerate, and sometimes purposely to misstate the truth. In short, there are so many avenues to misrepresentation, and so many temptations to falsify, that with all the care and circumspection that can be made use of, much matter, either wholly fabricated, or so materially discolored, and distorted, as to have but little resemblance to the truth, will find its way into the most carefully managed, and impartial of our periodical journals.

I have often reflected on this subject, and deprecated the consequences, that are to follow the loose and careless manner in which communications, purporting to be narratives of past events, are received and recorded as authentic, and as such, transmitted to the future historian. He, as a matter of course, receives them as true, having no reason to suspect their verity, or means of testing it, if suspected.

The most effectual way of guarding against this evil, is for every one who is in any manner connected with the press, to make it a rule not to admit anything to the pages of his publication, which has not a reliable voucher for its authenticity. The truth is, that our editors are too fearful of wounding the feelings of their contributors, and under that influence, sometimes receive and publish communications without a responsible name. The task of distinguishing between fact and fiction, between candid and inflated narrative, is often difficult, and sometimes impossible. There are, however, some general principles, which, if observed, will serve to lessen the evil.

When a statement is made of any past occurrence, in which the narrator had no agency, and of which he was not an eye witness, the source from which he derives his information should be carefully investigated. In like manner, if the facts must have taken place anterior to the time when he could have had cognizance of them; if they occurred before his birth, or during his infancy, the same precaution should be taken, and in either case, the evidence corroborating the statement, should be preserved with it. The importance of excluding fiction and falsehood from historical works, being so universally admitted, it is surprising that there should be so much apathy, and such a want of vigilance on the part of those who are professedly collectors of historical materials. History is read not only to ascertain what has been but to know the results of what has been. It is read to learn the wisdom acquired by other men—to be taught what may be expected to follow any given state of things, by knowing what the same state of things has heretofore produced. We read it to learn and profit by the experience of past ages; we proceed on the principle, that like causes produce like effects—that what has been may be—and we often shape our course by the teachings of history, because we believe experience to be a safe guide in all matters to which it applies. The study of history is not

intended for amusement merely, but to enable us, by knowing what has been the course of those who have lived before us, and what were its results, to avail ourselves of their experience without the risque of their experiments.

History has been denominated philosophy, teaching by example, and the study of it, the acquisition of wisdom derived from the experience of preceding ages; but if it be mingled with fiction and falsehood, it ceases to be a reliable guide, for this plain reason, that we do not see the true causes of effects, in consequence of error in the establishment of facts alledged to have produced them.

These thoughts have occurred to my mind, and I am induced to present them to your consideration, by the circumstance of having lately read two historical sketches, one of which was published in Kentucky more than twenty years ago, and the other, very recently, in your paper. The first is entitled a narrative of the remarkable adventures of Jackson Johonnet, and is full of astonishing feats, performed by the hero of the tale. It sets forth, that he was born at Casco Bay, that his parents were poor; that he left them on the first day of May, 1791, being then seventeen years of age; that he proceeded to Boston, where he met with a recruiting officer, and that having listened to his conversations on the pleasures of a military life, the chances for promotion in the army, and the grand prospect of making great fortunes in the Western country, he was induced to enlist. It further informs us that in the beginning of July he left Boston to join the western army; that on his arrival at Fort Washington, he was ordered to Capt. Phelon's company, and that in a few days thereafter he set out on the expedition under Gen. Harmar. It tells us also, that on the fourth of August, he was taken prisoner on the Wabash river, and carried to the Upper Miami villages; that the Indians informed him of the destruction of Gen. Harmar's army, and exhibited scalps taken on that occasion; that having endured distress and suffering indescribable, he made his escape on the thirteenth of August, that on the eighteenth he fell in with a scouting party from Fort Jefferson, and that having performed feats sufficient to immortalize his name, he joined the expedition under Gen. Harmar.

Without pursuing the narrative further, let me advert to the surprising fact, that at the early period to which he refers, when the country was almost entirely destitute of improvements to facilitate travelling, troops could march on foot from Boston to Cincinnati, and having refreshed at that place, proceed to the Wabash river through an Indian wilderness, between the beginning of July, when he marched from Boston, and the fourth of August, when he was taken prisoner. It is also matter of surprise, that on the fifth of August he saw scalps taken by the Indians at the destruction of he army of General Harmar, and that in the succeeding month he marched under him, on his expedition against the Miami villages, situated at, and near the junction of the St. Mary's and the St. Joseph's Rivers, where Fort Wayne was afterwards erected. You recollect that Col. Harmar received his commission in 1789 — that he marched from Fort Washington against the Miami villages in September, 1790—that after sustaining what, I think, is improperly called *a defeat*, he returned to Fort Washington in October, by slow and easy marches; and that, early in the spring of 1791, he retired from the army and General St. Clair was appointed Commander in Chief. This was about three months before Mr. Johonnet enlisted for the avowed purpose of going on the expedition, under General Harmar, and six months after that expedition terminated.

I will now make a remark or two on the article which appeared in your paper of the 16th inst, entitled "Biography of Colonel John Armstrong," with whom I had a long personal acquaintance, and of whom I can say that he sustained the character of a brave officer; but it is matter of regret that the writer of the article has not given a more full and connected account of his military services, by which a better estimate might have been made of their merit, and of their service to the country. Had he pursued that course, much additional interest would have been given to the narrative. We should, in that case, have known when, where, and on what occasions those feats of bravery he relates were performed, and might have seen their influence on the military operations of the army, and what other portion of the troops were engaged in them.

No person will be disposed to question the substantial truth of the narrative, yet every one would have been better able to estimate the importance of the facts stated, if they had been given more specifically, and in a more connected form.

The article contains some errors which the writer will readily see, and promptly correct, as they are no doubt inadvertent. In the first place, it is impossible that the Colonel could have been born in 1775, and enlisted as a soldier in 1777—nor could he have been recruiting troops, in Philadelphia, in the spring of 1791, with a view to the approaching campaign, under Col. Harmar, for the manifest reason, that that campaign took place in the fall of 1790. I know that he was in Harmar's expedition. He was then a Lieutenant in the army, and had the command appertaining to an officer of that grade.

The narrator tells us that "he enlisted as a private soldier and that from the eleventh of September, 1777," (which seems to have been the period of his enlistment,) "to the end of the war, he served as a commissioned officer in various ranks."

This, to say the least, is a statement too vague. The writer should have told us, what commissions he held and when they were granted. This might have been done with a little trouble, as all such appointments are matters of record. I am aware that at the close of the revolutionary war, he was permitted to remain in service, but I have no document on hand, from which I can now ascertain the rank he then held. In September, 1789, about six years after the close of the war of the revolution, having continued uninterruptedly in service he received the appointment of a Lieutenant, on the nomination of President Washington, which appointment was confirmed by the Senate in June 1790; three months before Gen. Harmar marched on his expedition.

He continued to hold the rank of a Lieutenant till March, 1791, when he was promoted to a Captaincy. In that capacity he served till 1793, when he resigned and left the army.

Soon after his resignation he received the commission of a Colonel in the militia of the territory, which he held in 1796, when my acquaintance with him began. For some years thereafter, I belonged to his regiment, having the honor of being a private in Captain Cutter's company, in which I mustered regularly, without promotion, for about twenty years.

If an apology be due for having introduced my own name on this occasion, it may be found in the fact that the incidents spoken of relate to primitive times, when *a private militia-man* was considered of some importance to the settlement.

Very respectfully, yours,

J. BURNET.

MR. CHARLES CIST.

Relics of the Past.

Capt. John Armstrong to Gen. James Wilkinson.

FORT HAMILTON, Nov. 15th, 1792.

DEAR GENERAL:

Your letter of the 12th inst come duly to hand. From the unfinished state of the building you have ordered to be erected, we could not possibly spare a second team from the Port, and the one sent in was of little worth—every exertion is used to complete the building as soon as possible; but unfortunately for us, we have lost two days this week in consequence of the wet weather. Our mason is sick, and one other of the sawyers, so that both saws are idle; the celler unfinished, as also the plastering your rooms; the doors are hung, just finished, floor laid, and partition up, so that you can lodge therein. The building for the reception of forage is also up,; and on Monday we shall raise the rafters, but plank will still be wanting. The Magazine is finished excepting the hanging of the doors, and under-pining. Nothing further has been done to the Stables. The meadow is cut and the hay in stack. Major Smith has no doubt mentioned the circumstance of a boy being fired on and chased at his post; also an attempt to carry off the cattle by removing the pickets. Capt. Barbee will no doubt inform you of the rencounter between one of his men and a savage—the villains are doubtless watching the road, it will therefore be very unsafe for Major Story's express to keep it any part of the way; if they do it should be in the night time.

I have thought proper sir, to detain at this Port, four of the Columbia militia, whose terms have not expired, to serve as spies to apprize us of the approach of our enemy—who being disappointed in their favorite object, [stealing horses] would embrace a secondary one, that of taking scalps, The number of small parties employed daily in the woods will, I hope justify the measure.

First Ward--Cincinnati.

I have just completed the enumeration of buildings in this ward, and find that there are within its bounds 15 public buildings and 720 dwellings, shops, store houses, mills and offices—total 735. Of these 551 are built of brick, and 184 are frames.

Of these public buildings, there are one Fire Engine house, an Observatory—one Bank,—the Commercial—a Theatre—the Seminary of "*Soeurs de notre dame*"—the Post Office, and nine Churches, to wit: Christ Church on Fourth st.,—Wesleyan Chapel on Fifth—Welsh church on Harrison—-Disciples' church on Sycamore—Fourth Presbyterian church on High st.—Welsh church on Lawrence st.—Jews Synagogue on Broadway—Bethel and True Wesleyan, African churches.

Of these buildings there were at the close of the year 1842,

	Stone	Bricks	Frames	Total
Built in 1843,	" 0	" 22	" 4	" 26
do 1844,	" 1	" 71	" 10	" 82
Total	2	556	177	735

It will be seen that the number of buildings in the First ward for 1844 surpasses that of 1843 more than 3 to 1. I suppose that to be a proportion of this year over the last which few other wards can maintain.

The first ward embraces a territory heretofore densely built in such of its parts as were at all built on, which accounts for the last year's building extending to no more than 26 houses; and

it is principally by building east of the Canal, and a few scattered open spots in the ward that the additions this year have been made.

The buildings of each year improve on their immediate predecessors, as a general rule, in value, beauty, and convenience. Among those of 1844, a fine block put up by A. Irwin, the mansion house of E. S. Haines, a block at the corner of Pike and Symmes, and various single buildings are observable for their fine appearance.

Baum street, on a range with Lock street, and in its rear, a new street, has been opened during the present year, and is filling rapidly with buildings; and High street, which for years seemed to have no connection between its eastern and western point, is grading down at a rate which before many months will throw into occupancy a section of the city valuable, because contiguous to its canal and ship-yard business operations.

The Observatory is progressing rapidly to its completion, and promises to become an object of distinguished notice and interest to strangers, especially travelers on the Ohio.

Twenty years ago I stood on part of the present Observatory premises, surveying the City, then a place of two thousand houses, and fifteen thousand inhabitants, hardly one-fifth of its present population and buildings. As I had never been on it since till yesterday, it may easily be conceived, what a change and a progress the scene which lay before my view presented.—Twenty years hence the city will doubtless exhibit from that point, the view of a dense mass and wide extent of buildings. through which the eye will seek in vain for objects so distinct as to locate any particular spot--our Court House and church steeples only excepted.

Relief for the Destitute.

A society has been lately formed and is getting into operation under the most favorable auspices, whose object it is to provide employment for the poor during the winter season. It proposes,

1. To procure a wood yard,

2. To provide wood, which shall be sawed and split at the yard, by those who cannot obtain other employment.

3. The labor to be paid for at a less rate per cord than the regular prices in the street.

4. The wood to be sold at an uniform price through the year.

5. Purchasers may be supplied with any amount, not less than the value of *ten cents*.

6. The refuse wood or that which cannot be split, to be given to the poor.

The following advantages are expected to result:

1. Daily employment to the poor would be furnished at a rate which would subsist them until more lucrative business offers.

2. The wood being cut up and thereby seasoned for immediate and convenient use, would save trouble and time to the purchaser.

3. Its sale in small quantities, will enable persons of limited means to supply themselves from week to week, and adapt the quantity to the convenience of storing it.

4. The uniformity of price would protect the purchaser from speculators on the article.

Whatever tends, as this must, to throw the poor on their own industrial resources and enable them to help themselves, must command sympathy and support to the enterprise. I doubt not that much good will result from this movement. Relief in one shape to the necessities, in another to the affluent.

Wanderings of Intellect.

The following incoherent jumble was actually taken down from an address by an individual in one of our lunatic asylums. It may be more immethodical, but it is fully as reasonable as the speculations of *Gen. Price*, and the expression in the second paragraph, "Let all the people say Amen, and let the military present arms," is just half way between the sublime and the ridiculous.

"O! my good Mr. Vanderbilt,—thou paragon of philosophy,—bottle-washer to the Khan of Cochin China,—emperor of Illinois,—and Stargazer general:—it gives me true delight to hear that the seven stars are made of brass nails, and that his Excellency, Don Pedro, in his late expedition to South America, overturned the soap tub of Inca Capac, the deliverer, in conformity to an ancient decree of the Senate of the United States, which declares that cob-webs shall not obscure the moral law.

But, to return from this digression—let all the people say Amen;—and let the military present arms. Away with Aldebaran—away with obstructions in the milky-way:—the era of rice-cakes and verdigris puddings has arrived—the very nurslings cry out *donner carriere a son esprit!*—cities are swallowed up in gingerbread—physic is nonsense to doctors,—all is vanity and vexation. The magistrate and the fiddler dabble where Leviathan sings epic poems to Job and the Seven Muses. Give me a tamarind stone,—give Sampson Agonistes the right ear of Jenny Tompson—Tompson Jenny O!—for O! my dear countrymen, my purpose is fixed; here I stand in the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, crying from the dome of St. Sophia, rise O! ashes of Timour the Tartar—sprinkle with ketchup gravy the hoary beard of Chislar Aga. May the President of these United kingdoms

of Massachusetts and Baltimore live in perpetual extacy:—live O King forever—and may his constant drink be new cider.

Sweet are the rose-buds of affection;--poor dear Mary—she is dead, dead—as a door-nail; she has gone, and I am all alone and alone, saith the poet. This is the true cause of the whirling round of the head. Sir,--gentlemen of the Jury, and ladies all, hear ye—the cat's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn—Ladies are the cream of the pan, made for making water gruel--the companions of sophomores,—to be sold at a bargain:—bank stock by the ounce,—who deals in magic?—where is the land of Gomorrah? Who sups upon whalebone soups? Show me the lusus naturæ, the dog with two tails—the mad astronomer, the monkey dressed in a lion skin jacket—show in derision Madame Malibran, the ne plus ultra of China gongs, gongs, gongs.

Speak out the words of sober Soprana. fathers and countrymen. Sing songs to Woden, the god of stone pipes, ring the bells for joy—the etat major has swallowed the central market, and two dozen and four crossed boys have burned their hats in a gally-pot---America, happy, happy land.

The weather is fainter and more elastic; the rain distils through the bung hole of a flour barrel—all the sorrel top gentlemen must hereafter haul in their horns when the orator rides on a wooden horse.

Early Duels in the United States.

It is a little remarkable that the first duel fought in the United States, was in staid, sober New England, and still more, that the actors in this folly were servants. Two individuals of this description fought with swords—a lady, as usual, being in the case. Neither, however, being mortally wounded; the General Court, by way of example, directed them to be tied, neck and heels, and exposed for twenty-four hours, to the ridicule and scoffs of the bystanders.

The following submission of a law case to the arbitrament of wager by battle, which took place in New England also, is not so generally known.

The conflicting claims of two towns in Connecticut,—Lyme, and New London,--to certain lands, once gave rise to a mode of adjusting the title, of which I apprehend no trace can be found in the common law, or the codes of the civilians. The land, says Dr. Dwight, though now of considerable value, was then regarded a trifling object. The expense of appointing agents to manage the cause before the legislature, was considerable, and the hazard of the journey was no trifle.

In this situation, the inhabitants of both townships agreed to settle their respective titles to the lands in controversy, by a combat between two champions, to be chosen by each for that purpose. New London selected two men, of the names of Picket & Latimer; Lyme committed its cause to two others, named Griswold, and Ely. On a day, mutually appointed, the champions appeared in the field, and fought with their fists, till victory was declared in favor of each of the Lyme combatants. Lyme then quietly took possession of the controverted tract, and has held it undisputed to the present day.

Early Bread Baking.

The early bakers of Cincinnati, supplied families with loaf bread, which was paid for in flour, pound for pound. Of these business transactions, we have the following examples:

Wm. & M. Jones, advertise in the Western Spy, of August 27, 1800, "that they still carry on the baking business, and as *flower* is getting cheap, they have enlarged their loaf to four pounds, which is sold at one-eighth of a dollar per loaf, or flour pound for pound, payable every three months."

The following accounts were brought in by the parties, in settlement before a magistrate.

"David J. Poor,

To David Vanderpool, Dr.

1803		
Sept. 8.	To baking 69 loaves of bread, weighing each 2 3-4 lbs., 190 lbs., for which you agreed to give me as many pounds of flour,	6,00
" 9.	To 31 lbs. bread; for this I was also to have as many pounds of flour,	93
" 11.	To 57 lbs. bread, to be paid as above	1,71
	Dr.	$8,64."

"David Vanderpool in accompt with David J. Poor.

	To 1 barrel of flour, 196, 2½c	$4,90
	Cash, $1,00, damages (bread short of weight) $1,00	2,00
		$6,90
Cr.		
By 69 loaves bread, 2½ lbs. each,		
	172 lbs. at 2½ cts. per lb., 4,30	
	30 lbs. bread, 2½ 75	
	57 " " " 1,42½	6,47½
	Balance due David J. Poor,	42½
	½ pint bitters,	12½
		55."

Flour, as most housekeepers are aware, increases greatly in weight in the process of baking So much so as to produce 265 lbs. bread from a

barrel—196 lbs.—of flour. Inferior flour will not make as great a turn out as superfine. This is not owing to the weight of water employed in making it up, as some unreflecting persons suppose, for the moisture is of course evaporated in baking, but by the great absorption of oxygen which takes place in that process. Chr. Ludwig, of Philadelphia, during the revolutionary war, supplied the continental troops with bread, delivering as many pounds of bread as he received pounds of flour, much to the astonishment of Gen. Washington, who supposed he was working for nothing.

After all, the true economy is *home made and baked bread*, and the perfection of bread in point of flavor, is that which is *baked in brick ovens*.

Revolutionary Incident.

It is instructive as well as interesting to turn aside occasionally from current incidents to glance at the history and the men of the past. The following anecdote is of this description, and refers to two of the most distinguished men of their times, and is very characteristic of the parties.

An unhappy difference had occurred in the transaction of business between the general and his much respected Aid, which produced the latter's withdrawal from his family. A few days preceding this period, Hamilton had been engaged all the morning in copying some despatches, which the General, when about to take his usual rounds, directed him to forward a soon as finished.

Washington finding, on his return, the despatches on the table, renewed his directions in expressions indicating his surprise at the delay, and again leaving his apartment, found, when he returned, the despatches where he had left them. At this time, Hamilton had gone out in search of the courier, who had been long waitings when he accidentally met the Marquis de Lafayette, who, seizing him by the button, (as was the habit of this zealous nobleman,) engaged him in conversation; which, being continued with the Marquis' usual earnestness, dismissed from Hamilton's mind for some minutes, the object in view. At length, breaking off from the Marquis, he reached the courier, and directed him to come forward to receive his charge and orders.

Returning, he found the General seated by the table, on which lay the despatches. The moment he appeared, Washington, with warmth and sternness, chided him for the delay; to which Hamilton mildly replied, stating the cause; when the General rather irritated than mollified, sternly rebuked him. To this Hamilton answered, "If your excellency thinks proper thus to address me, it is time for me to leave you." He proceeded to the table, took up the despatches, sent off the express, packed up his baggage, and quitted head quarters.

Although Washington took no measures to restore him to his family, yet he treated him with the highest respect, giving to him the command of a regiment of light infantry, which now formed a part of La Fayette's corps.

Cincinnati Horticultural Society.

A splendid show of Chrysanthemums, was on parade last Wednesday, at the Society rooms, of great variety and extent. This is the last and perhaps most beautiful flower of the season, and we depart from beholding its glories as if we had taken leave of Flora, for six months. A fine mottled Chrysanthemum from the collection of Joseph Cook, called "*the Queen*," and a Philadelphia variety, appropriately named "*the William Penn*," from the garden of Jacob Hoffner at Cummingsville, particularly attracted my notice.

Comparative Growth of the East and the West.

It seems impossible to possess our Atlantic brethren of the causes of the rapid growth of the West, and many of them, like the traveller in the fable, who waited for the river to run out, that he might have an opportunity to cross it, appear to expect that we shall in some reasonable time, for which they are waiting with commendable patience, have passed the rapid growth which has characterised our progress hitherto, and increase thenceforth in the same proportion with themselves.

A comparative table of the progress of New York and Cincinnati is subjoined, that the fallacy of such views may be made apparent. I select New York, as affording for the last forty years the most rapid advance in population of any city in the Eastern States.

New York.		Cincinnati.	
1697	4,302		
1731	8,628		
1756	10,380		
1771	21,863		
1790	33,131		
1800	60,489	1800	750
1810	96,372	1810	2,540
1820	123,706	1820	9,602
1830	203,007	1830	24,831
1840	312,710	1840	46,382
1844	375,980†	1844	70,634†
1850	469,075§	1850	131,690§
1860	656,678*	1860	290,000*
1870	875,570*	1870	565,000*
1880	1,069,462*	1880	1,000,000*
1890	1,283,354*	1890	1,500,000*

† Population in the ratio of late Presidential election.

§ Do. in proportion for six years to come.

* Probable population of both cities at those dates.

I am aware of the ridicule which it is easy to cast upon such speculations on the future as these, but I intrench myself on the fact that a less ratio of increase than is now actually taking place, will suffice for these results, and that there never has been any calculation made, hitherto, of progress to Cincinnati, or to the West at large which has not fallen short of facts, when the period future for which they had been made, was reached. And I am not alone in these views.

Second Ward---Cincinnati.

The Second Ward is one of the oldest and most densely built Wards in the city, and is probably four fifths occupied with permanent buildings. My enumeration of dwellings, etc.,is as follows:

Public buildings, 22. Dwellings, workshops, store-houses, offices; brick, 825; frame, 214; total, 1061.

Of the public buildings, there are two banking houses—the Lafayette and Franklin Bank; an Orphan Asylum for girls: St Peter's. The Cincinnati and Medical Colleges; the Mercantile Library. One of the Public Schools and the Classical Academy of the New Jerusalem Church, all of brick, and thirteen Churches. The First, Second, and Sixth, and Central Presbyterian Churches. The Unitarian, Universalist, and Restorationist Churches. St. Pauls, Episcopal, Methodist Protestant, Associate Reformed, and Burke's Churches. The New Jerusalem Temple, and two African Baptist Churches, one on Baker street, the other on Third street: all these are of brick, except the last and Burke's church.

Of these buildings, there were, at the close of the year 1842,

Brick,	721.	Frames,	205.	Total, 926.
Built, '43	27.		6.	33.
do '44	97.		5.	102.
	845.		216.	1,061.

The buildings of 1844, in this, as in the First Ward, exceed those of 1843 in the proportion of three to one, and lead me to expect a larger amount of house building to have been made in the city, than the highest estimate I have hitherto made.

Among the best improvements in this Ward, a block, on the lower side Fifth, west of Race, Judge Wright, and Messrs. Febiger Parkhurst, Smith, Probasco, Stevens; two houses belonging to Messrs. Cameron, all on Fourth street, are more or less remarkable for excellence or beauty.

This Ward is central to the city, and Fourth street has been for years becoming the most desirable street in the city for private residences. The streets in the Second Ward are generally spacious; the plateau elevated and airy, and its residents are within reach of markets, schools, churches, public meetings, and general business to a degree of convenience, which no other Ward possesses.

A Chinese English Epistle.

I am indebted for the following, to the person addressed, now in Cincinnati, who has the original in his custody. As a curiosity, especially to the thousands here who have never seen any thing of the sort, I publish it. Dr. Parker referred to in the letter, is the Missionary of the American Board of Foreign missions at Canton.

QUANGTONG, 23rd YEAR, 5th MOON, 10th DAY.

MY GOOD FRIEND:

How fashion insi hab got this morning? Hab catchee little more better? What thing Dr. Parker talkee 'long you? He hab show you true what thing insi?

My thinkee spose any man show you catchee that Gin go 'long that water spose you wantee catchee No 1 fine that he talkee small chilo play pigeon. No got reason all same one foolo.

Spose my all the same for you sick, my must wantee too muchee *chin chin*, that large Josh. My thinkee he can savvee that pigeon more better for Dr. Parker little. No 'casion you talkee insi. So eh. Cause any man can savvee hab got reason talkee. Have hear any news come from that America si? Too muchee piecee man shew my hab got two piecee ships talkee Don Juan go 'long that Paulina hab begin long teem before walkee this side. Just now he no hab got Macao si.

Don Juan have begin that No 15 day, that No 1 moon, Europe counter and Paulina have all the same fashion No 19 day, any man thinkee he must come Macao direcly. Can see, can savvee. That no my pigeon, that hab Josh pigeon.

Just now must finishee, no got teem talkee any more long you. My *Chin chin*, you catchee more better *chop chop*. So fashion talkee

Your good friend,

C. F. HOWQUA.

F. A. R * * * * * * * * *, Esq.

at Messrs. Russell & Co. Canton.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

CANTON, May 10th. 1843.

My Good Friend:

How are you (what is the state of your insides) this morning. Have you got a little better. What does Dr. Parker say to you. He has (no doubt) shown you correctly, (what is wrong inside.) My opinion is, that if any man recommends you to take gin and water, to get perfectly well, (No. 1 fine) that he talks childish, (as unfit as a child to attend to the business.) He is as unreasonable as a fool.

Suppose I was as sick as you are, I would want very much to burn incense (chin chin) to that great Josh (the Idol.) I think he (Josh) knows that business (what is the matter with you) a little better than Dr. Parker. There is no occasion for you to doubt this (talk inside) because any one will see I talk reasonably.

Have you heard any news from America (shores.) Several men have told me that there are two ships, named Don Juan and (go long.) Paulina started to come here long since. They have not reached Macao [shore.] The Don Juan started the 15th January, European reckoning, and the Paulina the 19th, same reckoning. It is to be supposed they will arrive soon. As soon as we see we shall know. It is Josh's business not mine.

I must now close as I have no time to write any more to you. In hope you will get better very soon. So writes your good friend,

C. F. HOWQUA.

F. A. R * * * * * * * * *, Esq.

at Messrs. Russell & Co. Canton.

Glossary.—Pigeon, means business; catchee, to get or bring, go long, with or and; chin chin, good wishes or prayer. Josh, the Idol, or heathen God; chop chop, very quick.

Winter's Chemical Dioramas.

I alluded briefly to these delightful pictures last week. As works of art as well as ingenuity they are of a very high order of excellence. The coloring, the perspective, the light and shade and their successive changes under the various lights in which they are presented, are extremely striking and impressive. It is rare that a scenic illusion is so perfect. You see the Cathedral at Milan in the moonlight of midnight. Mass is celebrating within the walls. A bell faintly tinkles in the great distance apparently before you, in tones of perfect keeping with the scene. It is difficult to realize that you are beholding a picture—so perfectly are the eye and ear led captive.

I am not in the habit of noticing spectacles and exhibitions, most of them being of questionable influence on the morals and habits of society, if not worse. These are of a different character and effect as is felt in the decorous attention and quiet, with which they inspire the spectators. No one can contemplate the visiters in their seats, without seeing at a glance that they are of a more intellectual if not moral class than usually attend theatrical exhibitions.

Mr. Winter has exhibited these pictures in our Atlantic cities, with marked success, and will shortly take them to Europe.

Fancy Soaps.

This is a new article of manufacture in Cincinnati, at least of later date than those embraced in the last census, at which period there was nothing of the kind cluded in the statistics. There are now four establishments here in which it is made, Winans & Co., M. David, V. Tardo and M. Friedlander, which last makes about half the entire quantity manufactured here. The four factories employ twelve hands, and produce an aggregate of 500 lbs. daily, in value annually 30,000 dollars. This is a small amount as a branch of manufactures, but it is of such descriptions of business that many departments of our productive industry are composed, which contribute in the aggregate, heavy additions to the more important and extensively manufactured articles.

The Advantage of getting "a Sub."

It is stated in the Natchez Free Trader, that Tim Greene, now one the oldest printers in Virginia, was drafted for service in the Revolutionary war; but believing with Jack Falstaff that "discretion was the better part of valor," at the expense of a watch and a pretty round sum of money, he procured a substitute, who answered at the first enrollment to the name, as well as the place, of Tim Greene. In the first battle after the enrollment Greene's substitute was killed, and thus the name of the principal went upon the books of the war department as slain. Under the pension law the children of that old slain soldier, Tim Greene, who is even now alive, have for years received the substantial gratitude of their country.

MARRIAGES.

At Exeter, N. H., 12th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Hurd, Rev. John P Cleveland, D D., of Cincinnati, to Juliana, daughter of the late Capt. Chamberlain.

On the 14th inst., by John Jones, Esq., Mr. Thomas Hanly to Miss Jane Hanly, all of Columbia Township.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 14th, by Rev. W. H. Walker, Mr. John Potts to Miss Eliza Martha Duncan—all of this city.

By the same, on Sunday the 17th inst, at the house of Mr. Chamberlin, in Madison, Ia., Jacob Wentling to Miss Matilda Gassling, all of Cincinnati.

On the 17th, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. B. R. Alley to Miss Augusta Hilton, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. J. Aldrich, Mr. William Oliver Helm to Miss Catherine Virginia Reister, of Reistertown Ma.

On the 17th inst., by the Rev. John F. Wright, Mr. Cornelius Molster to Miss Sarah Ann Finch, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 21st inst, by the Rev. E. W. Sehon, John W. Funshon to Miss Ruth Langdon.

At Friends' Meeting Fifth day; 21 inst., Wm. H. Malone to Jane G. Kinsey, both of this city.

On Friday morning, by the Rev. Edward Purcell, Mr. Auguste Labrot, of France, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Capt. J. H. Cromwell, of this city.

DEATHS.

On Tuesday afternoon, the 19th inst. at the residence of Mr. N. P. Iglehart, after a severe illness of one week, Joseph Gray, of Pleasant Run, Butler County, Ohio, in the 38th year of his age.

At Mount Auburn, 21st Nov., at 5 o'clock. Mr. Jabez Elliot, aged 39 years.

Thursday, Nov. 21st, of Consumption, Elizabeth, consort of Nathaniel Holley, Sen.

In this city, on Friday morning, an infant son of Crafts J. Wright, Esq.

Tuesday, Nov. 26th, Charles Allison, youngest son of Allison Owen, aged 2 years.

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY.

CINCINNATI, DECEMBER, 1841.

Our Cincinnati Artists.

Mr. Cist:—In a late letter from a citizen of Kentucky, recently at Florence, a slur is cast on our Queen city, as extending no patronage to the numerous artists who have done honor to the West, and naming Powers and Kellogg, as instances. Mr. Kellogg, when he left Cincinnati for Italy, did not rank as high as some of our younger artists for genius, though really calculated in time, to eclipse them all. Powell and Reed were mere boys, and supposed to possess more genius than Kellogg. But Kellogg, in addition to genius, has that, without which, genius can seldom excel—untiring industry, perseverance, and ambition. If he fails it will not be because he will not toil day and night, and live, if necessary, on a crust of bread. He belongs to a class of artists who require no patronage, and I am led to believe that more promising artists are ruined by patronage than are benefited by it. If I wanted to destroy a young artist of great promise, I would engage him to paint my portrait; pay him a high price for it, and recommend him to require the same compensation from all others. It would be a greater favor to give him 100 dollars for painting four pictures, than the same price for one. But we must pardon the Kentucky letter writer, as a little envy is excusable, in a citizen of his state. We have reduced their great emporium, Louisville, into a country village, and they have done so little to encourage the arts themselves, that poor human nature will scarcely let them laud others. Mr. Wickliffe's letter, nevertheless, is creditable to the artists, and his own talents, and I am not disposed to censure selfish feelings, from which I do not find myself exempt. But has Cincinnati given no evidence of a due appreciation of the talents of Powers? Months since, some of her citizens made him an offer of 3000 dollars for his Eve, understanding that was the price. They would have given him more. The offer was not then accepted, for the sale of his Greek Captive had relieved his necessities, and placed him in funds to meet future expenses.—He declined the offer, as he was relieved from embarrassment, and resolved on sending his Eve, Fisher Boy, and a copy of his Greek Slave to the United States for exhibition, and they may be expected daily. Mrs. Clevenger, the widow of the Sculptor, was recently in our city, and stated that the Greek Captive was more admired by her husband and others, than any other work of Powers. If, therefore, Mr. Preston has bought the statue of Eve, it is subject to its being first exhibited in the United States for the benefit of Powers, and no person is more worthy of possessing it—for Mr. Preston was among the first to appreciate the unrivalled genius of Powers. Nor was he content with a proper estimate of his talents. He aided him in his exertions, with great liberality. R. H. Wilde, Esq., now of New Orleans, was among the first to put a proper estimate on the genius of Powers, and herald his fame; and was an efficient actor in the late meeting of the citizens of New Orleans, to engage Powers to make a statue of Franklin. But Powers is not a mere sculptor. He meets the proper definition of a genius—one calculated to excel in any art, but whose mind circumstances direct into a particular channel. Powers' first essay was as a Yankee clock maker's assistant. His employer thought him equal to any branch of art, and recommended him to Dorfeuille who placed in his hands the Poem of Dante, and requested him to make a representation of the Infernal regions. It was done. Had the genius of Powers been directed to Literature, as wrian ter he would have excelled. If the Kentuckian had censured Congress for fostering Italians, without genius, the censure would have been well merited. Clevenger died, with his death hastened, if not occasioned, by his embarrassments, and some of the citizens of Boston deserve great praise, for their liberality in paying his debts, and aiding his widow, since his death.

A motion was made in Congress at the last session, to employ Powers to execute busts of our Presidents, at $500 each. Time was, when such an engagement would have been a great favor, and it would have added to his reputation, to be engaged by our Government, though their taste was not in high repute, from their employment of foreign artists, of talents far inferior to several of our countrymen. But in a pecuniary point of view, the engagement would not now aid him.

If he had leisure to devote to busts, a higher price is paid him by European travellers. For in this department, the world has never produced his superior. As Clevenger nobly said of him: "The bust of Judge Burnet, by Powers, surpasses mine, for it is speaking," and it is in the expression that Powers stands without a rival. It is to be hoped, that our government will now engage Powers on some work, that may add to his reputation as well as profit. I would advise those who admire fine portraits, to call at Mr. Soule's room, on the south side of Fourth street, between Main and Walnut streets. It is true, there are great objections against him. He is not from *foreign* parts. Has never travelled

beyond the smoke of his own chimney, and moreover, charges only forty dollars, for better portraits than our citizens have paid one hundred for. But as the country is now supposed to be bankrupt from the success of the progressive Democratic party, this objection may be overlooked.

A CITIZEN.

Fulton Bagging Factory.

My readers will doubtless recollect that the WASHINGTON BREWERY owned by Mr. Schultz, with other buildings on the west was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 6th ult. The Fulton Bagging Factory adjacent on the eastern side was at one time threatened with a similar fate, but the wind contrary to its usual wont, being from the east, that edifice escaped with the loss of its west wall, third story front, its roof and upper floor, with considerable machinery in the third and fourth stories. Having been three times exposed to fire from its first erection and repeatedly to floods, its foundations have been thoroughly tested, and if the establishment needed a device, it might now be entitled to assume the noble one of a ducal house in Scotland, *a lighted taper* blown by the wind, with the motto, FRUSTRA—*In vain.*

To repair these damages involved the rebuilding of the west wall, the brick work in front from the second story, with the reflooring of the third and fourth floors and the reroofing of the whole building. This was promptly effected under the superintendence of Mr. Seneca Palmer one of our longest and best known architects and contractors in whose hands the work progressed with such rapidity that in twelve days from the calamity the looms and spinning machines were again in motion.

I observe in the *Times* that Mr. Gliddon the lecturer on Egypt, stated in reference to the pyramids, that one peculiarity in their construction was that they were all built from the top downwards. Whether this be merely a play upon words, I shall not undertake to say, but it is a fact and literally so, that in rebuilding the FULTON BAGGING FACTORY, Mr. Palmer put on the roof in the first place, as a means of protection to the edifice and its remaining contents, building up one pillar or fresh support at a time and taking down the defective wall pieces in sections as the new replacements went up. This delicate operation, which placed the parties at the mercy of high winds, not unusual in November, has been safely and successfully accomplished, and the building is to say the least, as substantial and strong as when originally built.

I know not why this establishment should be termed the *Fulton* rather than the *Cincinnati* Bagging Factory, as it is within our city limits.

Tax on Attornies and Physicians.

In 1826 the legislature of Ohio made Attorneys and Counsellors at law, together with Physicians and Surgeons subject to a tax, placing them in the same category in that identical act of assembly with *horses, mules and jackasses.* I copy the docket entry of our Court of Common Pleas in the premises.

CINCINNATI, February 20, 1827.

In pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the Court list the attornies and counsellers at law, and physicians and surgeons practising their several professions, within the county, and resident therein, who have practised their profession within the State for the period of two years, and affix to each the sum of five dollars, as a tax to be paid agreeably to the statute,—supplementary to the several acts regulating the admission and practice of physicians and surgeons within this State, and file the same, and direct a duplicate of the same to be filed, with the Treasurer of the county.

Attornies and Counsellors of Law.

1 David K. Este.
2 *Bellamy Storer.*
3 Joseph S. Benham.
4 *Nathaniel Wright.*
5 David Wade.
6 *William Greene.*
7 William Corry.
8 Charles Hammond.
9 Samuel R. Miller
10 Nich. Longworth.
11 Thomas Hammond.
12 Samuel Lewis.
13 Dan Stone.
14 *Charles Fox.*
15 Elijah Hayward.
16 Jesse Kimball.
17 John S. Lytle.
18 *J. W. Piatt.*
19 N. G. Pendleton.
20 *E. S. Haines.*
21 *J. G Worthington.*
22 W. H. Harrison, Jr.
23 *Samuel Findlay.*
24 Moses Brooks.
25 J. Madeira.
26 *Dan'l Van Matre.*
27 Isaiah Wing.
28 Nathan Guilford.
29 Benj. F. Powers.
30 *James W. Gazlay.*
31 D. J. Caswell.
32 Hugh M'Dougal.

Physicians and Surgeons.

1 Samuel Ramsay.
2 E. H. Pierson.
3 Jesse Smith.
4 V. C. Marshall.
5 Guy W. Wright.
6 John Woolley.
7 Lorenzo Lawrence.
8 J. W. Hagerman.
9 Jedediah Cobb.
10 Josiah Whitman.
11 Beverly Smith.
12 Isaac Hough.
13 C. W. Barbour.
14 John Cranmer.
15 Jno. Morehead.
16 John Sellman.
17 James W. Mason.
18 Abel Slayback.
19 F. C. Oberdorf.
20 J. M. Ludlum.
21 E. Y. Kemper.
22 C. Munroe.
23 Edward H. Stall.
24 J. E. Smith.
25 Dan'l. Drake.
26 Wm. Barnes.

The physicians and surgeons of the county of Hamilton are seperated from this catalogue.

What changes have seventeen years brought in this list. Of the attorneys, Este, Longworth, Lewis and Pendleton have retired from professional business. Stone, Hayward, and Powers, have removed from Cincinnati; Brooks, Wing and Guilford have changed their profession, and with the exception of the ten in italic, who still survive, the residue are no longer living.

With the physicians, death has been busier still. Dr. Cobb has removed from the city, and

Drs. Moorhead, Drake, Oberdorf and Ludlum it is believed are all who survive out of twenty-six who were in active practice seventeen years since. What is to account for the greater mortality among the medical than in the legal class?

CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington and Hamilton.

Mr. Cist—Sir:

The Revolutionary Incident contained in your paper of the 20th Nov., agrees very nearly with what I have heard detailed as the story of the difference between General Washington and his aid. The tradition, however, is incorrect in some some particulars, especially in exaggerating the neglect of Hamilton,—and the General's want of temper:—and in setting forth that the General made no effort to restore Hamilton to his family.

The true version of the story is given in a letter of Col. Hamilton's written to his father-in-law, Gen. Schuyler, within two days after the occurrence, which I send you for insertion in your paper. J. H. J.

Urbana, 25th Nov.

Head-Quarteers,
New Windsor, February 18, 1781.

My Dear Sir: Since I had the pleasure of writing you last, an unexpected change hss taken place in my situation. I am no longer a member of the General's family. This information will surprise you, and the manner of the change will surprise you more. Two days ago, the General and I passed each other on the stairs:—he told me he wanted to speak to me. I answered that I would wait upon him immediately. I went below and delivered Mr. Tilghman a letter to be sent to the commissary, containing an order of a pressing and interesting nature.

Returning to the General, I was stopped on the way by the Marquis de La Fayette, and we conversed together about a minute on a matter of business. He can testify how impatient I was to get back, and that I left him in a manner which, but for our intimacy, would have been more than abrupt. Instead of finding the General, as is usual, in the room, I met him at the head of the stairs, where accosting me in an angry tone:—"Colonel Hamilton, (said he,) you have kept me waiting at the head of the stairs, these ten minutes:—I must tell you, sir, you treat me with disrespect." I replied without petulancy, but with decision, "I am not conscious of it, sir, but since you have though it necessary to tell me so, we part." "Very well, sir, (said he,) if it be your choice," or something to that effect, and we seperated. I sincerely believe my absence, which gave so much umbrage, did not last two minutes.

In less than an hour, Tilghman came to me in the General's name, assuring me of his great confidence in my abilities, integrity, &c., and of his desire, in a candid conversation, to heal a difference which could not have happened but in a moment of passion. I requested Mr. Tilghman to tell him,—1st, That I had taken my resolution in a manner not to be revoked. 2d, That as a conversation could serve no other purpose than to produce explanations mutually disagreeable, though I would certainly not refuse an interview, if he desired it, yet I would be happy if he would permit me to decline it. 3d, That though determined to leave the family, the same principles which had kept me so long in it, would continue to direct my conduct when out of it. 4th, That, however, I did not wish to distress him, or the public business, by quitting him before he could derive other assistance by the return of some of the gentlemen who were absent. 5th; And that in the meantime, I depended upon him to let our behavior to each other be the same as if nothing had happened. He consented to decline the conversation, and thanked me for my offer of continuing my aid in the manner I had mentioned.

I have given you so particular a detail of our difference from the desire I have to justify myself in your opinion. Perhaps you may think I was precipitate in rejecting the overture made to an accommodation. I assure you, my dear sir, it was not the effect of resentment; it was the deliberate result of maxims I had long formed for the government of my own conduct.

I always disliked the office of aid-de-camp, as having in it a kind of personal dependence. I refused to serve in this capacity with the Major General, at an early period of the war.—Infected, however, with the general enthusiasm of the times, an idea of the General's character overcame my scruples, and induced me to *accept his invitation* to enter into his family. * * It has been often with great difficulty that I have prevailed upon myself not to renounce it; but while, from pure motives of public utility, I was doing violence to my feelings, I was always determined if there should ever happen a breach between us, never to consent to an accommodation. I was persuaded that when once that nice barrier, which marked the boundaries of what we owed to each other, should be thrown down, it might be propped again, but could never be restored.

The General is a very honest man. His competitors have slender abilities and less integrity His popularity has often been essential to the safety of America, and is still of importance to it. These considerations have influenced my past conduct respecting him, and will influence my future. I think it is necessary he should be supported.

His estimation in your mind, whatever may be its amount, I am persuaded has been formed on principles, which a circumstance like this cannot materially affect; but if I thought it could diminish your friendship for him, I should almost forego the motives that urge me to justify myself to you. I wish what I have said, to make no other impression than to satisfy you I have not been in the wrong. It is also said in confidence, as a public knowledge of the breach would, in many ways, have an ill effect. It will probably be the policy of both sides to conceal it, and cover the seperation with some plausible pretext. I am importuned by such of my friends as are privy to the affair to listen to a reconciliation; but my resolution is unalterable.

Very sincerely and affectionately,
I am, dear sir,
Your most obedient servant,
A. HAMILTON.

Our Country One Hundred Years ago.

I resume my extracts from Franklin's Pennsylvania Gazette of 1744-5:

"Just imported from Bristol in the ship Catharine. A parcel of likely men servants, to be sold by Edward and James Shippen."

"For sale; a billiard table. Enquire on Samuel Hastings, on Front street; *In Quaker Philadelphia!*"

"Whereas I, the subscriber, living on Strawberry Alley, intend (God willing) to begin the German evening school, at the beginning of October, next ensuing, all persons inclining to learn the above language are hereby invited, and they shall be duly attended and instructed after the shortest and easiest method. J. Shippey. N. B. Book-binding of all sorts is done in the best manner and at a most reasonable rate, at the above place."

Literature of the age. "Lately published at Boston, and to be sold by B. Franklin, in Philadelphia, price one shilling, the American Magazine, containing,

Motion inseparable from matter, with the moral improvement.

Man's life a continued round of hurry and amusement.

A remarkable instance of true friendship.

The blessings of plenty.

The art of not thinking; a satire.

An essay on the wisdom of Providence, &c.', Very different subjects from those that fill *Godey*, or *Graham*, or the *Democratic Review* of the present day.

"Notice is hereby given that plumbing, glazing and painting is to be performed in the cheapest and best manner by Eden Haydock, late from old England, at Paul Chanders' on Second street."

"New York lottery tickets sold by B. Franklin; price 30 shillings each."

"To be sold at auction. At the widow Jones' coffee house, on Water street, on Monday, the 26th inst., two thirty-thirds of the privateer ship, MARLBOROUGH, now on her cruise, and of four negroes on board, belonging to her owners, with the benefit of her cruise from this term. *One thirty-third to be set up at a time.*

"Twenty pistoles reward. Dropt yesterday afternoon, between Philadelphia and Frankford, a small oznabrig bag, containing two hundred and ninety-five pistoles and one moidore."

The pistole, at that period, was as regularly the coin of value, in advertisements, as the dollar appears now.

"To be sold by *Nathaniel Allen*, cooper in Philadelphia, choice beef and pork, in barrels.

White slavery. "Sundry young men and lads, servants —lately imported from England—to be disposed of by Wm. Attwood, on reasonable terms."

"Just published and to be sold By the printer hereof, a journal of the proceedings of the detection of the conspiracy formed by some white people, in connection with negro and *other slaves* for burning the city of New York, in America, and murdering the inhabitants: which conspiracy was partly put in execution by burning his Majesty's house in Fort George, within the said city, on Wednesday, the 18th of March, 1741, and setting fire to several dwellings, and other houses therein, within a few days succeeding.—And by another attempt made, in prosecution of the same infernal scheme, by putting fire between two other dwelling houses in the same city, on the 15th day of February, 1741, which was accidentally discovered and extinguished. Containing a narrative of the trials, condemnation, execution, and behaviour of the several criminals, at the gallows and *stake*, with their several speeches and confessions.

By the Recorder of the city of New York.

The stake! Were any of them *burned?*

"To be sold by John Ord, at his shop, at the corner of Gray's Alley, on Front street in the house where John Armit lived, a neat assortment of Irish linens. *Stint ware* by the crate, &c." Quere? Crockery ware.

"To be sold; a likely mulatto boy who has had the measles and small pox. Enquire at the Post Office."

"Very good English window sash, 8 by 10, to be sold cheap, by James Claypoole, on Walnut street, Philadelphia." It seems by this advertisement, that in Philadelphia, sixty-four years after its being built, and within twenty-five years of the breaking out of the revolutionary war, even window-sashes were imported from England. How much more dependent were the

colonies for articles which required machinery for their manufacture.

"Stationery of all sorts to be sold at the Post Office."

I notice that from the 1st January to the 22d March, Franklin dates the year 1745–6—after which 1746. Twelve advertisements fill up that department in the Gazette. Three new ones on an average per week; and this for the only paper south of Boston, on the whole continent, and in a city 64 years old and now numbering 300,000 inhabitants!!

Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York.

The late Presidential vote in these three States after having served political purposes becomes deeply interesting as statistical data. That vote serves to shew that Pennsylvania is maintaining the movement by which, at the last census, she had been threatening New York with regaining her original political ascendancy in the National scale.

The following table points out the relative progress from census to census of two of these States.

	N. York.	Increase.	Penn.	Increase.
1790	340,000		434,000	
1800	586,000	72 pr. ct.	602,000	38 pr. ct.
1810	959,000	62 "	810.000	34 "
1820	1,372,000	43 "	1,049,000	29 "
1830	1,918,000	40 "	1,340,000	28 "
1840	2,428,000	26 "	1,274,000	28 "

Let me place the subject in another light. The growth of Pennsylvania from 1820 to 1830, was 290,000; whereas from 1830 to 1840 it was 376,000, showing the difference in the increase of two decades of 77,000. Whereas New York *fell off*, during the same period, from 546,000, to 540,000.

It may appear strange that New York, after gaining on Pennsylvania, for forty years, in the great race for power and political consequence, should now, without any apparent reason for the change, be found falling behind her. I suppose the following explanatory statement may suffice.

The agricultural interest is that which is first developed in every settlement, and it is only when *that* is fully brought out, that the manufacturing and mining interests become properly attended to; new markets are then opened for the products of the soil in the feeding of these later interests, and increased production is stimulated by higher rates for produce. The greater extent of tillable land gave New York early an advantage which has resulted in the prodigious strides she has been making from 1790 to 1830, about which period, the mining and manufacturing resources of Pennsylvania began to manifeat themselves, and create a re-action in growth and progress, which promises to restore that State to its original position in advance of New York. The same state of things occurred in England in the course of the last twenty years, and aided efficiently in the overthrow of the rotten borough system. In the readjustment of the representation in Parliament, it was discovered, that the agricultural interest in the South had lost its former relative importance, and the manufacturing and still more the mining interests in the North, were assuming a consequence from the increase of population there, which no one was prepared to expect.

I deem this view of the tendency of things of vast importance in its application to our own State. The mineral wealth of Ohio. in iron, coal, and salt especially, is of vast, and as yet comparatively unknown and undeveloped extent. I shall take up this subject shortly in a seperate article.

The late returns confirm all my calculations, for censuses future as regards these three States, which I made in 1840. I shall close this article by republishing my views, at that date.

	Ohio.	Pennsylvania.	N. York.
1840	1,519,000.	1,724,033.	2,428,921.
1844	1,734,458.	1,985,033.	2,611,342.
1850	2,250,000.	2,150,000.	2,950,000.
1860	3,100,000.	2,600,000.	3,450,000.
1870	3,900,000.	3,100,000.	3,900,000.

The statements for 1844 are founded on the late Presidential vote. The estimates for 1850, are those proportions carried out to that date, and the later calculations have resulted from following out the probable progress of each State at those respective dates.

An American Church at the Giant's Causeway.

Many of my readers will remember the Rev. Jonathan Simpson, who visited Cincinnati not many months ago, in the prosecution of his effort to gather, throughout the United States, among emigrants from the north of Ireland, especially, the means of erecting a Presbyterian house of worship, at Port Rush, in the immediate vicinity of the Giant's Causeway. That building has been finished and was opened for religious exercises on the 29th September last.

There are some facts connected with this case which render it remarkable. The church has been built by the contributions of Irishmen dwelling in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Albany, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, Charleston, S. C., and Easton, Pennsylvania, sixty pounds only being raised in the neighborhood of Port Rush.

It is intended to record those benefactions on a marble tablet, opposite the outer door on the inner gable, as a monument of gratitude for what Trans-atlantic Christians have done for

their weak congregation; "beloved for their fathers' sakes."

The pulpit or desk, it is stated, has been constructed in the American fashion, and though much of a novelty, is well liked by all who see it.

The entire contributions in the United States were 5465 dollars. Of this New York gave 1038, Albany 250, Philadelphia 900, Easton 40, Baltimore 980, Pittsburgh 615, *Cincinnati* 350, Louisville 292, Nashville 189, Charleston 245.

Third Ward--Cincinnati.

In the enumeration of buildings in this ward, I find there are 1162 dwelling houses, workshops, public stables, store houses, mills and offices. Of these 720 are of brick, 2 are of stone, and 434 are frames. Besides these there are six public buildings. The Botanico Medical College, and Bethel Chapel, the city water works, an engine house, and two public school houses.

Of these buildings there were at the close of 1842:

	Stone 2	Bricks 585	Frames 345	Total 932
Built in 1843	0	" 69	" 44	" 113
Built in 1844	0	" 71	" 46	" 117
Total	2	725	436	1162

There seems to be little increase in building this year over the last so far as numbers are concerned. But some of the buildings in this ward erected in 1844 are immense piles of masonry in extent. Such are the new buildings of Messrs. Harkness, Griffey &c., which not only cover a great space of ground, but are 5, 6, and 7 stories high. And the quality and size of the dwellings are improving year after year, in this as well as in other parts of Cincinnati. Four-fifths of this ward is built up to its utmost capacity.

The third ward is the great hive of Cincinnati industry, especially in the manufacturing line. Planeing machines, iron foundries, breweries, saw mills, rolling mills, finishing shops, bell and brass foundries, boiler yards, boat building, machine shops, &c. constitute an extensive share of its business.

Fourth Ward--Cincinnati.

This is one of the oldest sections of the city, and embraces a large share of the heavy business of the city, within its limits. My enumeration of its buildings is as follows: Public buildings, 4; dwelling houses, offices, work-shops, and store-houses, 1,207. Of these 4 are built of stone, 652 of brick and 551 are frames. Of these buildings there were at the close of the year 1842,

	Stone 4	Brick 536	Frames 495	Total 1045.
Built in '43,	" 0	" 45	" 14	" 59.
do '44,	" 0	" 75	" 42	" 117.
Total	4	656	551	1211.

The public buildings in the Fourth Ward are the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company;—Third Presbyterian Church, one of the Public School houses; and an Engine House.

The Fourth Ward has been for years in a state of suspended animation, and with little signs of improvement. Second, or Columbia street, was left, for a long period, at a grade which shut out the improvement its contiguity to the business region of Cincinnati, should have located within its limits. In addition to this, the great flood of 1832, laid it under water to such a depth, that steamboats actually passed down some of its streets, and its western borders were overflowed from eight to twelve feet. This calamity drove the dwelling-house building, especially the elegant and spacious portion of it to the hill, and left the river region in a languishing state, until within the past year, or within eighteen months, by which time the absolute want of room elsewhere, for business purposes, and the increasing trade of Cincinnati, gave an impulse to warehouse building in the eastern and southern parts of the Ward, which is filling them up with many and extensive improvements, in blocks as well as single houses. Such store houses as the block of Geo. H. Bates & Co., at the corner of Walnut and Front streets; Stephen J. Wade's block, at the south west corner of Front and Walnut, and John H. Groesbeck's, at north west corner of the same; two fine buildings at the corner of Walnut and Second; Wm. C. Stewart & Co's block on Second street, between Main and Walnut street, and a few other single buildings, are of a character for strength, spaciousness and convenience, for which we have hitherto had few or no parallels. These are all built with substantial door posts, and lintels, faced in every direction with cast iron, handsomely ornamented, which give a beautiful finish to the wide doorways they protect. A new and capacious foundry, of Messrs. Goodhue & Co, on Elm street, adds to the valuable erections in the Fourth Ward. Such, in fact is the character and extent of the last eighteen months improvements, as to constitute a value of buildings here much greater than the previous erections for fifteen years, and, if we except the Pearl street buildings, for twenty. The necessary consequence of any given improvement is, that it begets neighboring ones, and I have no doubt that Front and Second streets, west of Walnut, now present opportunities for a profitable investment of funds, beyond almost any other region in the city. And I so judge because the heavy business of Cincinnati must extend beyond its present limits, and it has no other direction to spread out in than the region I refer to. Connected with the improvements already made and preparing the way for more, Second

street west has been filled up ten to twelve feet, admirably graded, and now forms a direct connection with the White Water Canal basin, much of the produce landed at which, must, for a few year, be drayed up by this avenue, to the business regions of the Third and Fourth Wards.

A Panther Hunt in Pennsylvania.

Conrad Sock was one of the old settlers of the north branch of Susquehannah, in one of its wildest sections,and in his time has killed more panthers and bears than usually falls to the lot even of pioneers. The following is an account of one of his panther hunts taken down from his own lips:

The settlement on the mountain here is very scattered, and there are no inhabitants for a considerable distance back from the road. I heard that a person had been hunting, and said that he had seen three panthers; upon which I called on him, and he told me, that at a certain place, on Spring Brook, about ten miles from this, he had came across three panthers, and had tried to fire at them, but could not get his gun to go off. I thought the fellow was a coward, that only part of his story was true, and that he had been afraid to fire at them; but as I knew exactly the place which he described (for I had been frequently there on hunting excursions) I tho't I would go and see whether there had been any panthers there. So, I started off next morning with my dog. You know what a terrible thicket of laurel,and spruce, and hemlock there is about here; well, it is as bad all the way to the place where the fellow said he saw the panthers. At last, however, I got to it, and sure enough the panthers had been there. There was a little snow upon the ground, and I found where they had killed a deer, and eaten part of it; but I knew that after I had been at the place they would not go back to it again; for a panther will never touch his game a second time, if anything else has been at it. So, I marked which way they went, as it was two days since they had been there, and I did not know how long I might be in the woods in chase of them, I thought it would be best to go home, and get a supply of provisions for a good long hunt, and then take a fresh start. But it was almost night; I struck a fire, and laid down till morning. As soon as it was light, I started off, taking my back track, to go home, and get about half way, when, behold! I came right to the panthers' tracks! They had crossed the path I had made in the snow, the day before. I knew they had crossed in the day time, for it had been warm and the snow had melted a little, and I could easily tell that they had crossed my path before night. So, I started on the track and followed till almost evening, when I saw a light place in the woods, and going into it, I found I was on a road about three miles from home. I then concluded it would be the best way for me to go home that night, and get my knapsack of provisions as I had intended; for I did not know but what the devils might keep me running after them a whole week; and I was determined, if I once started them, to give them no time to rest or kill game, as long as I could see to follow them, let them go where they would; and sometimes they lead one an infernal long chase.

So, home I went, filled my knapsack with provisions, and started out with that dog, that is lying by the stove there—not the white one—the spotted one. He is a good fellow for a panther, and likes hunting as well as I do! Well, as I said, as soon as it was daylight next morning, out I went, and got on the track again where I had left it the evening before, and followed it all day long, up one valley and down another, over hills and through laurel swamps, till just before sunset,when I came on a fine buck which the panthers had killed and partly eaten, and which was still warm. They had killed him where he lay. He had never got up. He had been lying behind a large hemlock tree, which was blown down; and it appeared by the marks in the snow, as if they had smelt him, crawled up close to him, jumped over the tree, and seized him in his bed. They always take their game by surprise. They never make more than two or three jumps after it; if it then escapes, they turn off another way. They had eaten as much as they wished of the buck, and after getting their bellies full, they appeared to have been in a very good humor: for their marks shewed where they had played about, and had jumped up and down all the small trees around. They did not know who was after them. I had not expected to come on them so soon, and had pushed ahead without any caution, so that they had heard my approach, and I soon found, by the appearance of things, that they must have started away just as I came up; for instead of keeping together as they had done all day before, they had set off in different directions. I thought it was sunset, and that I had better encamp where I was; for they would hardly come back in the night to claim their buck; but first, I thought I would look a little more around, to see which track it would be best to follow in the morning; and so just went a little way into the swamp, which was close by me, when, only think! one of the curses had been watching all the time, and I heard him start within ten rods of me! but the laurel was so thick that I could not see him, As soon as he started,away went the dog after him, full yelp. Well, I stood still, and there was a glorious threshing among the laurels; when all at once I heard the panther take up a tree. I heard his nails strike the bark the first dash he made. It was a beautiful still evening; and I said to myself: I have one of you anyway; and I ran as hard as I could through the thicket, tumbling over logs, and scrambling through the laurels,until I came to where Toby was, barking and jumping, and shaking his tail, and looking mightily tickled, at having got one of them up the tree. Well, I soon saw the panther lying at his full length on a limb—it was on a very large hemlock. I did not know well what to do: for it was now so late that I could scarcely see the foresight of my rifile, and I could not see the notch of the hindsight at all; but as I knew my gun, I thought I had better venture a shot, rather than keep watch at the tree all night; and so I drew up,and took the best aim I could and fired away. Well the devilish rascals never stirred. I said to myself, I am sure I can't have missed you. In a short time I saw a motion in his tail, which hung over the limb on which he lay, and directly after I could hear his nails gritting on the bark, and I saw his body begin to slide round the limb till at last he slung fairly under it, suspended by his claws, and in a minute after he let go his hold and down he came, souse! so nearly dead that

when I ran to keep Toby from taking hold of him (for they are devilish thing to fight and can tear a dog to pieces in no time)I found him unable to stretch out a claw. I knew that I could find the place again, and so I just let him lay where he fell, and I went back to the buck, and made a good fire and layed down there till morning. But first I cut some good slices off the buck and roasted them for supper. He was a fine fat fellow and killed as nicely as a butcher could have killed him. I don't like to eat part of a deer which has been killed by the wolves —but a panther is a different thing.

Well, the next morning I started bright and early and I soon came on the tracks of the other two panthers. It appeared as if they had been tracing about separately, and had kept around the swamp nearly all night; but at last they got together and started off. As soon as I got on the track I followed it briskly, till about noon, when I started them afresh, and letting out Toby they and he, and I, all ran as fast as we could; but they got about a quarter of a mile ahead of me, when dash! one of them took up a tree;— which I soon knew by the manner of the dog's barking. Oh! said I, I've got another one!— When I came up to the dog, there, sure enough, was a panther up a tree, shaking his tail and looking just like a cat when she is about to jump on a mouse; but, says I, my fine fellow, I'll soon put a stop to your jumping. So I ups with my rifle, and down he came, as dead as if he had never been alive. Well! I skinned him and fastened his skin to my knapsack, and away I started after the other one

The last fellow did not like to travel without his companions. I suppose he wondered what had become of them. He kept dodging about, first one way, then another, as if he expected them to come up with him; but he had another kind of companion hunting for him. Well, as I said, after I skinned the second one, I started after the third, and in about two hours I roused him from behind a log, and Toby and he had a fine run for about ten minutes. I stood still; for I thought maybe the panther would take a circuit to hunt for the other ones, and—so he did; but the dog was so close to him, he thought it best to tree; in order, I suppose, to see who, and how many were after him. As soon as I knew, by the barking, he had treed, away I ran, and soon got on the track. I took notice of it on a leaning tree, which I ran past, to the dog, who was about ten rods farther, looking up at a large hemlock, and making a great racket. I looked up: but I could see no panther. I went off a little where I could see every limb; but the devil a panther was there. Why, said I, this can be no ghost, to vanish in this way; he must be on some of these trees; but let us go where I last saw the track. So I went back to the leaning tree, where I had last seen the track. It was a pretty large hemlock, which had fallen against another; and looking up, there I saw the fellow sure enough, crouching right in the crotch, where the leaning tree lay across the other, close down, so hidden by the limbs and green leaves of the hemlock, that I could see only a small part of his body. In running to the dog, I had gone right under him. Although I could see but little of him from the place where I stood, yet as I was sure that what I saw was his shoulders, I did not wait to see any more of him, but I took a fair sight and drew my trigger. Well: he did not budge! I looked at him for some time, but he did not stir. I was sure I had shot him thro' —I thought it a pity to waste any more lead on him. His tail hung over the crotch of the large tree, and there was a smaller tree which grew up close to the crotch, and I thought I could climb up the little tree, so as to catch his tail and see whether he was dead or no; but just as I was about half up, I saw his tail begin to move, and before I could get to the ground, his head, and forepaits slid over the crotch, and down he came as dead as a door-nail. So I skinned him, and went back to the one I killed first, and skinned him, and got home that night. And I sent word to the fellow who saw them by the Spring Brook, that if he would come to me I would shew him the skins of his three panthers." P.

A Hint.

At some places I visit, the dogs, who are among the most insignificant of their species, fly at me on my approach, making such a barking, that I can neither hear those I call upon, nor they me. While thus annoyed, I feel disposed to kick, when the owner, mistaking the feeling of vexation for that of fear, interposes. "*Oh, don't be afraid—he won't bite you, sir*"— It is unpleasant to be worried with the barking of such *apologies for dogs*, but it is distressing to be supposed apprehensive of their bite.

What an illustration is this of some human beings with whom we come, at times, in contact!

MARRIED,

At Greendale, on the 26th inst, by the Rev. T.O. Prestcott, J. Ford Desilver to Lavinia M. Geiger, daughter of the Rev. M. M. Carll, of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 28th, by Elder Wm. P. Stratton, Mr. John Dunseth to Miss Mary Hat, all of his city.

On Thursday morning, 28th Nov., by Rev. Mr. Prestley, Mr. Thomas H. Minor, to Miss Rebecca, daughter of James R. Baldridge, Esq., all of this city.

On Thursday evening, Nov, 28th, by the Rev. Mr. Cleaveland, Edward R. Tillotson to Augusta, daughter of Stephen Schooley, Esq.

On Thursday, the 28th, by Elder James Challen, James L. Brindle to Miss Marion Brown.

On Thursday morning, Nov. 28th, by the Rev. N. L. Rice, Mr. John S. Stansbury to Miss Caroline E. Burch.

On Thursday, the 28th inst, by the Rev. E. T. Collins, Dr. John C. Maggini, of Fayetteville, Brown county, Ohio, to Mary Ann, daughter of Capt. P. McCloskey of this city.

On Sunday afternoon, Dec. 1st, by Elder Wm. P. Stratton, Mr. John Sweat to Miss Matilda Moore, all of this city

DIED,

On Monday, Nov. 25th, Mariana Margaret, eldest child of Alexander and Jane Anne Johnston—aged 3 years and 3 months.

On Saturday, Nov. 30th, 1844, Mrs. Julia Ann Roll, aged 25 years, wife of Edward C. Roll.

On Saturday morning, Harriet, youngest daughter of Samuel N. and Ellen Ruffin, aged 3 years and 9 months.

On Sabbath morning, of Chronic disease of the heart, Anne, wife of John W. Hartwell.

On Monday evening, the 2d inst., in the 77th year of his age, Moses Dawson, Esq., many years a resident of this city, and editor of the *Cincinnati Advertiser*. Mr. D. was a native of Ireland and an associate of Dr. Drennan and others. in their gallant but unsuccessful efforts to give Ireland her place among the nations of the earth.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

The Funeral of Moses Dawson, Esq., will take place this day, Wednesday, December 4th, at 2 o'clock, P. M. from the residence of his son, Mr Thomas Dawson, on Third street, between Walnut and Vine.

The friends of the family are requested to attend without further notice.

Churches, and Religious Societies in Cincinnati.

Roman Catholic. *St. Peter's Cathedral*, Sycamore between 5th and 6th,; officiating clergy, Very Rev. E. T. Collins, Rev. E. Purcell and J. B. Wood. *Holy Trinity* church, 5th, between Smith and Park streets; Rev. Francis L. Huber and William Unterthiner. *St. Mary's* church, corner of Clay and 13th streets; Rev. Joseph Ferneding, Clement Hammer and Andrew Tusch. Cincinnati is an episcopate of this church. Rt. Rev. J. B. Purcell, Bishop of the Diocese.

Protestant Episcopal. *Christ* church, 4th between Sycamore and Broadway; Rev. J. T. Brooke, Rector. *St. Paul's* church, 4th between Main and Walnut; Rectorship vacant. *Grace* church, 7th, between Plum and Western Row; Rev. Richard S. Killin Rector. *Trinity* church, officiating minister, Rev. Ethan Allen.

Presbyterian—Old School. *First*; Main between 4th and 5th; J. L. Wilson, D. D., Rev. S. R. Wilson. *Fourth*; High street, near Corporation line, vacant. *Fifth*; corner 7th and Elm, Rev. D. K. McDonald. *Central*; corner 4th and Plum; Rev. N. L. Rice, pastors.

Presbyterian—New School. *Second*; Fourth, between Vine and Race; John P. Cleaveland, D. D. *Third*; Second street, between Walnut and Vine; Rev. Thornton A. Mills. *Sixth*; Sixth, between Main and Walnut, anti-slavery; Rev. Jonathan Blanchard. *Tabernacle*; Betts between John and Cutter streets; Rev. John C. White,. pastors. *George Street*; At Engine House, Geo. street; Lyman Beecher, D. D., temporary supply.

Reformed Presbyterian. George between Race and Elm streets; Rev. William Wilson, pastor.

Associate Reformed Presbyterian; Sixth between Race and Elm; Rev. James Prestley. pastor.

Baptist. *Ninth St.* church; Elder S. W. Lynd, pastor. First Baptist; corner 9th and Elm; Elder T. R. Cressey, pastor. *College street* church; College street, between 6th and 7th; Elder W. H. Brisbane, pastor. *Pearson Street* church; Pearson, between 5thand 6th; Elder Lewis French, pastor.

African Union—Baptist; Baker, between Walnut and Vine; Elder Charles Satchell, pastor.

Zion—Baptist; Third, between Race and Elm; Elder Wm. Shelton, pastor.

These are regular Baptists. The second in order, is on an abolition basis. The two last are congregations of colored people.

Baptist Christian Disciples. Sycamore between 5th and 6th streets; Elder David S. Burnet, preacher. Sixth, between Smith and Mound, Elders B. S. Lawson, M. D., Wm. P. Stratton and George Tait, preachers. Engine House, Vine, between Front and Second streets; Elder James Challen, Preacher. Jefferson Hall church, Vine between Court and Canal; Elder Jasper J. Moss, preacher.

Episcopal Methodist, *Wesley Chapel*, Fifth street, between Sycamore and Broadway; Rev. John F. Wright. *Morris Chapel*, Western Row, between Fourth and Fifth; Rev. Geo. W. Walker. *Ninth Street Chapel*, Ninth street, between Race and Elm streets, Rev. Wm. P. Strickland. *Asbury chapel*, Webster, between Main and Sycamore; Rev. Asbury Lowry.—*German Mission chapel*, Race, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, Rev. Wm. Ahrens. *City Mission*, Rev. George W. Maley.—*African New Street*—colored—New east of Broadway; Rev. J. Reynolds, preacher in charge.

Methodist Protestant Churches, south side of Sixth, between Vine and Race streets, and Elm near Northern Row; Rev. James E. Wilson, and Oliver H. Stevens, ministers.

New Wesleyan; Ninth, between Main and Walnut; Rev. Hiram S. Gilmore, J. W. Walker, and Silas H. Chase, preachers. African. corner of Harrison and Pike, Rev. Smith Clements. Bethel African Methodist, Sixth, east of Broadway; Rev, M. M. Clarke, preacher.

Friends'Meeting Houses. Fifth between Western Row and John.

New Jerusalem Temple, Longworth, between Race and Elm streets; Rev. T. O. Prescott,minister.

First Congregational—*Unitarian*—south-west corner of Race and Fourth streets. Rev. James H. Perkins, minister.

Universalist church. Walnut, between Third and Fourth streets, Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Minister. First Restorationist church; Race, between Fifth and Sixth streets; Rev. Daniel Parker, minister.

German Lutheran churches, *Zion*, Bremen, between Fifteenth and Northern Row. Rev. J E. W. Braasch. *St. John*, Sixth between Walnut and Vine streets; Rev. Augustus Kroell.—*Northern*, Walnut, between Eighth and Ninth streets; Rev. A. W. Suhr, English Lutheran, Fourth, between Main and Sycamore streets; Rev. Abraham Reck. German Reformed churches, north west corner Walnut and Thirteenth sts., Rev. J. Becher; Elm street, opposite Orphan Asylum; Rev. F. M. Raschig; Vine, between Fourth and Fifth streets, Rev. Philip Hauser, ministers.

These are all German Protestant churches, Mr. Reck's congregation, with services in the English language.

Second Advent Tabernacle, corner John and Seventh streets, Elders J. Jacobs, and Henry A. Crittenden, ministers.

United Brethren in Christ; corner of Fulton

and Catharine streets; Rev. Francis J. Whitcomb, minister. Welsh Calvinistic Methodist church, north side of Harrison street: Rev. Edward Jones, pastor.

Welsh Congregational, corner of Lawrence and Symmes: Rev. John Jones, pastor.

The services of these churches are in Welsh

Jewish Synagogues. *Kal a Kodesh Beni Isroel.* Broadway, between Harrison and Sixth, Joseph Jonas, parnas; corner Walnut and Sixth; A. Fechheimer, parnas.

Bethel Chapel, Front, between Main and Sycamore.

Mormon church, Andrew L. Lamoureaux priest.

Christian church, Fourth, between Stone and Wood; vacant.

There are then, it seems, sixty-one churches, with their appropriate edifices, or places of worship, in Cincinnati. I have no means of comparing our religious privileges with any other city in the United States than N. York, which had at the latest computation, 190 churches, and Washington city, 25. The number of churches is however, no fair criterion of the state of morals and religion to any given community; for New York has but one church for 2.000 of her population, while Washington ha one for every 1000 of hers; yet there can be no douht that Washington is much lower in the scale of morals and religious observances than New York.—Indeed, I conceive it, during the session of Congress, one of the most immoral communities in our whole country.

The First step to Office.

In new settlements a start is usually given to public men, by electing them to some office in the militia, or to that of a justice of the peace. The following document serves to show how the people of Ohio, before they possessed any political existence, obtained their local magistrates. It will be seen by this memorial that Gov. Morrow has been in office more than forty five years. He has been a member of the Territorial Legislature, of the Assembly and Senate under the State organization, a representative to Congress, and member from Ohio of the Senate of the United States, and Governor of the State. He has repeatedly been chosen elector of President heading the ticket for that purpose.

To the Governor of the N. W. Territory of the U. States.

The Petition of a number of inhabitants of the third entire range of the Miami purchase, near the Little Miami, humbly sheweth that there has not yet been any person commissioned as a Justice of the Peace in this neighborhood. Your petitioners consider themselves as laboring under some inconveniencies on that account, and being met on this 30th day of August (for appointing and recommending military officers)—judged it proper to recommend a suitable person to the Governor for Justice of the Peace,—They were encouraged therein by the Governor in many instances, indulging the people with the privilege of appointing by sufferage for of fice. They therefore unanimously elected Jeremiah Morrow to recommend to the Governor, as a person suitable, and well qualified for the office of Justice of the Peace; and we, your petitioners pray that the Governor would grant him a commission as soon as convenient, if in your wisdom it may be proper—and your petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray.

August 31st, 1799.

CERTIFIED BY THE JUDGES OF ELECTION,
Alexander Kirkpatrick,
Jas. McClellan.

SUBSCRIBER'S NAMES.

Jas. Martin,	Jno. Lewart,
Sam'l. Erwin,	Jno. Linky,
Uzal Bates,	Thos. Espy,
Jno. Meeker,	Isaac Shields,
Jno. Patterson,	David Espy,
Jas. Keen,	Wm. Keefe,
Ares Keen,	James Shield,
Seth Bates,	Jas. Kenedy,
Jno. McClellan,	Jno. Parkhill,
Wm. Harper,	Allen Cullum,
Jno. Demass,	Thos. Crawford,
Wm. McClellan,	Daniel Sickle,
John Bigham,	Jas. Rolf,
Martin Fernor,	Dan'l. Briney,
Jno. Gaugh,	David Lemon,
Samuel Leward,	Peter Tetrick.

Review.

TOWNDROW'S GUIDE TO CALIGRAPHY.

Every branch of science, art, and literature is now systemized as well as simplified for the benefit of learners. It is to be regretted that the simplification does not extend to the nomenclature of subjects. A treatise on corns is now called podography. Mesmerism is neurology, and the caligraphy at the head of this article is in plain English, penmanship.

Mr. Towndrow has, with great propriety divided his guide into a series of seven books, calculated by example, to take the beginer from the elements of the art. No. 1 is designed for the formation of single letters and their components; and for the purpose of securing their proper proportion and space, the copies are ruled with transverse lines for the letter breadths.—This is obviously an important aid and guide to young beginers, with whom proper spacing is one of the last things mastered.

In No. 2, the principle of proper spacing is carried forward to words. In both these books the writer is confined to letters of one range in

which there are none used above or below these letter lines. This appears to preserve to pupils the natural position of the hand in writing.

No. 3, takes us by monosylables into fine or joining hand. The spacing guides are employed here also. No. 4, is devoted to words of several syllables, capital letters, and figures. In No. 5, we have an entire line as copies. No. 6 is the same reduced to a finer size. No. 7. The final exhibition of the system is afforded in employing the learner to carry out by two line copies, any necessary continuous writing, an entire letter for example.

The principle of teaching habitually, correct notions of spacing each way, is never lost sight of in these books.

This series seems to be in general use in many important places in New England, and I do not see why it may not be found equally useful here.

Introduction to American Law, designed as a first book for students. By Timothy Walker, late Professor of Law, in the Cincinnati College. The objects of this publication appear to be twofold. It is at once a guide-book for students, commencing the legal profession, and a compendious, general view of a subject of which it becomes necessary for the great mass of society to possess correct notions. It is not designed to supercede other elementary works, but to prepare the way for their study, and its claim, therefore is rather to usefulness than to novelty.

The great merit of such a work as far as the author succeeds in it, is obviously the condensation of the great variety of details that are embraced in the Science of Jurisprudence, within the compass of a single octavo in such shape that its elements and principles, shall bear in the compression the same proportion, as well as relation to each other, as they did to the subject at large. To present these in full and harmonious proportion, and at the same time with proper perspicuity, it must be apparent is no light undertaking. My own experience in statistics teaches that no man can condense accurately and proportionately on any given subject, without an ample understanding, not merely of that subject at large, but of all its details, and on a theme of such extensive range, as that which this book epitomises. The knowledge of the writer must be full, various and accurate, or he will not fail to manifest the fact, that however competent he may be to do justice to most of its parts, he is not equal to the whole.

It is hardly necessary here, where Judge Walker is so well and favorably known, to say how far he has succeeded in the effort. The popularity it possesses with better judges than I can assume to be, must be its recommendation to the public at large.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Cist:

In your paper of the 4th inst., a writer over the signature of "A Citizen," attempts to defend the honor of the Queen City, from a reputed "slur," cast upon it by Mr. Wickliffe, in a letter that he wrote from Tuscany to the National institute at Washington, in which he charges upon Cincinnati the fact, that she is willing to claim her artists and their fame, but not to support them. The defence is a curious one, for the writer goes on to give the best of evidence, of the truth of Mr. Wickliffe's charge.

It is well known, that Kellogg was obliged to resort to his talents for music, in order that he might obtain the means necessary to defray travelling expenses. After years of absence he returned, expecting at least, to be able to make a living from the labors of his brush, but was sadly disappointed, and his desire to visit Florence, was fostered and aided, by his friends the other side of the Alleghenies.

"A citizen" asks "has Cincinnati given no evidence of a due appreciation of the talents of Powers?" I say, no—if a mere offer to purchase his Eve, by two or three individuals, is *evidence*, then the honor and credit of the self-styled Queen City, is easily satisfied. However, the *offer* is *all* that in this instance she can pride herself upon; and a proud claim she makes, indeed, to the credit of patronizing one of her own sons, along side of Charleston, S. C., who has sent him an order for a statue of Mr. Calhoun, and New Orleans, for one of Franklin. Mr. Preston has purchased of Mr. Powers, his statue of Eve, and "A Citizen," gets out of this part of his defence by saying, "Mr. Preston was among the *first* to appreciate the unrivaled genius of Powers." It appears he was *first* in his patronage too,—leaving the slow and reluctant charity of the Queen City to come after, when Mr. Powers had mastered his pecuniary difficulties, in a foreign land, and taken his station as one of the first sculptors of the world.

"A Citizen" would have done *some* credit to the city, if he had have mentioned the order sent to Kellogg by some of our public spirited citizens, for an Altar piece, for the new Cathedral. It is the first order of a public nature, that our citizens have sent, out of the city, and she should have the credit of it. It vexes me to see a city or State, after an individual has rendered himself famous by his unaided exertions and genius, meanly sneak in, and claim to divide with him his renown. "A Citizen," shall not aid in doing this, if my pen can prevent it—at least until they *prove* their claim to a just share, by their future conduct. We are too much in the habit of felicitating ourselves upon the fame

of the Queen City, and her artists, without once thinking that we are enjoying ourselves at not one penny's expense.

If the truth were known, and the amount of capital we possess was made apparent to the world, upon which we are doing so large a business, we should be rendered bankrupt, without the aid of the "progressive Democracy."

VERITAS.

Cin. Dec. 6.

Improved Style of Building.

I have already referred to the houses built side by side on Fourth street, by Messrs. S. S. Smith and S. C. Parkhurst. The latter is now finished, and its appearance far exceeds my highest anticipations. The house has yet to be built which is to deprive this beautiful mansion of its character as the handsomest in exterior of any in the city, unless his neighbor, Mr. Smith whose dwelling has a larger front, and is getting ready in the same style, shall be found, when finished, to surpass it. I would call public notice to the elegant simplicity of the cornice, in the last named dwelling.

Fourth street is the only street in the city, running east and west, which is blocked at each termination, and it seems probable it will always remain thus. This circumstance protects it from being a thoroughfare for drays, wagons, and other loaded vehicles, which mar the cleanliness and smoothness, and block up the passages of many of our streets. It is destined, on this account, to become, for years, the most delightful promenade ground in the city.

Bills of Exchange.

In my article last week of Bank Note engraving, I had not room to speak of the specimens of Messrs. Rawdon, Wright and Hatch's check and promisory note work, of which there are various beautiful specimens in Cincinnati. I recollect, however, and would refer to one fine check pattern, which combines simplicity and elegance in design, with felicitous execution in a high degree. It may be seen and the blanks had at W. T. TRUMAN'S, Museum buildings, on Main street.

MARRIAGES.

In this city on Sunday evening, Dec. 8, Mr. THOMAS HILTON to Mrs. ANN MORTON, of this city.

DEATHS.

At his residence at Bethel, Clermont county, Ohio, last Saturday, the Hon. THOMAS MORRIS, formerly U. S. Senator from this State, and lately the candidate of the Liberty Party, for the Vice Presidency.

On Monday morning, Dec. 9, at about 3 o'clock, Miss ADELIA ANN GOSHORN, of Congestive Fever.

On Monday, 9th inst., Mrs. SARAH A. NELSON HARRIS, daughter of David Nelson, of Lancaster, Penn., and wife of Nathaniel Harris, of this city, in the 28th year of her age.

Recollections of a Voyage to Italy in 1800.

In the midst of all this confusion I saw a mischievous little dog, of about twelve or fourteen, who had displayed throughout the action as much glee as if it was all a frolic, make a dart at one of the port holes. "What is the matter, Ned?" said I. "Why, sir, one fellow was firing through the port, but he has my boarding-pike with him." After repeated attempts to board and finding his post very uncomfortable, our antagonist endeavored to cut loose his lashings; but in this he failed; all who attempted it were shot, till at last his men fairly took to their heels and ran below. Now would have been our turn to board, but we could not spare the men, as the other privateer had ranged itself along-side during the close contest with her companion, and threatened us with an attempt to board from that side. This was the first time during the action we were able to get all our guns to bear on her, and the firing had become very animated, when a slight squall (the breeze which was very light in the beginning of the action, had now freshened considerably) striking the head-sails, which hung flapping in all directions, brought our ship round, and the bowsprit of the privateer, which was lashed to her, unable to bear the strain, or probably being injured by our shot, swept short off, and we saw, in an instant, she was loose from us. Her crew perceived it also, and hastened on deck, made some sail on her, and stood away from us, attended by her comrade, and was saluted with three cheers by our men.

I have often been surprised at the length of time which we hear of battles lasting, and the little destruction of life on one or the other side. This action was fought nearly all the time close aboard, and it lasted upwards of eight glasses, that is four hours. Our ship was literally cut to pieces in her spars, sails, and rigging, and yet, to our astonishment, not a man but the Captain touched. I counted the marks of the grape shot in the lower masts, and the foremast, which had the least, had upwards of forty. The situation of the ship would be best known by the report of two naval officers, who made a survey of her when she arrived into Gibraltar, on account of the under-writers. I quote their words, for I preserved a copy of the document. After condemning almost all her spars, as unfit to be used again, they say: "We have likewise examined the standing and running rigging, and find the whole of it shot and cut, except of the former, the forestay, mainstay, and bob-stay; and of the latter, the starboard mainbrace, the reef-tackle and mizen stay-sail halyards." Those who know the rigging of a ship, will from such a statement conceive the situation of this one; and yet, I repeat it, not an individual of the

crew was touched but the Captain. The loss of our antagonist was far different. We saw a number lying dead and wounded upon their decks, and many were pushed overboard from our stern and quarters, three of whom, with marks of boarding-pikes about them, floated into Gibraltar, where they were buried two of three days after. When the privateers left us, they stood over to Algesiras. While in Gibraltar I saw a resident of Algesiras, who said he was there when they arrived, and that he saw twenty dead bodies landed from one of them.—Two men whom he had had in his employment, and who left him a few days previous,were with them; one was killed and the other sent to the hospital desperately wounded.

The privateers were full of men, so that a shot could scarcely go amiss. One of them mounted two twenty-four pounders, brass guns, on slides, and ten nine pounders, besides swivels; the other had ten guns, two of them like the others, working on slides. These guns, we were informed, were worked in both vessels by regular artillerists,nearly all of whom were killed. It might have been one of their officers that wore the epaulet. To soften the disgrace of the defeat our antagonists reported in Algesiras that our ship was a British transport of eighteen guns, with three hundred troops on board and that she had fought part of the action under American colors. The colors they could not deny, for they were plainly seen from Algesiras,although it was impossible to tell in their ragged state what they were. Our ship was unquestionably saved by the attention which had been paid to the strengthening of those parts which screened the men. A person could not spread his hand from the main chains aft, and on the stern without touching holes made by grape-shot; but the shot had penetrated only through the outer plank, and had lodged among the hoop poles. No man could have remained on deck, had not that protection been there. "The better part of valor," in more ways than one, "is discretion." The action saved the three brigs. They made the best of their way, and their sails were seen hull down to leeward.

After the action was over, I looked on my companions, and could scarcely tell one from the other; the smoke and powder having made them as dingy as so many colliers. The first thing to be attended to was to get something to eat and drink, and Ramsdell who took command of the ship, directed the cook and steward to produce their supplies, "make a bucket of grog steward" said he, "and my lads drink what you will, but take care not to drink too much; we may have something more to do yet; for I see some gun boats coming out of Algesiras. "Oh." replied one of the men, "I'll engage we can beat as many of those fellows as can lie between us and the rock." After a hearty breakfast, the men went to splicing the ropes, so as to set some sail that would assist them in getting the ship into the harbour of Gibraltar, from which we now saw a number of boats and barges putting off to us. They were soon alongside, and hailed to say that they would assist in towing us in. I then first saw that Ramsdell as well as myself, had made some remarks about their dilatoriness; for, he declined their offer in rather a gruff tone, and said their assistance might have been of some use an hour or two ago.

As soon as the anchor was dropped, the ship was filled with British officers; among whom was the Governor, General O'Hara, who having enquired for the person in command of the ship, said to him, "I am an old man as you see," taking off his hat, and showing his fine white hair, "and have seen many actions both by sea and by land, but I have never before seen a little ship so gallantly defended as this has been." And in the evening, the admiral on the station, whose name I forget, sent to request Mr. Ramsdell to go on board of his ship where he received him with great politeness, and said, "a letter from me may not be amiss, to show your owners and underwriters what I think of your conduct to day."—He then sat down and wrote a note, the purport of which was, that after a most gallant defence of several hours against a very superior force, within sight of the garrison of Gibraltar, and some of his majesty's ships laying there. Mr. Ramsdell had conducted his ship into port, in her dismantled state, in a very seaman-like manner. This, we supposed, was an unusual tribute of praise, elicited from an English Admiral in favor of the commander of a merchant vessel of a different nation.

Captain Hoggard languished for some time of his wound, and died. He was buried with great respect; a long train of British officers attending his funeral. The American flag was laid upon his coffin as a pall. It was intended to use the ship's ensign, but as there was only about two-thirds of it remaining, Ramsdell said it would look like ostentation to display the tattered banner, and another was borrowed for the occasion.

The cargo on board the ship was very valuable; much of it was insured in England, and I since heard that the underwriters at Lloyd's presented the widow of Captain Hoggard with one thousand dollars, and that some of our own Insurance Companies had made her presents also. These gifts are creditable to those who presented them, and have every useful effect upon the sailors who are expected to defend the vessel and cargo; besides which in the present case, the action saved the three American brigs that were astern of us when it commenced.

Conversing one day with Ramsdell about the action; "for my part," said he, "I had determined not to be taken alive. Last year I was taken in the straits. Our ship carried six guns; we had but twelve men; and we were attacked by two French privateers. I was first mate. I thought we could beat anything. I was foolish enough to be very anxious that they should come up with us, as the Captain carried all the sail he could, on the ship, to escape; but they outsailed us, and got alongside. They commenced firing at a distance, while we reserved our fire till they came close; we then took in sail, and prepared to engage. and I have often laughed frequently since at our preparation. Not knowing where we should be attacked. and wishing to be ready at all points, we run two guns out of the stern ports so that we had two astern, and but two on each side. When we rounded to, and the Captain asked, are you ready fore and aft! it was replied instantly, all ready, sir; and on his giving the word, well, *now*, *then*; we fired a whole broadside, two guns at them; bang! bang! and to it we went. The engagement lasted nearly three glasses, by which time we had three men killed, and our rigging very much cut up, and there appeared no hope of escape when the Captain said to me; 'Mr. Ramsdell, I am afraid we'll have to strike at last; for, if they kill many more of our men, we shall have none left to a work a gun." "I am afraid so" said I, "for we can make no sail on the ship," "Well, then, haul down the colors," said he; upon which I looked round, and behold! we had forgotten to hoist them, and had been fighting all the time without any; so, I had to go into the cabin, get the ensign and hoist it, and we fought another glass, during which we had another man killed, in order to let the Frenchmen see it, before we pulled it down. They boarded us directly from all sides and were so enraged at our resistance, and at having some of their men killed, that instead of giving us some credit. which, if they had been brave men, or anything but privateersmen, they would have done, the scoundrels beat those of us who were left, in such a manner I thought they would have killed every one of us. I swore then that I never would be taken alive, by those kind of land pirates."

I took up my quarters at a very pleasant hotel, and as the ship was obliged to remain there from the 20th of August to the 12th of October, to refit, I found sufficient amusement at so very interesting a place. Gibraltar has been sufficiently described, and my narration shall be confined to the incidents of the voyage. The Governor, as a mark of particular favor, permitted the ship to be hauled into the King's dock to be repaired, and directed that she should be supplied with anything she should want, and which could not be obtained elsewhere, out of his majesty's stores. This was understood, however, not to be without paying for them; and I think it cost eight or ten thousand dollars to repair the damages done to the ship in part of one morning. The day after the action, I went on board to see how the ship looked, and to speak to the crew, several of whom I found with black eyes and the mark of bloody noses, and on inquiring the cause, was told, having too great an allowance of grog, the evening before, they had had a battle royal, but they said it was all for love, and there appeared to be no resentment harbored among them for the consequences. While the ship remained at Gibraltar, greater privileges of passing the gates of the garrison were given to her crew, than any other sailors; and it was found that men who belonged to other vessels, and who wished to pass the guard at unusual times, on being asked what ship they belonged to, were in the habit or answering: "The Louisa."

On the 12th of October, the ship being sufficiently repaired, we sailed from Gibraltar, bound up the Mediterranean, having two ships of eighteen guns each, from Liverpool, in company. In the evening of the next day, we discovered three sail of large ships standing across our course; one of them, a frigate, made a signal, which was obeyed by the two Liverpool ships, who hove to for her; but seeing that the direction in which the largest sailed would bring us along side of her, Captain Ramsdell thought he would prevent any delay by continuing his course, and speaking her instead of the frigate, for which the ships in our company had laid to; he accordingly stood on, and when within hailing distance, took his speaking trumpet, to be in readiness to answer a hail which he expected; but no hail was made and the strange ship which proved to be the Minotaur, of 84 guns, was manœuvred as if with the intention of running our ship down, which was very nearly effected.

It appeared afterwards, that the Louisa was mistaken for an English ship, and that the frigate had communicated that the three were all English, and according to etiquette to be preserved by merchant ships, to those of his majesty's navy, we should in such case have hauled up for the frigate to examine us. It was with difficulty that our ship avoided the immense bulk which brushed by us, our yardarms being about on a level with her quarter deck.

At the same time we were hailed with a long string of most virulent execrations, and asked why we had not hove to for the frigate. Ramsdell was a good-natured, good-hearted fellow; off duty, he would scarce have been known for a sailor; on duty, he felt "all as one piece of his ship."

His temper was roused by the apparent attempt to run us down, and when this was succeeded by the hail I have mentioned, he threw his trumpet on the deck, with the greatest indignation, and cried, "I'll be d——— if I answer such a hail as that! no, I'll not answer, if the ship is sunk under me for not doing it." At this moment we saw a boat lowered from the Minotaur. I said to him, "They will fire into us, if you don't heave to." We were then under top-sails. "I don't care," he answered, "I'll neither answer nor heave to; they may fire if they please." By this time, the boat, manned with fifteen or twenty men, was pulling after us; the evening was growing dark fast. The officer in the boat was continually calling out: "Why don't you heave to? Why don't you heave your main-top sail aback?" When we approached the large ship, Ramsdell had taken in sail, and intended to heave to for her. He now could easily, by hoisting sail, have left the boat which was in chase; but he would neither hoist nor take in sails: he merely said, let him come alongside if he can. At last, by great exertions, he got alongside. Ramsdell then ordered the main topsail aback, and lanthorn on deck; "but," he said, "throw no rope to them; let the fellow who commands come on board the best way he can; and suffer no one else to come on board." The officer, with great difficulty, scrambled up the side, and exclaimed as he reached the deck, "I never saw English sailors behave in this manner before." "You are not on board of an English ship," said Ramsdell. "how dared you to hail me in the manner you did?" "Not on board of an English ship?" said the officer with great astonishment, "what ship am I on board of?" "Of an American ship, and if I should treat you as you deserve, I would take you and your boat's crew along to the port I am bound to, and there let you find your way back to the ship as well as you could. "Sir," said the officer, "this has been a mistake; we were told by a signal from the frigate that this was an English ship." "And if it were an English ship, had you any right to hail her like a pirate! Go, sir, to your boat, and tell the Captain of your ship that I expected to find an English officer always a gentleman: and if he asks you who formed so wrong an opinion of him, tell him Charles Ramsdell, of the American ship, Louisa." By this time guns were fired and blue-lights burned for the boat; and the officer took his departure in a tone somewhat different from the one he had on his arrival.

Here we parted from the Liverpool ships. "If," said Ramsdell, "we are to be treated thus by every British ship of war we meet, merely because we are in their company, we had better cut the connexion, and have nothing to do with them."

On the following morning we fell in with a brig from Boston, bound up the Mediterranean; with the commander, who wished to keep in our company, Ramsdell was acquainted. The next morning we saw a vessel standing across our course, which when she approached to within about two miles, appeared to be reconnoitering us, upon which the ship laid to for her to come down. When she came within long gun shot, she showed Spanish colors; and fired a gun which we answered by showing our colors and firing a gun to leeward. We now found her to an armed ship, of eighteen guns, apparently full of men. She again stood towards us, and came to at about half gun-shot.

I was leaning on the quarters looking at her, when Ramsdell took me by the arm, and said, walk forward a little, the fellow will try and throw a shot between the main, and mizen, just over the place where you stand. Directly a gun was fired, the shot of which struck the water close by our stern, and the ship then came along side of us, and sent her boat aboard. Our men were all at their quarters, I had taken my old station, and while their officers went into the cabin to look at the ship's papers. some of the Spaniards from the boat were suffered to come on deck. One of them asked a sailor, in very broken English, for some tobacco. "Here's my tobacco box," said the sailor, with a very sour phiz, taking a musket which stood by him, and striking the butt of it against the deck. "Is not this," asked the other, "the ship that had an action with two French privateers in the straits, about two months ago?" "Why do yon ask?" said the sailor. Because, I know her; I was on board of one of the privateers." "Ah ha! shipmate," said the tar, "if you know her so well you had better advise Jack Spaniard to keep a greater offing."

The officer had not been long in the cabin, before we heard some high words. It appeared, that on examining the ship's papers, he thought, or affected to think, that there was some deficiency in them, and talked of taking the ship in to Alicant. "The less you say on that subject the better," said our Captain, bundling up his papers; "Come, sir I must go on deck; I can't be detained here any longer by you;" on which he came from the cabin, very angry, and very unceremoniously leaving the other to follow. The officer, who was in high wrath at such cavalier treatment, went to his boat uttering something in Spanish, which I took to be a string of oaths, & saying something in broken English to Ramsdell, which he understood as a threat of firing into us. In the meantime, they in the Spanish ship had obliged the captain of the brig to go on board with his papers, which they detained, but suffered him to go back in his boat to the brig.

In this situation the Captain of the brig hailed, and said that the Spaniard had detained his papers,and was going to take the brig into Alicant. Ramsdell ordered four men to jump into the boat. "What, sir," said the first mate, shall I do, if they detain you?" "You can fight your ship, Mr. Bennet! "Oh, then I know what to do," said Bennet; and as soon as the Captain was on board the Spaniards, he ordered the maintopsail to be filled, and ranged along side, within twenty yards of the Spanish vessel, all hands at the guns, and a fellow who could play on the fife, piping Yankee Doodle. We learnt afterwards, that the Captain, on going into the cabin, saw the brig's papers on the table, and seized them without any ceremony. There were several officers, who attempted to stop him; but he drew his cutlass, and forced his way on deck. Here we saw a great bustle, and a number of muskets presented at him, and at the same time heard him hail, "Mr. Bennet, fire a broad side right where I stand." Bennet in a minute would have obeyed the order, but we supposed that some of the men who were hemming him in, understood what he said; for they gave way instantly, and he jumped on board the boat, and was rowed to the ship. As soon as he reached the deck, he hailed the brig—"Capt. Davis, I have got your papers; make sail, and if this scoundrel offers to prevent you, I will sink him." Davis was very alert in obeying the directions of his friend: no impediment was offered, and both vessels stood on their former course.

The conduct of the Spaniards, appeared to be very unjustifiable. The papers of both the ship and brig were all very full and fair. A number of Frenchmen were observed on board the Spaniard; and some of our men suspected it to be a French vessel; but in this I think they were mistaken. She was well armed, and some of our men, who were stationed in the tops, counted upwards of an hundred men on deck.—The conduct of Ramsdell, may be considered rash, but it was successful, and success is sometimes the only difference between the hero and madman.

There were many cruisers in our way up the Mediterranean, and I had several opportunities of observing the spirit of our crew. One day we discovered a sail standing for us. In a little time, she was ascertained to be a brig-of war, of 18 guns. From her rigging the sailors said she was French. Ramsdell hailed the brig in company, and told her to get a considerable offing, in case the vessel coming down on us should prove an enemy. He then took in sail and hove to for her, all the men at their quarters. In this situation, the strange vessel manœuvred as if to run astern of us. No colours were displayed on either side. Ramsdell supposing she would cross the stern of our ship, stationed some men so as to wear round at the moment she should do so, by which she would find herself along side instead of astern of us: but at the moment this was expected, she ran along side close aboard, and hoisted an English flag; but before the flag was displayed, and while she was ranging alongside, our sailors said, she is an English brig. She hailed, "Where are you from? Where bound to? What brig is that in company? Have you seen any Frenchmen?" And on receiving answers to these questions, she went off without making any further examination. I afterwards asked one of our sailors. "How did you know that to be an English brig?" "Oh, no Frenchman would run alongside of us as she did."—Well how did he know our ship to be an American? We might have been a French ship, and had a person who spoke English, on board to answer his questions." "Yes, that is very true; but he knew we were an American, for no French ship of our force, would have laid to for him to come alongside of us." I might mention in justification of our men's opinion of the rigging, that on our hailing to know what brig it was, we were answered the Mondovi, which from the name was probably a French built one.

At another time, we were chased, very perseveringly, the wind right ahead. from daylight till noon, by a corvette built ship. She tacked whenever we did, and outsailed us. The captain and supercargo of the brig in company, dined that day on board of the ship. By the time we sat down to dinner, the superiority of the vessel in chase could be fairly ascertained from the deck." The fellow will be up with us by dark," said Ramsdell, "whether Frenchman or not." However that need not spoil our dinner; we should fight none the better with empty stomachs." After dinner we went on deck; the chase was about a league from us. The captain said to our guests, "Gentlemen, you had better go on board your brig—keep a good distance to windward; and if you do so, and this should prove to be a Frenchman, though he may take us, I think we will put it out of his power to take you. At the rate we have gone, he would be alongside of us in the night; we cant avoid that; but as I like to see what I am about, I will save him the trouble of any further chase, and stand down to speak to him while we have daylight." Our guests went away in their boat; but the boat directly came back with the four men who had rowed it, and desiring to speak to the Captain, they told him, that with the permission of Captain Davis, they had come to offer their services on board, in case the ship in chase should prove to be an enemy. "You are honest fellows, stout sailors, and true yankees." said he; come on

board, and take your stations, at the guns, we may have need of all the aid we can get before the day is over." All things were ready for action, and the ship under topsail stood down towards the chase. When we ranged alongside she proved like the former one, an English vessel; but we were told she had been taken from the French, and retained her original spars and rigging. An officer came on board from her, and seeing our men at their guns, turning round to the captain, and said, "surely sir, you did not intend to engage our ship with your force."—"Certainly, I did," said the captain, "but you know I did not think it one of his majesty's ships that we were running down upon."

One morning at day light, we found ourselves close by two armed cutters. They were smart looking black little things, exactly alike, of ten guns each, and full of men. They hoisted English colours. The one nearest hailed with a trumpet large enough, at least with a tone loud enough, to have belonged to a line of battle ship. "Ho! heave your main-top—sail aback, till I send my boat aboard of you!" Ramsdell, who was standing beside me looking at them, somewhat nettled by being hailed in that manner by a vessel of the size, imitating the provincial twang, generally supposed to belong to some of the eastern people, and drawling his words, replied,—"Ho! what's that you say neighbor?" Our neighbor who appeared to understand the derision intended, again hailed with a still deeper roar than the former one, "heave your main top-sail aback, or I'll fire a broad side into you!" "Why, now, I guess, cried Ramsdell, still drawling in his former tone, "that would be very unkind of you; for you might cut away some of my rigging, and then you would see who would pay the piper." By this time the other cutter hailed in a more respectful manner, and Ramsdell said, "Well, my little fellow, as you appear to know how to behave yourself, you may come on board."

On the 3rd of November, we arrived off Leghorn, where we we were brought to by the British frigate Mermaid, and informed that the French troops were in Leghorn, which rendered it impossible for the ship to enter, in consequence of which it was judged prudent to put into Elba till information could be obtained of the situation of Leghorn; the ship therefore bore away for that island, since celebrated as the short residence of the modern Charlemagne. On the evening of the 5th we came to in the outer harbour of Porto Ferrajo, with the small bower anchor; but that not holding, in consequence of heavy squalls, we let go the best bower also; notwithstanding which the ship began to drive, and before daylight, being almost on the rocks, under the light house, we were obliged to hoist both anchors, and get the ship under weigh in order to take a station higher up in the harbour, where the bottom might be better holding ground. It blew in violent squalls, and we were obliged to tack from point to point, making little or no headway. Just at day light, the fort fired a gun, without shot; we supposed it to be a morning gun, and paid no attention to it: but in a few minutes afterwards, as we were tacking ship, two or three more, shotted, were fired in quick succession at us. We could not heave to; the ship was in the greatest danger of going on the rocks at the time, and the stupid fellows in the fort appeared to think that we were escaping out of instead of trying to get into the harbour. In this dilemma, I told the captain that if he would order some men into the boat, I would endeavor to stop the firing on us. The men were sent into the boat, and I jumped in after, and told them to row right up to the battery, on arriving at which, I was directed to go round a point higher up the harbour, to the officer of the port. This I did, and told him who we were, and what was our difficulty. I was treated with great politeness, and asked if I wished any refreshment; I requested some coffee and breakfast for my men, and was admiring the promptitude and alacrity with which my request was granted, when a guard of soldiers entered the room and told me rather roughly, that I and my men, must go with them, which I did without hesitation, thinking that they wished to conduct me to the governor or some superior officer of the place, instead of which, they led us to a very uncomfortable looking mansion, whose interior did not belie its outside, consisting of one large room floored with brick, and desiring us to walk in, fairly turned the key on us. The grating of the lock made me whistle a long *whew*, and called forth other exclamations from my companions. My anxiety was shortly after very much increased by hearing several cannon fired in the direction I supposed the ship to be. I was utterly unable to conjecture what was the cause of this, and remained in great uncertainty and anxiety for an hour or two, when one of the men peeping through a crack in the door saw an English naval officer at a little distance, which he informed me of, and knocking at the door, I desired the sentinel to call him to me. He was the Captain of a frigate, then lying in the harbour. I told him who I was, and the awkward situation in which I was placed. Make yourself easy, sir, said he, you shall be here but a very few minutes. He left me, and directly after the British consul came, who told me that I and my men were at liberty, and desired me to accompany him to a hotel near his home, where I would find all the accommodations I might want. From him I learnt that

our ship had been in great danger of being driven on the rocks, which was the occasion of her firing several guns, as signals of distress. She had let go her anchors, but drifted with them all ahead, in consequence of the extreme violence of the squalls, and was obliged to cut her cables. A number of boats had gone to her assistance, among which were four from the British frigate, Sancta Theresa, the master of which had got on board of her, but being unable to gain his boat, had been taken out to sea. "But," said he, "she will soon be back, and in the mean time command whatever is in my power to procure you." I felt very grateful for such kindness from a perfect stranger, and proffered in a situation where it was so much needed.

The next day came, and the next, and the next, but no ship came with them. I ascended the highest ground several times a day, and looked out for her with great solicitude. On the evening of the third day, while I was pacing backwards and forwards on the pavement before the hotel, hearing the rapid approach of horses, I looked up, and behold, the Captain leaped from a horse and seized me by the hand. "Why, Ramsdell! where did you come from? where's the ship?" At Port Lougone, two leagues from this, where having lost all our anchors, and twenty times escaped the rocks, we at last brought the ship up with a couple of guns instead of anchors. You'll see the master of the frigate, whom we took along with us, and he'll tell you that he never had such a jaunt in all his life.—But here is a bundle of your clothes; I thought you would want them, and be rather uncomfortable till you knew what had become of us, therefore, as soon as the ship was secured, I got these rags, and that fellow who can't understand a word I say to him, and we have come here like a couple of flying proas."

From this place a few days afterwards, I crossed in a sparonaro to Piombino in Tuscany.

Poor Ramsdell! he was an excellent seaman, possessed of the greatest presence of mind, of the most determined courage, and the most affectionate heart, I frequently delight in recollecting him. It is that feeling which induced me to write this narrative of the events which occurred while I was in his company, and in which I have been obliged to mention myself oftener than I would have done, could I have avoided it.

I say poor Ramsdell! The next voyage was his last. He had command of a ship, and is supposed to have been lost in a severe gale of wind in the Atlantic. Neither vessel nor crew were ever heard of.

I know nothing of his parentage or connexion, except, that they lived in Nantucket.

R.

Dying Operations.

This is one of many descriptions of business carried on in Cincinnati, the importance of which is underrated because the public at large is not familiar with its actual character and extent, it being usually considered merely the redying of stained or faded articles of dress of small value, enabling many persons thereby, to preserve appearances at a trifling expence.

The dying business of this city employs eighteen hands in some twelve establishments. I propose by way of illustration of the whole business to sketch the dye-house operations of Wm. Teasdale, the most extensively engaged in this line of business.

His establishment is at the corner of Gano and Walnut streets, and employs five to six hands constantly. It is one of the oldest dye-houses in Cincinnati, and Mr. T. has resided on Walnut street some ten years.

There are here eight copper dye kettles, of sizes varying from 75 to 350 gallons with furnaces to each, besides a boiler of 250 gallons capacity to supply steam for the cylinders on which the work undergoes its finishing processes. The aggregate capacity of the kettles is 1250 gallons. These cylinders, which are copper, with tinned surfaces, are on a scale equally large. They are four in number, and range from 5 to 7½ feet in length, with a circumference, of from 5 to 10 feet each.

The articles brought in for dying, after undergoing scouring where necessary, are plunged in the dye-kettles, and after undergoing that operation, are then rinsed out and taken to the dying house. This is a room warmed by flues carried under the floors, which of course serves to warm every part of it. The dyed goods are then taken up stairs where they are carefully examined and if found perfect are wetted and spread upon the cylinders, where under the contractile influence of heat the work is finished. Lastly the goods are taken to the presses where they are disposed between press papers as book work sheets from the printing office.

I have said that it is a mistake to suppose that it is the dying of second hand articles, which constitutes the principal, or indeed any important part of this business, although such an impression is generally prevalent. Large quantities of silk, woolen and cotton goods which have been discolored by keeping or accident, or have become unfashionable in color or pattern are redyed, being sent by storekeepers, not only in Cincinnati, but from cities and country towns abroad, extending as far off as Cleaveland to the Lakes; Pittsburg to the east, and Nashville, St. Louis and New Orleans to the west and south-west, with all the intermediate places.

The redying of merchandize injured by casualties to steamboats alone is a heavy item in the business. It is a great mistake which prejudices the public mind on this subject, in supposing that these fabrics are usually dyed in the raw material. Silks are so undoubtedly, but it is rare that either cotton or woolen goods are dyed otherwise than in the web or cloth, although various artifices are resorted to on this point to deceive purchasers.

Mr. Teasdale's dye stuffs, soap, &c. cost him annually more than one thousand dollars. His consumption of stone coal during the same period is more than 2500 bushels.

Every lot of goods—not each piece, but all that is left at one time, which is occasionally ten or fifteen pieces, is numbered and delivered by that number on the production of a ticket given the owner on receipts of the articles. These numbers extended in 1842 to 4064, in 1843 to 4641, and will this year exceed 4850.

Besides these dying operations an extensive business is carried on here in renovating or scouring by machinery, carpets for families. hotels and steam boats. During each summer season, more than 3000 yards pass through his hands for this purpose.

As to the quality of the work it is at least equal to any turned out in the Atlantic cities. Articles of his dying exhibited at the fair of the Mechanics Institute have taken the premium for three successive years. Those who noticed his sewing silks at the last exhibition will recollect the richness of tint and glossy appearance of that article.

The preparations for executing job work in Mr. Teasdale's dye-house have been pronounced by persons from New York and Boston, familiar with the subject, to be on a scale as extensive as any in the United States, and the kettles and cylinders of greater capacity than have fallen under their notice, in any similar establishment.

Relics of the Past.

Jas. Henry to Arthur St. Clair, Jr. Esq.

DETROIT, September 12th, 1799.

DEAR SIR:

I received yours of the 17th August, which gave me pleasure. I shall make it a point to give the information you request to Lafferty, &c. I have just returned from a visit to my friends in Pennsylvania; was in Philadelphia two weeks, great apprehensions of the fever—no public amusements; as I passed through the country observed many in military habits;—recruiting parties in every village. I have a younger brother appointed a Captain in the 10th regiment, who has nearly recruited a company at Lancaster—seen all our old friends at Pittsburgh, did not spend much time with them; division among them since last election for Congress; was much surprised on my return to this part to hear you had no circuit this Summer; often thought of you during my absence, regretting it so happened; as I supposed then I should not have the pleasure of seeing you when at Detroit. I now anticipate that satisfaction in the Spring, when, with the assistance of a bottle or two of wine, and a *quantum sufficit* of segars, we will settle the interests of the contending parties in Europe, not forgetting to secure those of our own country. The parties in Pennsylvania are indeed making every exertion each to secure the election of its favorite candidate. I hope for the honor of the State, that Mr. Ross may be elected. I was almost ashamed to acknowledge myself a Pennsylvanian, after the second insurrection in Northampton county.

We jog on here at an easier gait than we of late have been accustomed to—not so much cavilling and disputing: you will have the pleasure of seeing Col. Strong and Mr. Sibley, who will give you our domestic news.

Do, when you have a leisure moment, write to me; it will give pleasure to a man, who highly esteems you. Make my respectful compliments unto your father, and believe me, dear Arthur, Always yours, &c.

JAS. HENRY.

Levels in the West.

The following levels may be useful to refer to, as exhibiting the general surface of the West, and I have, therefore, put them on record in this shape:

Lake Ontario is	282	feet above tide water.
" Erie	283	do
" Huron	296	do
" Superior	314	do
Beaver, Penn.	127	feet above lake Erie.
Akron, Ohio,	395	do
St. Mary's, O.,	398	do
Fort Wayne, Ind.,	181	do
Lockport, Ill.,	30	do
Ft. Winebago, W.T.	144	do

The general fall of the Ohio River, is thus pointed out:

Low water in the Ohio, at Pittsburg, 140 feet above Lake Erie.

Portsmouth, 94 feet. Cincinnati, 133 feet. Evansville, 245 feet—all *below* Lake Erie.—This is of course a fall in the River Ohio, from Pittsburg to Evansville, of 385 feet, in 792 miles, equal to but six inches in the mile. This is a descent much less than is really supposed to be the fact, but these are the results of actual surveys and measurements, in the Surveyor General's office for this District.

Relics of the Past.

Gen. Anthony Wayne, to Col, John Armstrong.

The following letter speaks for itself. I attach a *fac simile* of Wayne's signature as a specimen, not merely of the penmanship, but as a sign manual, that corresponds exactly with the bold and dashing character of the writer.

CAMP HOBSON'S CHOICE.
May 12, 1793.

DEAR SIR:

I have been favored with a copy of a correspondence between you and Gen. Wilkinson, also with your letters subsequent thereto of the 28th March, 2nd ultimo and 7th instant.

I sincerely lament the loss of an officer of known bravery and experience, especially at this *crisis* when we really are in want of many such.

But your own act of resignation, together with your letter and certificate paving the way to it. copies of which are enclosed, have effectually foreclosed any further military investigation on this subject.

Your resignation was also announced to me by the Secretary of war, in a letter of the 20th ultimo, in which is the following paragraph, viz:

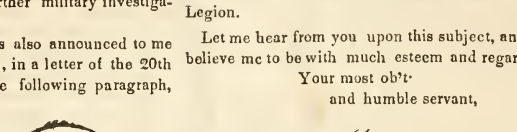
"I have received letters from Gen. Wilkinson of the 4th March, by which it appears that Armstrong has resigned. I conceive in case of vacancies, the officers clearly entitled to those vacancies are to fill them as soon as they occur."

Thus you see this business is done with, but as you express a wish to make another compaign Que: could you—or would you, undertake to raise a corps of mounted volunteers, for a given period—whose pay and emoluments will be as follows, viz:

The non-commissioned officers, one dollar per diem, and the privates 75 cents, each person finding his own horse, arms and accoutrements, and at his own risque—and 75 cents per diem in lieu of rations, and forage provided he furnish himself therewith. The President, was by law authorized to appoint the officers—that power he has vested in me, their pay and other emoluments, exclusively of fifty cents per diem for the use and risk of their horses,—will be the same as that of officers of corresponding rank in the Legion.

Let me hear from you upon this subject, and believe me to be with much esteem and regard

Your most ob't
and humble servant,



CAPT. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

The Fulton Bagging Factory.

This is the title of a large manufacturing establishment, which ought rather to have been called the *Cincinnati* Bagging Factory, as its whole operations are within the city limits. Its site has been for many years the theatre of manufacturing business, originally as a woollen factory, then a machine shop, and in later days occupied as a factory of rail-road cars. It was originally a moderate sized building, and for various reason suffered to become dilapidated; but was some three years ago rebuilt and enlarged, by Messrs. WM. M. WALKER & Co., and converted into a Bagging Factory, on the most extensive scale. Another chapter in the vicissitudes to which it has been exposed is, that on the morning of Sabbath, the 6th October, it was again subjected to the ravages of fire; in the destruction by that element of SCHULTZ'S *Brewery*, and a factory or two to the west. This damage which pretty much destroyed the upper stories of the building, with their contents, was, however, promptly and thoroughly repaired, and on a late visit of mine to the premises, there appeared hardly any vestige of the injury left. A single publication in the *Cincinnati* ATLAS of a year ago, comprises, however, all that the Cincinnati press has ever published of the character and operations of this extensive and important manufactory; I feel, therefore, disposed to gather what has been thus published, enlarging and correcting the article, by bringing it down to the close of 1844, and leaving my intelligent readers to draw their own inferences on the subject.

The FULTON BAGGING FACTORY is 137 by 40 feet on its floors, and three stories in height;—the third being occupied as a machine shop, in which the Company has built her entire machinery. These consist of thirteen looms and one hundred and four spindles, with the necessary frames for preparing the hemp for spinning.

The process of manufacturing commences on the lower floor, where the hemp,in the condition in which it comes from the farm, passes through a Cylinder Heckle, which reduces and straitens the fibre, and returns it in a lap some eighteen feet long. It is then successively subjected to a large and small drawing frame, from which last

it passes out in a continuous stream, folding over and over, like liquid iron at furnaces, into light cans or boxes, in which it is carried to the spinning frames. It is then spun, warped, dressed, and woven on power looms, and lastly calendered, and formed into rolls, by a process which serves at the same time to measure it. The whole of these operations, *including the measurement*, being performed by steam. The spinning frames have machinery connected with them, which indicate, with perfect accuracy, each individual's amount of work.

This establishment consumes 800 tons, equal to 6300 bales of Hemp per annum, and the raw material is supplied from Kentucky and Missouri, in perhaps, equal quantities. It produces annually, 800,000 yards Bagging and 100 tons of Bale Rope. These statistics proclaim the magnitude of the business—what the character of the manufacture is, may be inferred from the fact that there is not a single piece of Bagging unsold at this time. It is at once more even in texture and uniform in weight, than that which is spun and woven by hand, being forty-five inches wide, and weighing twenty-six ounces to the yard, and, without any doubt, they turn off here more than in any factory in the world where Bagging is of equal substance.

The Factory gives employment to fifty-five girls, and forty-five men and boys. The prices I understand to be at Lowell, 1.75 cents per week as the nett rate of wages, exclusive of boarding, for the girls. and 70 cents per day as that of the men,

Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, gives the following as the average of wages in the Merrimack mills, in the month of June, in five successive years, viz:

1840. Females $1.92 per week.				
" Males	80 cts. per day.		$20 80	month.
1841. Females 2.27 "				
" Males	78	"	20 02	"
1842 Females 2.30 "				
" Males	84	"	21 81	"
1843 Females 2.16 "				
" Males	79	"	20 54	"
1844 Females 2.34 "				
" Males	87	"	22 66	"

The Northampton Gazette states that the females in the Ware factories have $4 per week —board $1,25 out; males $1 per day, board at $1,75 per week out.

As a friend to the cause of domestic manufacturers, while I rejoice to learn that the proprietors are doing well, I feel a deeper sympathy in the welfare of the larger class—the operatives—and find that while the expenses of living to a family are much less here than in Massachusetts, the wages are fully as high. On this point I will add one fact. A little girl at this establishment, quit work on Saturday, at 2 o'clock, having woven thirty cuts, equal to 1530 yards from Monday morning, for which she was paid twenty cents per cut, being six dollars for less than as many days' employment.

Under the foreign competition in Bagging, following the peace of 1815, the article was brought down to fifty cents per yard, at which price our Manufacturers to a great extent gave up the contest. But the tariff of 1816 invigorated them for another struggle; and, under the protection offered by the tariffs of 1824, 1828, and even the Compromise Act of 1832 and more lately by the tariff of 1841, with improvements made in machinery, the home competition has reduced the price of Bagging from fifty cents to eleven cents —a rate which cuts off entirely the Dundee and India manufacture.

As the article of Bagging and Bale Rope forms an important elemeut of national industry and a covering to two and a half millions of bales of cotton, the great staple of the United States, it may be of interest to present its statistics:

	Yards.
350 Hand Looms in Kentucky, make	6,880,000.
Fulton Bagging Factory, Cincinnati,	800,000.
Power Looms at Maysville	700,000.
Do at Louisville	1,400,000.
Do at New Albany	200,000.
Do in Missouri	220,000.
Yearly manufactured,	10,200,000.

This is within three million yards of what is annually required for the cotton crop; and the deficit is supplied with foreign Bagging, which still finds its way to the South Atlantic ports, where they have so long been accustomed to a lighter and closer fabric, that American Bagging has hitherto stood no chance, although, unquestionably, a better, as well as a cheaper article.

The factory is warmed by steam, which secures an uniform temperature, throughout the rooms, much to the health and comfort of the operatives. It is also lighted by Gas of its own manufacture, in which respect it stands alone among the various Bagging Factories of the United States. The value of these means of light and heat, as regards economy, safety from fire, and efficiency, is very great. The Gas works, which are on a novel principle, and constructed by Mr John Crutchett, lately settled in Cincinnati, are remarkable for simplicity and ingenuity, occupying in the Engine room, a space not greater than four by eight feet. They are of 500 burner capacity, although 80 burners are actually in use, and the raw material employed is lard, of which an inferior quality answers every purpose —of this article, twenty-five pounds are consumed every night. The Gas works were put in operation in less than three weeks from their commencement.

A great saving is effected by the use of Gas. Twelve hours make a days work, but from the first of October to the first of April, after allowing for meals, the average of sufficient day-light

to work by,is not over eight hours and a half, so that the Gas affords an actual saving during that period, of more than one fourth the entire expense of carrying on the Factory.

Within the last year by the enlargement of the Gasometer the establishment has been enabled to use Gas cold, which has effected a saving of 50 per cent, in the expense of the article. In other words 80 burners cost them one fourth less than 55 did, a year since.

One respect in which I contemplate our manufacturing industry gives it a strong claim to my good wishes. The extent to which we have been able in the United States, to prosecute successfully so many branches of mechanical ingenuity, in the face of the lower wages, redundant capital, and governmental patronage of Europe, especially Great Britain, so as in fact to exclude the foreign manufacture, has satisfied me as it ought to satisfy others, that it is not necessary, even in order to make money out of them to grind and degrade the working classes of society. In Cincinnati, at any rate, operatives can be found, who occupy their proper position in the community, respected for their industry, energy, and steadiness.

In connection with this article, I may state that in less than sixty days, a new Bagging Factory of equal capacity and extent with the present will be put in operation, at the west end of Covington, opposite our city, by M. J. Blair, one of our own citizens.

Early Bank Dealings in the West.

The readers of American history will recollect the stamp act, the earliest in the long list of grievances which finally drove our fathers to arms and to the establishment of our American independenoe. Such is the force of names and the influence of associations in the mind of man, that a violent prejudice against the raising duties by stamps upon promissory and negotiable notes, has always existed in the bosoms of the American people, and although twice in our national history, the *quasi* war with France, under the administration of the elder Adams, and again during the last war with Great Britain, resort was had to this means of raising a revenue; it contributed greatly to break down the Administration in the first case, and required all the popularity and strength of the then dominant party to sustain themselves under the odium of the measure. As this species of taxation lasted but a short period in each case; there are thousands in the community ignorant of the fact that such stamp duties ever existed here. The following are evidences not only of that fact, but are curiosities in early dealings and early banking in many of their features.

Philadelphia, July 21 1801.

Six months after date I promise to pay Messrs Boggs and Davidson or order without defalcation, One hundred and twenty-nine dollars andsixty-nine cents value received.

JOHN M'CULAGH.

Stamp with 13 stars in centre. "COM. REV. U. S. "XXV CENTS" National eagle with 25 cts. in a scroll.

Cincinnati, February 19th 1802.

I proms for to Pay or Cause for to Be payd unto John M'Cullagh the Just and full Sum of thurtey six Dollars the tanth of october Naxte in Suing the Date heer of and I will Dalevr good flowar according to the Layes of our tartary at Market prize at the mouth of grate Mama the is to be recd in Decharge of the above Sum.

ateste, TOM SMITH.

SAM'L M'CULLAGH.

Eagle and Shield. "TEN CENTS." Stamp as above. "X CENTS."

Cincinnati, March 19th 1816.

Thirty Days after date we or Either of us promise to pay Ethan Stone for the use of the Bank of Cincinnati twelve Dollars without Defalcation Negotiable and Payable at Said Bank, for value rec'd.

CHARLES TUSTIN.

EDW'D HORROCKS.

Eagle and Shield. "FIVE CENTS

There is one matter worthy of notice in this document. It is endorsed Charles Tustin 19 | 23 April, being four days of grace. Was his the bank custom in those days?

Steamboat Yorktown.

It is not often I notice in print the steamboats,of which it suffices to say generally that they always attest the skill and ingenuity of our Cincinnati mechanics. But the Yorktown, a newly finished boat, which leaves our wharf this day for N. Orleans, is such a paragon among the travelling palaces of the Ohio and Mississippi, that I cannot forbear sketching some of her distinctive points.

The Yorktown has been just built and finished here, for plying regularly between Cincinnati and New Orleans. Her hull was built by Litherbury & Lockwood; joiners, Kessler and Funk. Engine builders, Niles & Co. Her bell of 450 lbs. weight and fine tone, from the foundery of G. W. Coffin. Her measurements and equipments are as follows. Length 132 feet, breadth of beam 31 feet, water wheels 28 feet in diameter, length of buckets 10 feet 3 inches, and 23 inches wide. Hold 8 feet. She has 4 boilers, 30 feet long, and 42 inches in diameter, double engines, and two 24 inch cylinders, with 9 feet stroke; she draws 4 feet light, and hardly more than 8 feet with 550 tons freight, her full cargo. She has 40 state rooms and of course 80 berths, all appropriated to cabin-passengers; the boat officers being provided with state rooms

in the pilot house. This arrangement affords the officers opportunity of attending to their appropriate duties without the annoyance and interference of others and dispensing with that *regular nuisance* the Social Hall protects the gentlemen and especially the ladies on board, from the effluvia of Cigars, which, in ordinary cases taints the whole range of the cabins.

The state rooms are spacious, capable of being well ventilated, with commodious stools which afford seats independent of those for the tables. Each berth has its upper and lower mattress.—To the ladies cabin there are permanent skylights, and a lower range of moveable lights by which the supply of warm or fresh air in the ladies rooms is regulated at pleasure. The cabin seats are armed chairs, which being two feet in breadth afford ample space at the table, and protect the feeble and infirm from being crowded or elbowed at meals. The chains and other iron fastening work usually projecting in every direction to the annoyance of passengers at all times—at night especially—are here disposed of out of the way and generally out of sight. Such are the arrangements for convenience and comfort on board the Yorktown, that there are few persons who command at home the *agremens* which are provided here, and the only thing I object to in the boat, is the danger of its rendering her passengers unsatisfied with the measure of their enjoyments at home, by the force of contrast. Sound judgment and taste have dictated all the details. Every thing about her is of the best quality and highest finish, and strength, convenience and elegance are every where apparent. The floors are carpeted in exquisite taste. Even the folding doors which admit to the ladies cabin, with their rich pannel work can hardly find a rival in the mansions of the aristocracy in our Atlantic cities.

The Yorktown is supplied with two of Evans' Safety Guards, one to each outside boiler, and her tiller and bell ropes are all of wire.—An hundred feet of hose is ready at a moment's notice to convey a torrent of water to the most extreme part of the boat. The hurricane roof is covered with sheet iron, and a half a dozen water casks, constantly filled, are at hand there, for immediate use in case of fire. The seventy-two table chairs are connected with life preservers beneath the seats, of such buoyancy that each chair has been tested to float two persons. All the doors and window shutters—nearly five hundred in number—are on lifting hinges and can be detached at a moment's notice. Each of these can buoy up a passenger in case of necessity until assistance could arrive.

Her Engine is equal in all respects to the general superiority of this boat over her rivals in this trade. I cannot go into details on this and other points without extending this article beyond reasonable bounds, but must not, however, omit to notice as of great importance that her shafts and cranks are of *wrought iron*. This is the first introduction of wrought iron for such purposes on steamboats. Steam boat shafts should never have been made of any thing else.

I hazard nothing in the assertion that there has never yet floated a boat equal in all respects to the Yorktown upon the Ohio or Mississippi, and that the whole building, finishing and furnishing interest at Pittsburg, Wheeling, Louisville or St. Louis may be defied to exhibit her match. It will be time enough for her to be surpassed here when she can be rivaled elsewhere. If this statement appears extravagant to any man of intelligence, let him visit the boat, and if he does not find my details correct, and fifty things besides found equally remarkable and interesting which I have not space to describe, I will again defer the conclusion to which I have come as to her superiority in every thing, almost, to any boat afloat or in port.

The Yorktown has not cost her owners, Kellogg & Kennett and T. J. Halderman, less than 33,000 dollars. She will be commanded by the last named gentleman, with Mr. George Gassaway, clerk.

Captain Halderman has enjoyed the reputation for years of being one of those favored individuals, who are always in luck. Whenever he is ready to start he always takes a rise of water along; has generally his share of passengers and if these happen to be few in port, he is sure to overtake vessels aground, or lying by with broken shafts, or in some difficulty which gets him their passengers. Let who may, miss, he always hits the right time, and the right port. I never understood how he enjoyed that reputation, till I visited and examined the *Yorktown*.—All his arrangements are such as to command preference and success, as far as man can control events. This is the secret, probably, of his *luck*, as far as the luck exists.

French Literature.

I regret to see advertised, by book-sellers as respectable as Desilver and Burr, of our city, a French periodical "*L'Echo des Feuilletons*," of which I ask and will accept nothing further as evidence of its character than that the infamous Madame George Sand is announced as one of the contributors. This woman, in whom an immoral life well illustrates immoral principles, has done more to corrupt the youth of Paris, at the present day, than any one of her cotemporaries. If the 40,000 subscribers in that city attest the general corruption of morals there, and 9000 more in our own country, expose their families to the same influence, it is sufficiently to be de-

plored. For myself, as the conductor of a periodical, I lift the warning voice to caution my readers how they suffer the writings of Madame Sand, and her kindred spirits of evil, to enter their families under the seductive plea "that being led on unconsciously by the charms of the subject, they will, unawares, make rapid progress in the language." Rather, I apprehend, to make rapid progress in losing that delicacy and purity which is the pride and glory of American women.

Review.

URANOGRAPHY, or a *Description of the Heavens*! 12mo. pp. 366, and *Atlas of the Heavens* by E. Otis Kendall, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, in the Central High School of Philadelphia.

A popular treatise of astronomy, including, the modern discoveries, and embracing the observations of the elder and younger Herschell, in England and Struve and Maedler, in Germany, has long been a desideratum for the advanced classes in astronomy, in our Schools and Colleges. These with the "Atlas of the Starry Heaven," by the celebrated Littrow, serve to give a distinctive character to this treatise on astronomy, which, with the "Atlas," will be found, I doubt not, better adapted for a text book in schools than those to which we usually have access.

The publishers deserve credit for the character of the paper and typography of the publication, and the plates or drawings, as the author terms them, which illustrate it, in my judgment, surpass in clearness and beauty, anything of the kind in use.

The Widow's Mite.

"I want to give the widow's mite," said an old lady worth her thousands, as she handed *ten cents* to give the bread of life to millions perishing in ignorance and sin.

Said a gentleman of a large income, "I suppose I must give my mite," as he very reluctantly handed a *dollar* to one collecting funds to send the gospel to the destitute.

It is not uncommon for those who receive the offerings of the people for the Lord's treasury, to hear such allusions to the poor widow whose benevolence is recorded in Mark xii. 41–44.—The example is evidently quoted with self-complacency, and as an apology for giving a very small sum, far below the ability God has given. Is it intended as a cloak for their covetousness, or do they really think that the *smaller* the sum the more acceptable it is to God? It was not the *smallness* of what she gave that drew forth the commendation of the Savior, but the greatness of her benevolence. The rich gave of their abundance, a part only of their surplus; she gave all she had, yea, all her living.

The measure of benevolence is not the amount *given*, but the amount *left* from which the offering is taken. No person can exceed the poor widow in benevolence. How few come up to her! How many would call it an act of imprudence to imitate her! None can properly claim to imitate her till they give all they have, *yea, all their living.* A. S.

Steam made Putty.

I find Steam becoming applied to a great variety of purposes as a working agent, of which the last generation never dreamed. One of these is to work up Putty, in which there is so much labor saving, that Mr. J. Glascoe, as appears by his advertisement in the Cincinnati Gazette, is able to sell the article at 4 cts. wholesale, and 4½ and 5 cts in smaller quantities, less than one half what the article sold at a year or two since. At these prices Cincinnati must supply putty for the entire region north, west and south of us.

Some idea of the reduction in prices building materials, are constantly undergoing here, may be formed from the fact that the putty used in the glazing of the Cincinnati College cost *at wholesale* twenty-five cents per lb., six times the price at which Mr. G. is selling an article of equal quality.

Chinese Gratitude.

An English merchant of the name of C——, resided in Canton and Macao, where a sudden reverse of fortune reduced him from a state of affluence to the greatest necessity. A Chinese merchant, named Chinqua, to whom he had formerly rendered service, gratefully offered him an immediate loan of ten thousand dollars, which the gentleman accepted, and gave his bond for the amount: this the Chinese immediately threw into the fire, saying, "When you, my friend, first came to China, I was a poor man, you took me by the hand, and assisting my honest endeavors, made me rich. Our destiny is now reversed; I see you poor, while I am blessed with affluence." The bystanders had snatched the bond from the flames; the gentleman sensibly affected by such generosity, pressed his friend to take the security, which he did, and then effectually destroyed it. The disciple of Confucius, beholding the increased distress it occasioned, said he would accept of his watch, or any little valuable, as a memorial of their friendship. The gentleman immediately presented his watch, and Chinqua, in return, gave him an old iron seal, saying, "Take this seal, it is one I have long used, and possesses no intrinsic value, but, as you are going to India to look after your outstanding concerns, should fortune further persecute you, draw upon me for any sum of money you may need, sign it with your own hand, and seal it with this signet, and I will pay the money."—*Forbes' Oriental Manners.*

MARRIED,

On Monday evening, the 8th inst., by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. WM. FISHER to Miss JOANNA SAYER all of this city.

On the 10th inst, by the Rev. David Burnett, Mr. C. S. KENDRICK, of Ky., to Miss AMANDA LUDLOW. daughter of Jno. Ludlow, Esq , of Ludlow Farm, near this city.

On Tuesday evening, 11th inst., at the residence of Alex. Stewart, Esq., by the Rev. Mr. Perkins, Mr. A. C. L. HARTWELL, merchant of N. Orleans, to Miss ANN E. CHALONER, late of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday evening, the 10th inst., by the Rev. T. O. Prescott, E. HENRY CARTER, to EMMA, youngest daughter of Samuel Stokes, all of this city.

DIED,

Tuesday night, the 10th, Mrs. LUCY, wife of Rev. Sam'l. Robinson.

Wednesday, the 11th inst., Mrs. MARY, wife of Richard STANFORD, aged 50 years.

Friday, Dec. 13th, JAMES, second son of Andrew M'Math, Esq., aged 4 years.

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY.

CINCINNATI, JANUARY, 1845.

The Fifth Ward.

My enumeration of this Ward is as follows Public buildings 13; Pork and ware houses, dwellings, offices, work shops, mills, &c., 1552, of which there are bricks 825, frames 727.

Of these buildings there were at the close of

1842	Bricks	649	Frames	663	Total	1312.
Built in '43	"	85	"	35	"	120.
" '44	"	125	"	51	"	176.
		859		749		1608.

The public buildings in the Fifth Ward are, one of the Public Schools on Ninth street; a school for German Catholic children, Talbott's school room, and the Methodist Female Seminary, the last three of which are new buildings.—The German Methodist, on Race street, the Ninth street Baptist, St. Mary's church—Roman Catholic, St. John, Zion and Northern German Lutheran churches, one on Bremen st. one on Sixth street, and the last on Walnut street, the German Reformed, corner Walnut and Thirteenth, and the True Wesleyan on Ninth street. The Methodist Book Rooms, and an Engine House.

Of these Zion and the True Wesleyan are erections of 1844. Three fourths of the buildings put up this year in this ward are in the section south of the canal. The reverse was the case last year. Much of the building from 1840 to 1842 inclusive was put up by persons, of limited resources, or built as a means of employment, under the great depression of business during those years. But the buildings of later date not only in this ward, but throughout the city have been built for capitalists as investments, or for men of resources, for their own occupancy, and the buildings of this year are, therefore, of a higher order, in size and expensive finish.

An additional foundry put up by Miles Greenwood, and a new one by Davis & Ball; a new brewery by Fortman & Co; three valuable blocks at the corner of Walnut and Eighth sts. various fine store houses on Main street, and a number of handsome private dwellings, interspersed throughout the ward, enter into this year's improvements. Three fourths of this ward is built up entirely.

English Refinement.

It is the fashion for English travelers to speak of the barbarisms of the United States, especially of the West. National character every where has its shades, and there are blemishes, doubtless, on the escutcheon of American manners. If there be however, a feature in the national character of my country peculiar to itself, it is respect to woman kind. A woman among strangers any where in this country, is secure of kindness, attention and respect from all classes of society, however poor or friendless she may be: and I hazard nothing in asserting, that in no part of the United States, would the CHALLENGE below, which is copied from an English newspaper, have been *offered*, *accepted*, or permitted to take place.

CHALLENGE.

I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me on the stage, and box me for 3 guineas; each woman holding half a crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle. She shall have *Rare sport*.

ACCEPTANCE.

I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate-Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, *God willing*, to give her more blows, and show her no favor; she may expect a good thumping.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

I.

When Christ the Prince of Peace was born,
Glad hymns of praise the blest employ;
And Bethlehem's plains, that hallowed morn,
Were vocal with the notes of joy:
Through highest Heaven, a lofty strain
Of blest hosannas, loudly rang;
While down to earth, an Angel-train
The tidings bore, as thus they sang:—
"Glory to God on high be given!
On earth is born the Lord of Heaven;
Good will to men, and heavenly peace
To day begin, and never cease!"

II.

The Shepherd bands, their flocks who watch
On blest Judea's plains by night,
The sacred anthem hear, and catch
The heavenly numbers with delight;
With holy awe, as floats above
The tide of song o'er Bethlehem's plain,
They list to catch the notes of love,
And echo back the sacred strain:—
"Glory to God on high be given!
On earth is born the Lord of Heaven;
Good will to men, and heavenly peace
To-day begin, and never cease!"

III.

On Bethlehem's hallowed plain, no more
Judea's Shepherds keep their watch,
Or wake from slumber, as of yore,
Angelic harmonies to catch;
Yet still, with joy and holy mirth,
On this glad day the faithful bring
Their offerings at a Saviour's birth,
And still the sacred Anthem sing:—
"Glory to God on high be given!
On earth is born the Lord of Heaven;
Good will to men, and heavenly peace
To-day begin, and never cease!"

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1844.

Coleman and his Eolian Attachment.

It is interesting and instructive to trace the buffetings with fortune, which in their earlier career so many ingenious men have maintained for years, sometimes for half their lives, and few coming off victorious so early in the battle as the subject of this notice.

Coleman's first appearance in public was at Albany and Troy, in which places he played on the accordion, then but lately introduced into notice. He had been from childhood remarkable for musical talent, and as far as it favored his musical taste, for mechanical ingenuity also. While thus engaged, he devoted his leisure hours to the construction of an Automaton accordion player, in which he met with signal success, and his exhibitions were well attended in both those cities. He then proceeded to New York with the Automaton, but on hoisting the package in which it was boxed up, out of the hold of the vessel, by some act of carelessness in the boat hands, it fell, and the mechanism was so much injured as to discourage Mr. Coleman from any attempt to repair it. It is probable that having tested what could be done in this line, he needed some new stimulus to his mechanical ingenuity. At this period he is described by my informant, as a young man of good sense, and rather modest, if not diffident in his deportment, and at no one stage of this part of his life earning more than a mere subsistence.

He resumed his Accordion on which he played with uncommon taste, as a means of support, and appears to have been experimenting during the time he could spare from his regular business, upon what in a more perfect shape, and at a later date became his Eolian Attachment. For this, when it was finished he secured letters patent, and *Gilbert* a piano manufacturer of Boston, who had been long and in vain endeavoring to drive Chickering's Pianos out of the market, gave him 25,000 dollars for the right of making and vending in Massachusetts alone. From Boston Coleman proceeded to New York, where Nunns and Clark offered him for the same right to the residue of the United States 25,000 dollars in cash, and 50,000 dollars payable in instalments out of every piano which they should make on this principle, or for every instance in which the Eolian Attachment should be added to any Piano in use. This offer was accepted. As the invention came from the hands of Coleman, it bore about the same relation to what the professional taste and skill of Nunns and Clark moulded it into, as Fulton's first steamboat probably did to the last effort of Cincinnati boat building—the Yorktown. The principle and the music were there to their hands, the full adaptation to the piano for convenience and ornament they had to adjust and create.

As soon as Messrs. Nunns & Clark had completed a piano on this principle, Coleman put off to London with the instrument, and opened rooms for its exhibition. He became instantly all the rage. Nobility and gentry, the wealthy, the fashionable, the world of musical taste, artists and dilletanti all rushed to hear and to admire, for these were here synonimous. Even Royalty and its inseperable shadow in the persons of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert gave largely of their gracious presence at his levee.

The last tidings of Mr. Coleman are, that in conversation with my informant, he said he had no earthly doubt of making a million of dollars in London out of his "Attachment." If he should be disappointed in this, which is not probable, with the 100,000 dollars he has received and is yet to get in the United States, he will nevertheless *not be left in absolute poverty*. He intends visiting the continent as soon as he has gathered in his *London* harvest.

Here is a man ten years ago, who probably could not have commanded credit for twenty dollars, and if he lives a few years, can draw his checks by the hundred thousand dollars at a time. His *Eolian Attachment* will be in his hands what Dr. Johnson described Thrale's brewery to be, the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

It will be news to some of my readers, that at Mr. T. B. Mason's ware rooms, Fourth street, east of Main, they can hear this delightful instrument,—and when they hear they will no longer wonder that the lucky hit made by Coleman, when he invented his Eolian attachment, is leading him to fame and fortune.

He that is born to be hung will never be shot.

There are few of the citizens of Philadelphia whose recollections extend as far back as 1807 or 8, but will remember *George Helmbold*, of that city, who edited at that period, the Tickler, and after the close of the war of 1812–15, the Independent Balance. In these publications, especially the first, with much wit, was mingled great scurrility and personal abuse, which kept the editor, as might be expected, in perpetual difficulties and brawls. *Helmbold* was a large man, of great strength and firm nerve, and unless worsted by numbers, generally came out of these scrapes with flying colors. But going often to the well breaks the pitcher at last, and the editor, as might be expected in such a case, finally broke down. He enlisted in 1812, as a private soldier, went on to the Canada lines, and applying himself to his duty strictly, was soon promoted to the post of sergeant, in which capacity, he signalized himself on every occasion which called him out.

At the battle of Brownstown in 1813, the company commanded by Captain Baker, was placed in the front of that severe engagement and after all the commissioned officers and nearly half the men were either killed or wounded the command devolved on *Helmbold*, then orderly sergeant to the corps. The shot from the English in their entrenchments, and from the Indians in ambush, was so galling as to compel the American commander to charge bayonets on the enemy, and *Helmbold* at this critical juncture filled with more than his usual ardor, invigorated every part of the line, within reach of his Stentorian voice, by exclaiming, "*Rush on! Rush on! the gallows will claim its rights!*"

The effect was electrical! this unprecedented battle cry was passed along the line—the march became a quick step—the quick step a run, and the enemy broke in all directions, without attempting to cross bayonets with the assailants.

For less signal, cool, and determined bravery, than this, *Junot* was raised from being a drummer to a General's command, and finally became Duke of Abrantes, and one of the Marshals of Napoleon's empire.

Store Dealings in Early Days.

The following bills of goods sold by Francis Willson, the earliest storekeeper at Columbia in this county, serve to show what it cost the pioneer settlers for whiskey and tobacco. These are the first wants in the early stage of frontier life, and they make accordingly the first items in Mr. Laird's purchase. Whiskey at 25 cents per quart, and tobacco at 40 cts per lb, were heavy taxes on the industry as well as health and correct habits of the pioneers. They may both be bought now at one fourth those prices, or even less.

Laird's bill is a striking proof how large a share of our wants are artificial. It may be classified thus. Playing cards, 73 cts; whiskey, 25 cts.; tobacco, 20 cts.—*useless and pernicious.* Hair ribbon, 60 cts.—*useless* simply. White flannel, 120 cts.—*useful.* Irish linen and cambric, 5 dollars 75 cts.—*luxuries* merely.

In part payment of this bill, Laird who seems to have been a tailor, makes an *entire suit of clothes*, for which he is allowed *three dollars.*—Truly, to buy *cheap* and sell *dear* seems to be some people's only idea of making money.

Serns, who appears by the credits to have been a farmer, gets nearer the worth of his money. Sugar even at 33 cts, and chocolate at the same price, although high in price, were probably seldom used, or only when company visited the cabin. Shawls and handkerchiefs must be worn; and fustian, a durable though homely article was not too costly at 60 cts. per yard. The tins, that is tin cups, were indispensable to house keeping and at a fair price, 12½ cts.

Columbia, December 11th, 1792.

Robert Leard:

To Francis Willson, Dr.

		L	s.	d.
	1 quart of whiskey,	0	1	0
14th.	1-2 a pound of Tobacco,	0	1	6.
22d.	6¼ y'ds Irish linen, at 6s pr y'd	1	19	0.
	1-2 yard of Cambric, at 1¾ pr y'd	0	4	2.
	2 y'ds white flannel, at 4s6d pr y'd	0	9	0.
	1 pack of playing cards at	0	3	0.
June.	1793.			
25th.	3 y'ds of hair ribband, at 1s6d y'd	0	4	6.
29th.	1 pack of playing cards, at	0	2	6.
	Total,	3	5	6¼.
By making a suit of clothes, at		1	2	6.
	Remainder,	2	3	0¼.

Columbia, Jan. 1st, 1793.

Joshua Serns, Dr.

To Francis Willson,

		£	s.	d.
	1 pound of Sugar at		2	6
	1 do Chocolate at		2	6
	3 Tins at 11d.		2	9
24th	1 Cotton Shawl at		10	0
	1 do Handkerchief at		4	0
10th	4 yds. Fustian at 4s. 6d.		18	0
	7 buttons at 2d,		1	2
	1 skain of sewing silk, at		1	0
		2	1	11
By Butter,	£4 3			
By Cash,	4 8			
By Corn,	1 6			
	10 5		10	5
	Remains due,	£1	11	6

Ladies' Fair at the College Hall.

The ladies of the *Central Presbyterian Church*, commenced last evening a Fair, for the sale of useful and ornamental articles of their own manufacture, with a view to aid the various benevolent operations of that Society. They are provided, I observe, with the usual attractions of *hot coffee* and *bright eyes, glee in the cheeks* and *glees on the lips*, which make up the assortment in such cases.

My present object is—as a dealer in statistics—to refer to the establishment for the occasion, of a new periodical "The Christmas Guest," *Mrs. R. S. Nichols*, Editor; of which No. 1 made its appearance on last evening, as No. 2 will upon this. It is a neat sheet and well filled by the editor and her numerous contributors, with appropriate articles, many of them of marked ability. Indeed, I have never read any publication, got up on so short a notice, of higher merit. Two or three of these articles are copied to-day into my columns as specimens.

Among the various articles exhibited at this Fair, are certain Essence bags, &c., ornamented with engraved fancy designs printed on silk and satin, from the Engraving rooms of W. F. Harrison, at the corner of Main and Fourth

streets. The delicacy and beauty of these various devices attract general admiration and notice.

I trust that this *Ladies' Fair* will be adequately sustained. Its objects are such as appeal to our best sympathies, and a tithe of one or two days profits in the ordinary business of life, could not be spent by the visitors at this season of hilarity and enjoyment, more judiciously than at these tables.

From the Christmas Guest,

Pioneer Hardships.

Those who are now in the enjoyment of the plenty which pours in by wagons, railroads, and canals, cannot realize the destitution of the first settlers before they had got the farms cleared, and the cleared land under fence and cultivation.

The first improvements made in *Columbia* were the means of supplying *Cincinnati* and the garrison at *Fort Washington* with sustenance for some time, perhaps for two seasons, 1789 and 1790, before crops were raised within the city limits.

Turkey Bottom, one and a half mile above the mouth of the Little Miami, was a clearing of 640 acres made ready to the hands of the whites when they commenced the settlement of the country. The Indians had cultivated it for a length of years up to the period of Major Stites' settlement, although part of this extensive field had been suffered to grow up by neglect in honey and black locust, which became literally, as well as figuratively, "thorns in the sides," to the early settlers. This ground was leased by Stites to six of the settlers for five years and with a clearing of Elijah Stites and other settlers of six acres more, furnished the entire supply of corn for that settlement and Cincinnati for that season. Nothing could surpass the fertility of the soil, which was as mellow as an ash heap. Benjamin Randolph planted an acre, which he had no time to hoe, being obliged to leave the settlement for New Jersey. When he returned he found an hundred bushels of corn ready for husking.

Seed corn, and even corn for hommony, and in the form of meal was brought out of the Kentucky settlements, down the Licking, and occasionally from a distance as great as Lexington.

While those who were best off were thus straitened, it may readily be supposed that others must have suffered still greater privations.--The women and their children came from *Columbia* to Turkey Bottom to scratch up the bulbous roots of the bear-grass. These they boiled, washed, dried on smooth boards, and finally pounded into a species of flour, which served as a tolerable substitute for making various baking preparations. Few families had milk, and still fewer bacon, for a season or two.

In 1789, Gen. Harmar sent Captains Strong and Kearsay to Columbia, to procure corn for their soldiers. They applied to James Flinn, understanding he had 500 bushels for sale. Flinn refused to sell to the army, having the previous year, when he resided at Balleville, below Marietta, not been able to get his pay for a supply he had furnished the troops at Fort Harmar, in consequence of the removal to some other station of the officer who made the purchase. Strong remarked, if we can't get corn we shall have to retreat on starvation. While they were talking and with great earnestness, Luke Foster, since Judge of the Hamilton Court of Common Pleas, came up and inquired the difficulty. Captain Strong replied the difficulty is, that the troops have been for nine days on half rations, and the half rations are nearly out, and we are starving for corn. Foster agreed then to lend the garrison one hundred bushels, to be returned the next season. How badly off they were the next season. may be judged by the fact, that Mr. Foster had to ride down to Cincinnati *six* times to get nineteen bushels of it!

Judge Foster gave me the following history of the crop, which enabled him to supply the wants at Fort Washington. He had run out of seed corn, and the only one of the neighbors, who could supply him with the quantity he wanted--less than a peck---happened also to be out of corn meal. As Foster had a small quantity of this last, an exchange was promptly made of thirteen pint cups full, pint for pint. The corn was planted, three grains in a hill, this supply serving to seed two and a half acres. The crop had not been put in early, and it was a dry season, but such was the character of the soil, and the condition it was in, that barely turning up the earth to the hills served to keep it in moisture. What a lively idea does it give of the progress of Cincinnati, with its 70,000 inhabitants that the individual is yet living and in the enjoyment of vigor and health, who planted the first crop of corn, which served to supply the wants of a whole community, here. C. C.

The Christmas Guest.

Room, courteous Readers, room in your hearts, and among your Christmas festivities, for a stranger Guest. Plain and unpretending, unheralded and uninvited, the Unknown appears before you. If the calls of courtesy and hospitality are unheeded, we *know* that you will listen eagerly to the spurring dictates of curiosity, and extend a welcome to our little Guest. You know, oh kindest reader, that this uncalled visiter has a Fairy Budget, that has never been exposed to the public eye. Whether the pack

consists of real gems, or only the false glitter of the tinsel, shall be left for your decision.—Should the Guest, however, repay its generous entertainers, by contributing to their entertainment at this happy season, one object of its errand will have been fulfilled. Should its silent voice lead one erring or desponding soul to the God of light, and life, and hope, it will have accomplished a glorious mission. We ask, then, a welcoming hand, and a corner of your heart, kind friends, for the stranger Guest.

[*Christmas Guest.*

From the Christmas Guest.

SONG FOR THE SABBATH.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

Worship, worship, heart of mine,
All thy lowly incense offer,
Though before no sacred shrine,
Still the grateful incense proffer:
Flowing from a contrite heart,
Stealing from the world apart,
Praising though oppressed by pain,
ONE who heals the fevered vein.

Worship! worship, spirit mine,
Though thy trembling accents falter,
God shall strengthen thee with wine,
From the sacrificial altar;
Praise him for his mercies all—
On the faithful Saviour call,
Knowing, though oppressed by pain,
He can cool the fevered vein.

Worship! worship, body mine,
If thy earthly strength's decaying,
Thou shalt not in darkness pine,
Faith a fair foundation's laying
For thy mansion in the skies—
Upward then direct thine eyes,
Showing the oppressed by pain,
God can heal the fevered vein.

R. S. N.

From the Christmas Guest.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, it is a simple phrase,
But sweeter than the minstrel's lays,
Or pleasant sounding words of praise,
To me it seems,
When breathed by one whose cheerful voice,
Is like old music rare and choice,
He whispers low, "good night, rejoice
In pleasant dreams."

Good night, ah then I feel alone,
And seek to wake again the tone,
As if my heart had jealous grown,
Of slumbers light.
Lest they exclude me from the breast
On which I now confiding rest,
And murmur back the words so blest—
Good night, good night!

R. S. N.

Paper Huckstering.

There are certain paper establishments which profess to supply the public with their own manufacture, and are at the same time busily engaged in buying up paper from establishments abroad, and raising the price on purchasers.—I only want to get the facts authenticated, and the names of parties, that I may exhibit these paper hucksters and forestallers in their true colors. I am promised these facts in a few days.

Customs of Society Fifty Years Since.

The following tavern bill incurred by Gen. St. Clair and two other persons, sheds light on the past. The bill it seems was *a club*, that is, to be divided between three, and it appears to have been settled by St. Clair, the residue after Lincoln's receipt, being the General's notes. Jacob —— appears to have been one of the three, St. Clair of course another, and the third, alas! is lost forever to the record. It seems the other two paid up their share. The account is made in Pennsylvania currency 7s 6d to the dollar. The items in the bill will remind a reader who has read Shakspeare, of Falstaff. 'Oh monstrous, four' shillings, "worth of bread to all this" eating and drinking. But St. Clair compared with Harmar and others was a perfectly temperate man, and probably the "illustrious missing" drank the brandy, &c.

Mr. ST. CLAIR, Co. Dr.

To Joseph Lincoln,

	£	s	d
21 Meals at 1s 6d,	£1	11	6
3 Dinners and club 7s 6d,	1	2	6
3 Dinners and club 3s 6d.		10	6
3 Pints wine.		12	0
2 Half pints brandy,		5	0
4 do. P. brandy,		6	0
Washing,		7	6
Paper,		1	6
For keeping horses,	3	12	0
1 Venison ham,		2	0
Bread,		4	0
Logings,		3	6
½ bushel oats,		6	0
19 p brandy,		3	6
2¼ lbs. cheese,		2	3
Victuals &c.		3	0
	£9	12	1

	D.	C.
	32	12
Brandy &c,		62½
	32	74½

Received payment, 21st Oct, 1798, at Marietta. JOSEPH LINCOLN.

Paid Lincoln	$32 74½
" Thomson	4 50
" Salt Works	1 50
" For corn	19
" Grimes	3 50
" Ferriage	50
" Heddlestones	1 60
" Jeremiah Hunt	7 37
	3) 52 20½
	17 40

Rec'd. of Jacob 18 Dolls.
Rec'd. of St. Clair 1 50 cents.
Rec'd. of St. Clair 16 00 at Cincinnati.

Cincinnati Wood Company.

I have been deeply interested in an enterprise lately started up, for the two-fold purpose of supplying the poor and persons in straitened circumstances, with wood and temporary employment. This is the CINCINNATI WOOD COMPANY, whose contemplated operations, I referred to, two or three weeks since, and which has since procured a lot on the White Water Canal, below Smith street. enclosed it, with a substantial fence, and nearly filled it with wood.—This lot—170 feet by 100—has been leased for three years, from *Nicholas Longworth*, at $200 per annum. Four hundred cords of wood are already laid in, and laboring hands destitute of employment elsewhere, find it here in assorting sawing, splitting and piling the wood into ranks for customers.

I have not time this week to give a view of all the features of this establishment, which I see plainly is destined to accomplish, not only all that its benevolent projectors contemplated to do for the destitute, but may effect good, in other respects which I supposed never entered into their calculations. The feature I shall present to-day is the relief of the poor by the supply of wood, and employment to those who are suffering for the want of both. And the manner in which the society operates is as judicious as the object is important. A man destitute of employment applies for work. His name is entered on a register kept for the purpose, with his occupation or profession, where he has one. He is set to work at wages so low, as not to tempt any person, who can get work in the community at large; and as soon as any more profitable employment out of the yard is found by himself, or by his employers for him, he leaves the premises to make room for fresh hands. If he has a wife, who would like to do washing, or a boy or a girl whom he is disposed to hire out, they are entered on the books, accordingly, and, as soon as possible, provided with places.

There are many persons in straitened circumstances willing to buy wood in small quantities, who are not able to buy a load at a time, and are put to all manner of inconveniences, and loss of time, which to poor, as well as rich, is loss of money, to make shifts for supplies of this article. To such individuals, this wood-yard offers any quantity, from ten cents to a dollar's worth, which they can carry in their arms, or on a wheelbarrow, without losing time in getting it sawed or split or incur the risk of buying wood, some part of which they cannot use in small stoves, or if they buy half a cord it is delivered to them of the best quality, sawed and split, taken into their yards, and piled up, all at less expense, as well as to greater convenience than they could get it at any other place. Nor is this all. They are protected by the company arrangements, from being exposed to a rise in the price of wood, to which they are usually subject in the ordinary mode of supply. It is hardly necessary to say that those who get but a dime's worth, get as much wood for their money proportionally, as those who lay out a dollar, or five dollars for the article.

This system, it will be perceived, helps the poor by enabling them to help themselves.—Present employment is afforded, until more profitable business can be obtained, and numbers are thus enabled to find business, who could not have obtained it through any other medium.—By way of illustration of this subject, three hands, after sawing wood, at fifty cents a day, were directed to situations of attending masons at a dollar per day, and they have now men sawing wood, fitted for other employment, who know not where to get it, and who will be taken to more profitable business, as soon as their qualifications become known to those who need their services elsewhere.

Next week I shall exhibit another important feature of this company's operations.

Temperance Statistics.

In examining some old newspapers for other purposes, my eye rested on the annexed article with all the deep feeling of personal interest.

From the Genius of Temperance.

The following is as instructive as it is remarkable. We have it from a source we consider authentic.

In the year 1813, the first company of Washington Guards of Philadelphia, commanded, by Capt. Condy Raguet, marched to defend the shores of the Delaware from the English. The company numbered 130 men divided in messes of 6 and 7 men each. It so happened that one mess of seven men drank none of their rations of spirits or other articles. They were in camp seven months and when the peace took place, the company was disbanded. Seventeen years afterwards a call was made for assembling the survivors of the company, and it was found that 33 were living, and 7 of that number were the mess that drank no liquor, when in camp; 5 of them were present at the meeting, and letters were read from two others stating their reasons for not being at the meeting; one resided in Cincinnati, and the other in some other part of Ohio. No other mess could number more than two living members.

The gentleman who gave me this information is one or the mess of seven spoken of, and every word may be relied upon as fact. I am acquainted with some of the members and I believe the whole number is now living. After the meeting held three years ago, a pamphlet was published giving a history of the company, services, &c., &c., which I believe may be obtained from C. Raguet, T. H. S.

Philadelphia, July 3, 1833.

Of the individuals besides myself, composing this mess I can only recollect three, namely

Thomas I. Wharton, now an eminent member of the Philadelphia bar, James Correy, Cashier successively of the United States Branch, and the Merchant's and Manufacturer's Banks of Pittsburgh, of the Bank of North America. in Philadelphia; and now of the Planter's Bank of Tennessee, at Nashville; and Thomas A. Marshall, formerly, perhaps still of Marcus Hook, Pa., all of whom are yet living, as I believe the whole mess to be. If Mr. Wharton, to whom I shall send a copy of this article, can afford me the desired information, whether they be all living, I do not doubt he will do so. With the exception of Mr. Correy and myself, if living, they reside probably in and near Philadelphia. It is not often seven men shall start together in the race of human life,and push on for fifty-two years, as these seven have done, without one or more giving out. before they have reached that distance in the course.

Robert Burns and Lord Byron.

I have seen Robert Burns laid in his grave,and I have seen George Gordon Byron borne to his; of both I wish to speak, and my words shall be spoken with honesty and freedom. They were great,though unequal heirs of fame; the fortunes of their birth were widely dissimilar; yet in their passions and in their genius,they approached to a closer resemblance; their careers were short and glorious, and they both perished in the summer of life, and in all the splendour of a reputation more likely to increase than diminish. One was a peasant, and the other was a peer; but nature is a great leveller, and makes amends for the injuries of fortune by the richness of her benefactions; the genius of Burns raised him to a level with the nobles of the land; by nature, if not by birth, he was the peer of Byron. I knew one, and I have seen both; I have hearkened to words from their lips, and admired the labours of their pens, and I am now, and likely to remain, under the influence of their magic songs. They rose by the force of their genius, and they fell by the strength of their passions; one wrote from a love and the other from a scorn of mankind; and they both sang of the emotions of their own hearts with a vehemence and an originality which few have equalled, and none surely have surpassed. But it is less my wish to draw the characters of those extraordinary men than to write what I remember of them; and I will say nothing that I know not to be true, and little but what I saw myself.

The first time I ever saw Burns was in Nithsdale. I was then a child, but his looks and his voice cannot well be forgotten; and while I write this I behold him as distinctly as I did when I stood at my father's knee, and heard the bard repeat his Tam O'Shanter. He was tall and of a manly make, his brow broad and high, and his voice varied with the character of his inimitable tale; yet through all its variations it was melody itself. He was of great personal strength, and proud too of displaying it; and I have seen him lift a load with ease, which few ordinary men would have willingly undertaken. The first time I ever saw Byron was in the House of Lords, soon after the publication of Childe Harold. He stood up in his place on the opposition side, and made a speech on the subject of Catholic freedom. His voice was low, and I heard him but by fits, and when I say he was witty and sarcastic, I judge as much from the involuntary mirth of the benches as from what I heard with my own ears. His voice had not the full and manly melody of the voice of Burns; nor had he equal vigour of form, nor the same open expanse of forehead. But his face was finely formed, and was impressed with a more delicate vigour than that of the peasant poet. He had a singular conformation of ear, the lower lobe, instead of being pendulous, grew down and united itself to the cheek and resembled no other ear I ever saw, save that of the Duke of Wellington. His bust by Thorvaldson is feeble and mean; the painting of Phillips is more noble and much more like. Of Burns I have never seen aught but a very uninspired resemblance—and I regret it the more, because he had a look worthy of the happiest effort of art; a look beaming with poetry and eloquence.

The last time I saw Burns in life was on his return from the Brow-well of Solway; he had been ailing all spring, and summer had come without bringing health with it; he had gone away very ill, and he returned worse. He was brought back, I think, in a covered spring-cart, and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived he could scarce stand upright. He reached his own door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. Some may think it not unimportant to know, that he was at the time dressed in a blue coat with the dress nankeen pantaloons of the volunteers, and that his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused his hat to turn up behind, in the manner of the shovel hats of the Episcopal clergy. Truth obliges me to add, that he was not fastidious about his dress; and that an officer, curious in personal appearance and equipments of his company, might have questioned the military nicety of the poet's clothes and arms. But his colonel was a maker of rhyme, and the poet had to display more charity for his commander's verse than the other had to exercise when he inspected the clothing and arms of the careless bard.

From the day of his return home, till the hour of his untimely death, Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns and of him alone; they spoke of his history, of his person, of his works, of his family, of his fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying—the opinions of the physicians, (and Maxwell was a kind and a skilful one,) were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street, and from house to house.

His good humor was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bed-side with his eyes wet, and said, "John don't let the awkward squad fire over me." He was aware that death was dealing with him; he asked a lady who visited him, more in sincerity than mirth, what commands she had for the other world—he repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow townsmen increased. He was an exciseman it is true—a name odious, from many associations, to his countrymen—but he did his duty meekly and kindly, and repressed rather than encouraged the desire of some of his companions to push the law with severity; he was therefore much beloved, and the passion of the Scotch for poetry made them regard him as little lower than a spirit inspired. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with them in some important points of human speculations and religious hope were forgotten and forgiven: they thought only of his genius—of the delight his compositions had diffused—and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more. His last moments have never been described; he had laid his head quietly on the pillow awaiting dissolution, when his attendant reminded him of his medicine and held the cup to his lips. He started suddenly up, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands before him like a man about to swim, and sprung from head to foot of the bed—fell with his face down, and expired without a groan.

Of the dying moments of Byron we have no very minute nor very distinct account. He perished in a foreign land among barbarians or aliens, and he seems to have been without the aid of a determined physician, whose firmness or persuasion might have vanquished his obstinacy. His aversion to bleeding was an infirmity which he shared with many better regulated minds; for it is no uncommon belief that the first touch of the lancet will charm away the approach of death, and those who believe this are willing to reserve so decisive a spell for a more momentous occasion. He had parted with his native land in no ordinary bitterness of spirit; and his domestic infelicity had rendered his future peace of mind hopeless—this was aggravated from time to time by the tales or the intrusion of travellers, by reports injurious to his character, and by the eager and vulgar avidity with which idle stories were circulated, which exhibited him in weakness or in folly. But there is every reason to believe, that long before his untimely death his native land was as bright as ever in his fancy, and that his anger conceived against the many for the sins of the few had subsided or was subsiding. Of Scotland, and of his Scottish origin, he has boasted in more than one place of his poetry; he is proud to remember the land of his mother, and to sing that he is half a Scot by birth, and a whole one in his heart. Of his great rival in popularity, Sir Walter Scott, he speaks with kindness; and the compliment he has paid him has been earned by the unchangeable admiration of the other.—Scott has ever spoken of Byron as he has always written, and all those who know him will feel this consistency is characteristic. I must, however, confess, his forgiveness of Mr. Jeffrey was an unlooked-for and unexpected piece of humility and loving kindness, and, as a Scotchman, I am rather willing to regard it as a presage of early death, and to conclude that the poet was "fey," and forgave his arch enemy in the spirit of the dying Highlander—"Weel, weel, I forgive him, but God confound you, my twa sons, Duncan and Gilbert, if you forgive him." The criticism with which the Edinburgh Review welcomed the first flight which Byron's muse took, would have crushed and broken any spirit less dauntless than his own; and for a long while he entertained the horror of a reviewer which a bird of song feels for the presence of the raven. But they smoothed his spirit down, first by submission, and then by idolatry, and his pride must have been equal to that which made the angels fall if it had refused to be soothed by the obeisance of a reviewer One never forgets. if he should happen to forgive, an insult or an injury offered in youth—it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, and I may reasonably doubt the truth of the poet's song when he sings of his dear Jeffrey. The news of his death came upon London like an

earthquake; and though the common multitude are ignorant of literature or feeling for the higher flights of poetry, yet they consented to feel by faith, and believed, because the newspapers believed. that one of the brightest lights in the firmament of poesy was extinguished forever.—With literary men a sense of the public misfortune, was mingled, perhaps, with a sense that a giant was removed from their way; and that they had room now to break a lance with an equal, without the fear of being overthrown by his impetuosity and colossal strength. The world of literature is now resigned to lower, but, perhaps, not less presumptuous poetic spirits. But among those who feared him, or envied him, or loved him, there are none who sorrow not for the national loss, and grieve not that Byron fell so soon, and on a foreign shore.

When Burns died I was then young, but I was not insensible that a mind of no common strength had passed from among us. He had caught my fancy, and touched my heart with his songs and poems. I went to see him laid out for the grave; several elderly people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed, and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn according to the usage of the country. He was wasted by long illness,—but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face,which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked—the dying pang was visible in the lower part, but his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with gray, and inclining more to a wave than a curl. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart than if his bier had been embellished by vanity and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of ten minutes—we went, and others succeeded us; there was no rushing and justling though the crowd was great; man followed man as patiently and orderly as if all had been a matter of mutual understanding —not a question was asked—not a whisper was heard. This was several days after his death. It is the custom of Scotland to "wake" the body—not with wild howlings and wilder songs, and much waste of strong drink, like our mercurial neighbors; but in silence or in prayer;superstition says it is unsonsie to leave the corpse alone; so it is never left. I know not who watched by the body of Burns—much it was my wish to share in the honor—but my extreme youth would have made such a request seem foolish, and its rejection would have been certain.

I am to speak of the feelings of another people, and of the customs of a higher rank, when I speak of laying out the body of Byron for the grave. It was announced from time to time that he was to be exhibited in state, and the progress of the embellishments of the poets' bier was recorded in the pages of an hundred publications. They were at length completed, and to seperate the curiosity of the poor from the admiration of the rich, the latter were indulged with tickets of admission, and a day was set apart for them to go and wonder over the decked room and the emblazoned bier. Peers and peeresses, priests, poets, and politicians, came in gilded chariots and hired hacks to gaze upon the splendor of the funeral preparations, and to see in how rich and how vain a shroud the body of the immortal had been hid. Those idle trappings in which rank seeks to mark its altitude above the vulgar belonged to the state of the peer rather than to the state of the poet: genius required no such attractions; and all this magnificence served only to divide our regard with the man whose inspired tongue was now silenced forever. Who cared for Lord Byron, the peer, and the privy counsellor, with his coronet, and his long descent from princes, on one side, and from heroes on both; and who did not care for George Gordon Byron, the poet, who has charmed us, and will charm our descendants with his deep and impassioned verse. The homage was rendered to genius, not surely to rank, for lord can be stamped on any clay, but inspiration can only be impressed on the finest metal.

Of the day on which the multitude were admitted, I know not in what terms to speak—I never surely saw so strange a mixture of silent sorrow and of fierce and intractable curiosity. If one looked on the poet's splendid coffin with deep awe, and thought of the gifted spirit which had lately animated the cold remains, others regarded the whole as a pageant or a show, got up for the amusement of the idle and the careless, and criticised the arrangements as those who wished to be rewarded for their time, and who consider that all they condescend to visit, should be according to their own taste. There was a crushing, a trampling, and an impatience as rude and as fierce as I ever witnessed at a theatre, and words of incivility were bandied about, and questions asked with such determination to be answered, that the very mutes, whose business was silence and repose, were obliged to interfere with tongue and hand between the visitors and the dust of the poet. In contemplation of such a scene many of the trappings which were there on the first day were removed on the second, and this suspicion of the good sense and decorum of the multitude called forth

many exclamations of displeasure, as remarkable for their warmth as their propriety of language. By five o'clock the people were ejected, man and woman, and the rich coffin bore tokens of the touch of hundreds of eager fingers—many of which had not been overclean.

The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave, went step by step with the chief mourners: they might amount to ten or twelve thousand. Not a word was heard, and though all could not be near, and many could not see, when the earth closed on their darling poet forever, there was no rude impatience shown, no fierce disappointment expressed. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and persuasions and opinions mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sang of their loves and joys and domestic endearments, with a truth and a tenderness which none perhaps have since equaled. I could, indeed, have wished the military part of the procession away—for he was buried with militaryhonors—because I am one of those who love simplicity in all that regards genius. The scarlet and gold: the banners displayed; the measured step, and the military array, with the sound of martial instruments of music, had no share in increasing the solemnity of the burial scene: and had no connexion with the poet.—I looked on it then, and consider it now as an idle ostentation, a piece of superfluous state, which might have been spared, more especially as his neglected and traduced and insulted spirit had experienced no kindness in the body from those lofty people, who are now proud of being numbered as his coevals and countrymen. His fate has been a reproach to Scotland; but the reproach comes with an ill grace from England. When we can forget Butler's fate—Otway's loaf—Dryden's old age, and Chatterton's poison cup, we may think that we stand alone in the iniquity of neglecting pre-eminent genius. I found myself at the brink of the poet's grave, into which he was about to descend forever—there was a pause among the mourners, as if loth to part with his remains; and when he was at last lowered, and the first shovelful of earth fell on his coffin lid, I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual.—The volunteers justified the fears of their comrades by three ragged and straggling volleys. The earth was heaped up, the green sod laid over him, and the multitude stood gazing on the grave for some minutes' space, then melted silently away. The day was a fine one; the sun was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn to twilight. I notice this, not from my concurrence with the common superstition, that "happy is the corse that the rain falls on," but to confute a pious fraud of a religious Magazine, which made heaven express its wrath at the interment of a profane poet, in thunder and in lightning and rain. I know not who wrote the story, nor do I wish to know, but its utter falsehood thousands can attest.

A few select friends and admirers followed Byron to the grave; his coronet was borne before him and there were many indications of his rank; but, save the assembled multitude, no indications of his genius. In conformity to a singular practice of the great, a long train of their empty carriages followed the mourning coaches: mocking the dead with idle state, and impeding the honester sympathies of the crowd with barren pageantry. Where were the owners of those machines of sloth and luxury; where were the men of rank among whose dark pedigrees Lord Byron threw the light of his genius, and lent the brows of nobility a halo to which they were strangers? Where were the great Whigs? Where were the illustrious Tories? Could a mere difference in matters of human belief keep those fastidious persons away? But, above all, where were the friends with whom wedlock had united him? On his desolate corpse no wife looked, and no child shed a tear. I have no wish to set myself up as a judge in domestic infelicities, and I am willing to believe they were separated in such a way as rendered conciliation hopeless; but who could stand and look on his pale, manly face, and his dark locks which early sorrows were making thin and gray, without feeling that, gifted as he was, with a soul above the mark of other men, his domestic misfortunes called for our pity as surely as his genius called for our admiration.—When the career of Burns was closed, I saw another sight; a weeping widow and four helpless sons; they came into the streets in their mournings, and public sympathy was awakened afresh; I shall never forget the looks of his boys, and the compassion which they excited. The poet's life had not been without errors, and such errors, too, as a wife is slow in forgiving,—but he was honored then, and is honored now, by the unalienable affection of his wife, and the world repays her prudence and her love by its regard and esteem.

Burns, with all his errors in faith and practice was laid in hallowed earth, in the church-yard of the town in which he resided; no one thought of closing the church gates against his body, because of the freedom of his poetry, and the carelessness of his life. And why was not Byron laid among the illustrious men of England, in Westminster Abbey? Is there a poet in all the Poet's Corner who has better right to this distinction? Why was the door closed against him, and opened to the carcasses of thousands

without merit and without name? Look round the walls, and on the floor over which you tread, and behold them encumbered amd inscribed with memorials of the mean and the sordid, and the impure, as well as of the virtuous and the great. Why did the Dean of Westminster refuse admission to such an heir of fame as Byron? if he had no claim to lie within the consecrated procincts of the Abbey ,he had no right to lie in consecrated ground at all. There is no doubt that the pious fee for sepulture would have been paid; and it is not a small one. Hail to the Church of England, if her piety is stronger than her avarice. M.

Cincinnati Periodical Press.

A list and description of our periodical literature, may serve as one indication, among others, of the progress of Cincinnati, and the extent to which, as compared with other cities, her population is brought within the influence of the press, at once the exponent and moulder of public sentiment.

At the commencement of the last year, there were thirty-five periodicals of all descriptions, in existence here. Of these the Sun, Commercial and Volksbuhne have become extinct or merged in other papers. The Cincinnati Washingtonian and the Ohio Temperance Organ have become consolidated in one paper, bearing both titles.

There are now published here 12 Daily papers devoted to various objects as follows.

1. The Cincinnati Gazette, J. C. Wright and J. C. Vaughan, editors. L'Hommedieu & Co. proprietors.

2. The Cincinnati Chronicle, E. D. Mansfield editor. Pugh, Hailan and Davis, publishers.

3. Cincinnati Atlas, Guilford and Russell, editors and proprietors.

4. Enquirer and Message, Brough & Robinson, editors and publishers.

5. Cincinnati Morning Herald, G. Bailey Jr. editor and publisher.

6. The Daily Times, J. D. Taylor, editor; Calvin Starbuck, proprietor.

All political or commercial.

7. Cincinnati Daily Bulletin, J. V. Loomis, editor, Loomis, Browne and Young proprietors.

8. Cincinnati American Republican, E. D. Campbell editor; C. A. Morgan & J. L. Brown proprietors.

9. The People's Paper, Swim and Pickering publishers.

10. The Volks Blatt, George Ritz editor; Stephen Molitor publisher.

11. The Freisinnige, J. Scho editor and proprietor.

12. The Deutsche Republikaner, Charles F. Schmidt, editor and proprietor.

Of these Dailies nine are in the English, and three in the German language. The Gazette, Atlas, Chronicle, and Republikaner are Whig, and the Enquirer and Message, Volks Blatt, and Freisinnige, are Democratic in politics.

The Bulletin and the American Republican are what are popularly termed Native American papers.

The Herald is the organ of the Liberty party.

The other two are generally silent on politics, on which subject they profess neutrality.

The Gazette, Chronicle, Atlas, Times, Enquirer and Message, American Republican, and Herald among the English, and the Volks Blatt, and Republikaner, of the German prints, also publish weeklies, and the Gazette, Atlas and Chronicle issue a tri-weekly edition.

13. Cincinnati Prices Current, W. D. Gallagher editor.

14. Cincinnati Prices Current, J. B. Russell editor,

15. Cincinnati Prices Current, A. Peabody editor.

16. The Western General Advertiser, Charles Cist editor and publisher, C. Clark printer.

17. The Watchman of the Valley, Rev. Epaphras Goodman editor and proprietor.

18. The Star in the West, Rev. J. A. Gurley editor and proprietor.

19. The Catholic Telegraph, Rev. Edward Purcell editor; Daniel Conahan agent.

20. The Western Christian Advocate, Rev. Charles Elliott editor; Revs. J. F. Wright and Leroy Swormstedt publisher.

21. The Wahrheits Freund, J. J. Max. Oertel editor; Hermann Lehmann, publishers.

22. The Apologete, Rev. Wm. Nast editor; Rev's. J. F. Wright and Leroy Swormstedt publishers.

23. The Ohio Temperance Organ and Washingtonian, Walter Smith & Co. editors and proprietors.

24. The Western Midnight Cry, E. Jacobs editor; J. V. Himes publisher.

25. The Christian Politician, Dr. Wm. H. Brisbane, editor and proprietor.

26. The Disfranchised American, A. M. Sumner, editor.

Fourteen Weeklies unconnected with daily issues.

The first four, as their titles indicate, are devoted to mercantile business purposes. The Watchman is New School Presbyterian. The Star in the West is Universalist. The Telegraph and Wahrheit's Freund are Roman Catholic. The Christian Advocate and Apologete are Episcopal Methodist. The Ohio Temperance Organ and Washingtonian advocate the Temperance cause. The Midnight Cry is Millerite; the Christian Politician is the advo-

c a te of reform in morals, politics and religion; and the Disfranchised American advocates the cause of the colored people of Cincinnati.

27. The Botanico—Medical Recorder, A. Curtis, M. D. Botanic Practice;—semi-monthly.

28. The Ladies Repository and Gatherings of the West, same editors and publishers as the Christian Advocate. Literary and Religious.

20. The Missionary Herald, American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; George L. Weed publisher. Missionary.

30. Western Farmer and Gardener, Charles Foster editor and proprietor. Agricultural.

31. Facts for the People, G. Bailey, jr. editor. Liberty party advocate.

32. Counterfeit Detector, H. H. Goodman and Co. editors; Charles Goodman publisher.

33. Youths' Visiter, Mrs. M. L. Bailey editor. Literary.

34. The Western Journal of Health. Medical.

35. The Western Lancet, L. M. Lawson, M. D., editor. also Medical.

36. The Semicolon, Robinson and Jones publishers. Literary.

37. The Reformer and High School Messenger. Devoted to the elevation of the colored people, H. S. Gilmore and J. W. Walker, editors; A. G. Sparhawk publisher.

38. The Western Literary Journal, A. Z. C. Judson and L. A. Hine, editors and proprietors. Literary.

39. The Retina, published in Cincinnati and Hamilton. New Jerusalem Church principles.

40. The Law Journal, Timothy Walker editor; Desilver and Burr publishers.

There last thirteen are monthlies.

I doubt if any city on the American continent can exhibit such an array and aggregate of intelligence, social, professional, religious and political, as may be found in this list. And in saying this, I do not include in the comparison, as might justly be done, the disparity in age, population, wealth and professional business, between Cincinnati, and Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or New Orleans.

Of the Dailies of 1843, three no longer exist, and are replaced with two new ones. Of the Weeklies, two are united, lessening the number one, and three new ones are added. The Monthlies have increased from eight in 1844 to thirteen by the establishment of five new ones.

Cincinnati Fire Engines.

On the 25th ult, the CINCINNATI Engine was taken out for trial by its members, at the corner of 8th and Elm sts.; she threw the distance of 212 feet through a pipe 6 feet long, being 42 feet further than at the trial by judges between her and the Fame. This movement brought out the FAME, which after the Cincinnati left the ground, made her appearance there, and succeeded in throwing 202 feet. The Fame is the Philadelphia engine lately brought out to this city; the *Cincinnati* is from the Engine Factory of C. H. Paddack one of our own Engine builders. It will be recollected that the chambers of the Cincinnati, are 8¼ and those of the Fame 8½, on the Boston scale of power affording an advantage of five feet at least to the latter engine; they are both 9 inches stroke.—The Fame cost the company who own her, two thousand dollars; the Cincinnati cost but sixteen hundred. At the trial by judges about a month since the Fame threw 16 feet farther than the Cincinnati, the latter engine reaching only the distance of 170 feet. Neither engine performed on that occasion to do justice to their respective builders.

The simple statement of these facts furnishes its own comment.

Quaker Ingenuity.

Innumerable are the stories told of Quakers. more properly Friends, and furnishing a comment on the half line of Pope—"a Quaker sly."

A Sailor, half drunk inquired the price of a hat, which a Quaker offered for sale. The price was named, and objected to as too high. *As I live!* said Broadbrim, I cannot afford it thee for less. Well then, retorted the sailor, live more savingly and be d——d to you. Friend, rejoined the hatter, I have sold hats for five and thirty years, and thou art the first to find my secret out. Take the hat at thy own price.

Jacob Longstreth who I knew in Philadelphia many years ago as a dashing hickory Quaker, joined the Shakers at Union village, in Lebanon county Ohio. The Society dealt with Mr. James Johnston, on Main street, who did their business for years, and perhaps still does it.—Longstreth had once brought in a lot of garden seeds, which he could not dispose of, the market being overstocked, and left them therefore with Mr. J. who failed that season to sell them, on the same account. The seeds were forgotten by all parties for four or five years. Longstreth being one day at Mr. Johnston's store he was reminded of the seeds and requested to take them away as useless. *Jacob* said nothing, but putting a box or two under his arm posted along Lower Market street, and in the course of repeated trips, disposed of the entire lot, realizing some three dollars a box on perhaps thirty boxes.—"Well James think what I got for these seeds," "a hundred dollars I believe!" Why, said Mr. J. you surely would not attempt to sell seeds that were too old to grow. Why, said Jacob,

I exchanged them for dry goods—*real old* shopkeepers, and I should think *old seeds* are worth as much as *old goods*. "And did no one ask you if they were fresh." "Only in one place."—"And what did you say?" "Say—why friend does thee think we *salt our seeds?*." That answer sufficed.

One of the Yarnalls of the Quaker family of that name in Philadelphia, sailed on a merchant voyage to one of the Mediterranean Ports. It was during our difficulties of 1805, with the Barbary powers, and the vessel was armed. This however was nothing to Yarnall, who was merely super-cargo. I knew him well, although I have forgotten his surname—I think it was Nathan. He was a brawny, broad chested fellow of six feet in height & strength, that for any thing else than lifting was flung away upon a man of his pacific principles. Off the Barbary coast they were chased by Tripolitan cruizers repeatedly, but the good sailing of their vessel generally saved them a conflict. In one instance, however, they were overtaken and fired into by a Tripolitan well armed and manned. The American vessel returned the fire with spirit.—In the midst of the engagement Yarnall was facing the deck with the spirit of a man deeply interested, but who did not think it right to interfere, glancing his eye occasionally at the firing of the men on board his own ship, and watching its execution on the enemy. Satisfied at length that one of the guns was elevated too much, he became uneasy, checked himself once or twice, and at length unable to stand it any longer, James, said he, thee is wasting thee owner's powder and ball. Dont thee see thee shoots too high? James profited by the suggestion to the sorrow of the Turks, who perceiving they could make no decided impression by their guns, after several abortive attempts, succeeded in boarding their opponent. A desperate scuffle ensued, and Nathan finding the battle likely to go against his friends,in considerable agitation accosted one of the Turks. "Friend, thee has no business here," and finding that the barbarian as might be expected, paid no attention to the expostulation,seized him from behind, grappling him under the armpits, with as much apparent ease as a terrier dog would lay hold of a rat, and taking him to the vessel's side dropped him overboard, adding "*I hope thee can swim.*" After disposing of two or three more in this same way, the American sailors inspirited by this unexpected diversion in their favor, succeeded in driving the boarders back to their own vessel, and in compelling them to sheer off, foiled of their object. Nathan could never tell whether these men got to shore or to their own vessel, and as it was in the middle of the Mediterranean, it was at any rate a charitable *hope*.

Christmas Living.

On Christmas day last, a show of beef was made at S. Berresford's stall, such as has rarely been exhibited any where. Think of a standing rib, 5½ *inches thick of fat* in its thinnest part; and the *kidney fat* 12½ *inches through*. This extraordinary bullock was fattened by Douglass Lewis of Bourbon county, Kentucky, a region which produces as fine beef as any in the wide world.

I was shown last Friday at the same stall, a superb saddle of mutton also, which Mr. B. has since sent off to Columbus to fill up its measure of usefulness, and wipe off the reproach inflicted by Judge Wright in one of his senior editor letters, that no good thing can come into Columbus, The editor who is not only a Judge in *law* but in gastronomy, will be obliged to retract, I suspect.

Statistics.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Chronicle of the 24th ult., having alleged that after counting three times the buildings put up in 1844 for the *Second Ward*, they fell far short of the statement on that subject, in Cist's Advertisea copied in the *Chronicle*, I addressed a note to that office asking the writer's name. This was refused, on the ground that their correspondent wished his name to be unknown. On Saturday last, the same article, substantially, appeared in the Gazette, and will doubtless go the rounds of the city press; the purpose of the writer, or of those who put him forward to gratify their *private griefs*, being obviously to provoke a controversy with me.

With an individual who thus *skulks*, I can have no controversy, nor will the assurance of the publishers of the Chronicle, that he is a man of *responsible* character, suffice me. *Responsibility* and *no answer* are contradictory terms. as Webster's dictionary as well as common sense, and usage of words will satisfy every one. A man may be wealthy, of general intelligence, and of great influence in society, who cannot be responsible on this subject. Unless he is familiar with it, and too honest to misstate, he is not responsible, *even if known*: much more so, while unknown.

It may be said, it does not require special qualifications to count houses. I admit it: But there are other things in issue. The Second ward has been repeatedly changed in its boundaries, and the last change has added territory to it. How do I know, or any one else, that this writer knows its boundaries. It is necessary also to agree upon some common principle of computation, so as to determine what belongs to this year, to the last, or to the next. It is then necessary to apply these principles or rules to a la-

borious and patient ascertainment, what building enter into the erections of 1844. These and other preliminaries must be settled before an issue of correctness can be made up by me with any one. How are they to be adjusted between two persons, one of whom is unwilling to be known to the other, or to the public?

What the testimony of the writer is worth may be told when he gives his name; what his reasoning is worth may be judged by one of his arguments, which I give as a specimen of the case. A block of houses may have *several tenements*, it is however, but *one building*. That is to say, that the rows on Fifth street, between Race and Elm street, at the corners of Walnut and Fourth, and Plum and Longworth streets, and others of the some character, are each one building, and must count accordingly. I shall not waste argument or timewith such reasoning. When our eastern cities, who put up their 1200 to 1600 houses per annum,a large share in blocks of thirty to fifty, reckon by this rule, I will agree to adopt it.

I do not feel myself called upon, at this time to vindicate my statements on this or any other subject, and am willing that the public shall judge whether myself or an anonymous accuser be worthy of credit.

Fancy Squirrels.

It is well known that cats and rats are extensively used in some countries as articles of food. The *olla podridas* of Spain and Italy, are composed in part of cats, fattened for the purpose; while rats and other vermin are regular articles of consumption in the Canton and other Chinese markets. But it is not so well known that these articles are in use in many parts of our own country, principally by foreigners. Dr. T. a physician of Butler county, Penn., and a native of Holland, was extravagantly fond of cats which he fricasseed or smothered in onions.—Although as honest as steel in every thing else, it was notorious that he had slight scruples in making free with his neighbors cats, which disappeared rapidly, most of them being traced by the pelts and loose fur to the Dr's. residence.—The ladies of Woodville, near which he resided made a general outcry on the Dr's. taste as well as lamentation for the fate of their feline inmates, and wanted their husbands to interfere. These however did not think it worth while to quarrel with so useful and necessary a man as the Doctor for the sake of a few cats; he being a very pleasant and popular neighbor otherwise.

I am reminded of the circumstance by a rumpus kicked up in the 5th street market a few days since. It seems that a farmer from Colerain township brought in a lot of rats which he sold for squirrels a few market days since.—They brought him five cents each. The affair leaked out in the neighborhood, and a man of the same name being accused with it, it almost occasioned a fight. I should like to know who bought these squirrels; that the problem might be solved whether public prejudice deprives us of an addition to the existing luxuries of our Cincinnati markets.

An Aid-de-camp Extempore.

On the 18th of June, the battle of Waterloo was raging fiercely. Napoleon and Wellington were in the midst of their "great game," and each intently regarded the "moves" upon the complicated and chequered field. Squadron after squadron bore down upon our gallant infantry as the big waves rise and break upon our level shore, and then retire in unavailing fury and dispersing foam. Then followed the devastating fire of artillery, rending our brave and living masses in gory fissures, which were closed as soon as made, or avoided by a change of attitude, and then again came the fierce rush of the horse and enthusiastic foe, with cuirass and uplifted sabre, to be as often repulsed by a steady fire of musketry, or checked or routed by our own resolute and strong armed cavalry.

Confident in the strength of his numbers and the success of other days, Napoleon departed not from his favorite and furious system; as firm in purpose as conscious of the unfailing means which he possessed for supporting it.—Wellington saw the devastating havoc made upon his advanced battalions, while he coolly dispatched aid-de-camp after aid-de-camp from point to point—from position to position preparing for various consequences—to remedy unfavorable aspects—availing himself of casual results or fresh intelligence—until his whole staff had left him. The directing spirit of the British line sat, apparently as upon a review day, directing his eagle glance over the field,as though penetrating the dense smoke which arose from hard fought encounters, and distinguishing individuals among the countless figures mingling in the bloody conflict. The handglass was constantly at his eye, and his favorite charger "Copenhagen," seemed conscious of the importance of good behavior upon that momentous day.

A few paces in the rear of his Grace, and mounted upon a Flemish nag, sat an unpretending young man, with a ruddy countenance and in "multi," deliberately contemplating the scene of human strife in which he took no part, nor in which, from his demeanor, one might imagine he was very deeply interested. He wore a dark surtout. with drab trousers and buff gaiters; a hat of less dimensions than was the fashion of the day, inclined a little over the left ear, from under which, for it was firmly fixed upon his head, some wiry, sandy colored hair, just shewed its edges. In his hand he held a stout cotton umbrella with which he ever and anon evinced his dislike to the slightest curvetting on the part of his horse by a thump on the flank.

Here was an odd figure of peace and quietude, in strange contrast to the surrounding din of war and conflict. Occasionally he would rise in his stirrups, as fresh shouts of onslaught reached his ear, or sudden peals of cannon from a fresh quarter attracted his attention. Then settling down in the saddle, he would wait complacently the result, or watch, with an undis-

turbed countenance and amazing "sang froid," the course of a stray shot, furrowing the earth a few yards left or right of his person.

Suddenly his Grace turned quickly round as though seeking somebody to whom he would deliver an order, when his eye rested on the unmilitary personage whom we have described; it then glanced in other directions, and again returned to the daring but passive spectator.

"Who and what are you, sir?" inquired the commander in quick, authoritative accent.

"Me, sir?" replied his companion out of arms, bestowing a blow upon the flank of his animal. "My name is Jones. I am travelling agent to Smith and Jenkins, of Holburn, in the hardware line.

Here was a pause, during which the Duke seemed for a second, "but" a second, to withdraw his mind from the immense responsibility of his situation, when the last speaker continued:

"I was at Brussels for orders and understood there was to be a fight, so I came to see it. I am rather thinking if I don't mind, I shall have to pay for this horse which I have only borrowed for the occasion. There," pointing to some scattered earth, "that shot would have spoiled my day's pleasure; but I shall see it out."

"Mr. Jones," said his Grace, "I want an order conveyed to a certain position; would you serve your country and oblige me by delivering it?"

"Oh dear, yes!" instantly replied the bagman, with another whack upon the beast. I don't mind giving it a bit, what is it?"

Hereupon the Duke pointed out the quarter, bidding him inquire for General ———, and communicate to him a certain command.

"But it is a question whether he'll believe me," observe the bagman, half doubtingly.

"Take this ring," added the Duke, giving him a signet, and a minute after the traveller was on his way amidst the battle, with an order in which the firm of Smith and Jenkins had no participation.

The General's eye followed him as he escaped the bullets, and took his course over more than one field, and many hundred dead and dying. In due time, the effects of the order was manifest, and the "service" was done. Nothing more was seen of the adventurous bagman. The Duke made many inquiries for 'Mr. Jones,' but in vain, and he at length came to the conclusion of his having fallen with other "good men and true."

Many years had elapsed when a servant at Apsley house announced the name of a visiter, one Mr. Jones. The Duke happened to be disengaged, and gave permission for him to enter his presence, when who should present himself but the "civil" hero of Waterloo, who with scarcely any change of costume from that which was worn on the memorable day, advanced, saying—"I am Mr. Jones, if your grace remembers a trifling service." "I remember a great and personal one, my dear sir," said his Grace, interrupting him and shaking his hand, "how can I serve you?"

"Why, I am of the firm of Smith and Jenkins, in the hardware line, and the honor of your patronage, and government patronage"——

"I shall not fail to exert myself in your behalf," said his Grace; "but what became of you immediately after you delivered your order to General ——— ?"

"Why I can scarcely tell." Mr. Jones looking up to the ceiling. "At first I got into the corner field among one regiment—then over the hedge among another—then into the wrong reserve among the French—then my horse was killed—then back again among a square, whilst the fight lasted between your horse soldiers and Bonnparte's horse soldiers, (and yours beat 'em fairly,) and then I got out of a charge, and "hid up" a bit! and after that I was sometimes in one place and sometimes in another; but had nothing to do with the "fight," and so I did'nt much join one side nor the other.

The Duke kept his word. If some of the government clerks of the present day, when they stir for the hundredth time their winter office fire, can find leisure to examine their pokers they will find stamped thereon "Smith, Jenkins and Jones, makers."

Paul Jones.

So much has been published respecting this extraordinary man, that there is little which is interesting respecting him left, at the present day for gleaners of history, or anecdote.

The following, although not absolutely new, is not generally known, and merits preservation:

"In the year 1801, two of the largest frigates in the world lay near each other in the Bay of Gibralter. It was a question *which* was the largest. Some gave it that the *American* President (commodore Dale) had it in length, and the *Portuguese* Carlotto (commodore Duncan) in breadth. Each commander had a wish to survey the vessel of the other and yet these gentlemen could never be brought together. There was a shyness as to who should pay the first visit. There is no more punctilious observer of etiquette than a naval commander, jealous of the honor of his flag, on a foreign station. A master of ceremonies, or a king at arms, is nothing to him at a match of precedency. The wings of a ship are the college in which he obtains this polite acquirement, and when he comes to run up his pennant, we may be sure that a very professor in the courtesies flaunts upon the quarter deck. Dale was a good-humored fellow, a square strong set man, rather inclined to corpulence, jolly and hospitable. His pride in the command and discipline of his squadron, and the dignity of his diplomatic function, as the paramount of his nation in the Mediterranean, formed a gentle bridle on his easy intercourse and openheartedness. Now he thought that the Portuguese commodore should "*cale vurst*," (parson Trulliber has it so,) as having been earliest at the station. This was mentioned to Duncan, (a fine hard bitten old seaman by the way,) and he forthwith laid down his punctilio in a manner that put an end to all hopes of an intimacy, or of a friendly measurement of the two ships. "Sir," said he, "as Commodore Duncan of the Portuguese navy, I would readily call first upon Commodore Dale of the American navy; but as Lieutenant Duncan of the British navy, I cannot call upon a gentleman who served under the pirate Paul Jones."

This awoke my curiosity, and the next time I was in company with commodore Dale, he, perceiving that my conversation led that way, readily met me in it. He had been with Jones in the Ranger, as well as in the Bon Homme Richard. What follows is from his recital.

Paul Jones *wanted* (as the Bow-street runners

say) Lord Selkirk, to try upon him the experiment practising on President Laurens in the Tower; and if Laurens had suffered, Lord Selkirk, or any other great man they could get hold of, would have been put to death. Lord Selkirk was only preferred as being considered by his supposed residence to be the readiest for capture. Jones was surprised and displeased at the family plate being brought on board, but the returning it would have been too serious a displeasure to his crew. It was sold by public auction at Cadiz, bought in by Jones, and sent back, as we have known.

Commodore Dale thus related the action of the Serapis. The "Bon Homme Richard" was an old East Indiamen, bought and fitted out at a French port, and so christened out of compliment to Franklin, then in Paris, one of whose instructive tales is conveyed under such a title. Having originally no ports in her lower decks, six were broken out, (three on a side,) and fitted with six French eleven-pounder guns. On the upper deck she had twenty-four or twenty-six of small calibre. She had a numerous crew to which were added some recruits of the Irish brigade, commanded by a lieutenant—now a general officer in the British service. Fontenoy was one instance, and this action was another, of the gallantry of these unfortunate gentlemen whom an invincible hereditary feeling had driven into the service of the French monarch.—When the last of their protectors was dethroned, honor brought them gladly over to the standard of their country.

In this vessel with the Alliance, American frigate of 36 guns (a fine regular ship of war) and the Pallas, French frigate of 32, Paul Jones started on a marauding expedition, only differing from that of Whitehaven, as being on a larger scale. It was his intention to amerce the north-eastern ports of England, in heavy pecuniary ransoms, or to destroy the shipping and building as far as could be effected. He had intelligence, or believed so, of the exact number of troops stationed in those different places. Leith was the first great object. Entering the Firth, they seized upon a Scotch fishing boat. The owner was refractory, but they terrified him into the office of pilot. The wind became adverse; they reached Inchkeith, but could not weather it, and had to stand out again. Making the land next to visit Whitby and Hull, they fell in with a large convoy, which dispersed while the ships of war (Serapis 44, captain Pearson, and Percy 20 guns, captain Piercy) which protected it, stood out to engage them. The determination was mutual; there was a deal of hailing from the Serapis, to the really *strange* ship which approached her. They closed, and the Bon Homme, by Jones' order, was made fast to the Serapis,—While these were thus closely engaged the Alliance worked round the two ships, pouring in raking broadsides, which Paul Jones finding equally injurious to his own ship, if intended for the Serapis, put an end to by ordering the Alliance off, and she lay by during the action while the Pallas was engaged with the British sloop of war. The cannonade was to the advantage of the Serapis, and gradually silenced the fire of the Bon Homme. The latter wished, and expected once to be boarded; the British boarders were about to enter but returned, deterred at the superior number lying waiting for them, and purposely concealed, as far as might be, under the gangway. Lieutenant Dale, on going below, found two of the three guns on the fighting side silenced and the crew of the other vying with the crew of a British gun opposite, which should fire first. The British were quickest and that gun was knocked over also.—He returned slightly wounded and much fatigued to the upper deck, and was seated on the windlass, when the explosion which blew up the deck of the Serapis, all aft from the main hatchway, gave the victory to the Bon Homme. For this success they were indebted to the officer and party of their marines. Seated out on the yards grenades were handed along, dropped by the officer into the hatchway of the Serapis, and at last caught to some ammunition.

Paul Jones, crippled and afflicted with the gout, was seated, during the affair, in a chair, on the quarter deck. Dale boarded the Serapis with a few men. As he made his way aft, he saw a solitary person leaning on the taffrail in a melancholy posture, his face resting upon his hands. It was Captain Pearson. He said to Dale, "The ship has struck." While hurrying him on, an officer came from below, and observed to Captain Pearson, that the ship alongside was going down. "We have got three guns clear, Sir, and they'll soon send her to the devil." It's too late, Sir, call the men off, the ship has struck." "*I'll go below, Sir, and call them off*;" and he was about to descend, when Dale interfering, said, '*No. Sir, if you please you'll come on board with me.*" Dale told me if he had let that officer go below, he feared he would have sunk them, as the Bon Homme was old, settling in the water, and in fact, went to the bottom that night.

Paul Jones was, in Commodore Dale's opinion, a very skilful, enterprising officer, but harsh and overbearing in disposition.

He was afterwards taken into the service of the Empress of Russia, and was to have had an important command against the Turks. Greig, however, and the other British officers in her service memorialed against it. They would neither associate nor serve with him, and, if she had not got rid of him, would have left her fleets.

Wherever Paul Jones was born. I have understood, from what I thought good authority, that he was apprentice in a coal vessel, in the employ of Mr. Wilson, at Whitehaven. It is told of him, that quarreling with a fellow apprentice, he took an opportunity to anoint the lad's head with a tar-brush, and then set it on fire.

MARRIAGES.

On the 24th inst., by the Rev. A. C. Thomas, Mr CHRISTIAN SEIDERT to Miss SARAH T. MCKIM, both of this city.

On Tuesday the 24th, by Rev. Mr. Sehon, Mr. JOHN WALKER, to Mrs. ADELINE A. FRENCH, all of this city.

On Tuesday the 24th, by Elder W. P. Stratton, Mr. THOMAS C. RENSFORD to Miss MARGARET R. WILLIAMS, all of this city.

On Wednesday the 25th inst., by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, JOHN C. GASKILL to Miss CATHARINE SINGER, all of this city.

On Thursday the 26th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Walker, THOMAS B. HUBBELL to Miss ELIZABETH ANN BENSON, all of this city.

DEATHS.

On Thursday morning, the 19th inst., at his residence in Batavia, Clermont County, Hon. THOMAS J. BUCHANAN, after an illness of a few days.

In this city, at the residence of Rev. L. French, on Monday the 23d inst, Mr. H. H. SMOOT, of Consumption.

At his residence in Covington, on Thursday, the 26th inst., HON. WILLIAM WRIGHT SOUTHGATE.

Sixth Ward--Cincinnati.

This is the south-west section of Cincinnati. It is somewhat in the shape of a wedge, of which the point is at Mill Creek, Sixth street, and the river forming the sides, and its eastern line, the butt. Its enumeration of buildings, follows:—*Public buildings,ten.* St, Aloysius orphan asylum, on 4th street,Gas works,public school house,two Friends' meeting houses, Morris Chapel, Trinity church, on Fifth street, *Christian* church, on Fourth, Baptist church, on Pearson street, and an Engine house, on Fifth. The entire number of buildings of the ward is 1063; 495 of which are of brick, and 568 are frames.

Of these there were at the close of 1842.

Bricks,	249.	Frames,	501.	Total,	750.
Built in1843,	157.	"	39.	"	196.
" 1844,	89.	"	28.	"	117.
	495.		568.		1063.

This is the only ward in the city through which I have gone, in which the buildings of this year, fall short of those put up in 1843. As an offset to this, it should be recollected that more buildings were put up last year, in the Sixth Ward, than in any other in Cincinnati.

Several fine improvements have been made during the current year here. Among these are the steam saw-mill of Baily and Langstaff, Thayer's Phoenix distillery,a Brewery on Smith street, south of the canal, a Rolling Mill, on 3d west of Smith, an Iron Wire, and Leaden Pipe factory, near the Gas works, Walter's bedstead factory, on Smith, near Front, and above all, the Cottonmill of Messrs Strader & Co,of which there is nothing in capacity, convenience,and substantial character, its equal this side of Lowell, Mass. All these are of brick; a large number of fine brick dwellings, interpersed through the ward have also been erected this year, among which I have room only to specify two on Fourth st., opposite the Public school house, put up by Dr. Almy.

I observe that the work of grading Sixth st,, west of Park to its termination at Mill Creek which cannot be greatly short of a mile, is rapidly progressing. It will prepare the way, for a great amount of house-building on the western end of that street, heretofore neglected on account of former difficulty of approach from the west,and I have no doubt will at least add fifty buildings next year to Sixth street west of Mound.

A splendid improvement is in progress, also at the west end of Longworth street, which bids fair for completion in the spring. This is the erection of a row of ten dwelling houses in modern style,faced with marble and ornamented with verandahs, and balconies. This and the elevation of the scite, must make these buildings one of the most conspicuous, as well as striking objects to arrest the eye of the traveler, and will be visible even from the steamboats.

I estimate one half of this ward built upon. It is probably the only ward in Cincinnati, where the frame buildings are more numerous than those of brick.

Seventh Ward--Cincinnati.

This is another of the larger and more populous of the Wards. It lies between the Fifth and Eighth Wards, and extends from Sixth street, north to the corporation line. Three-fifths of it is built up, according to my estimate.

The public buildings are: The Commercial Hospital; Cincinnati Orphan Asylum; Engine House on George street. Churches, The Methodist Protestant on Elm; Fifth Presbyterian corner Elm and Seventh; Elm street Baptist corner Elm and Ninth; German Reformed on Elm; Second Advent Tabernacle corner John and Seventh; Reformed Presbyterian, George between Race and Elm; Grace Church—Episcopal--Seventh between Plum and Western Row; Ninth street Methodist Chapel, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral, now nearly finished. —12.

The entire number of buildings in the Seventh Ward, is 1311, of which, 610 are bricks, and 701 are frames.

Of these, there were at the close of 1842:

Bricks, 352	Frames, 588	Total, 940
Built in 1843, 112	40	152
" 1844, 146	73	219
610	701	1311

This ward has received its full share in the beauty and importance of the buildings added the current year to Cincinnati. Among these are a large block of four or five spacious three story business buildings, at the corner of Elm and Sixth, with five fine dwellings in the rear, fronting on George street. Some fine private dwellings at, and near the corner of Court and Elm streets, and various other buildings interspersed through the ward. The larger share of its improvements are north of the canal, the contrary being the fact, as already stated, in its adjacent ward east—the Fifth. Pleasant street to the south, and parts of 14th, Hopkins, and John streets, are undergoing great improvements in their grade, in the latter cases imparting that elevation to the lots, which contributes so distinctly to the beauty of Fourth street on its upper side, from Plum to Park street, west. The great building of the Seventh Ward, however, is the CATHEDRAL, which has been progressing now for four years, steadily but slowly, as became the massive and permanent character of the improvement. The Plum street front has been closed up with walls of Dayton marble, breast high, and surmounted with neat and well

finished railings, with necessary openings and gates facing the Cathedral entrances. The railing is continued on the north side the whole depth of the Cathedral, where it is succeeded by brick walls on the north-west and south sides of the entire enclosure, comprehending the dwellings erected for the clergy, attached to the diocese. I suppose there is nothing belonging to that denomination, in the United States, which will compare with this Cathedral when finished, so far as the exterior is concerned. It has cost far less, I should judge, than the metropolitan one at Baltimore, which is an unsightly pile, while this is a truly magnificent structure.

In this Ward as in the *Sixth*, I have found as I probably shall also find in the *Eighth*, an excess of frame over brick buildings. This is occasioned by the circumstance, that nearly all the early buildings in that part of the city which now constitutes these wards, were put up of frame. The tearing down of Frames to make way for Bricks, and the great excess of new bricks over new frame buildings, will increase the disparity between the two, each succeeding year of our building operations.

Eighth Ward--Cincinnati.

This is the north-west territory, and the only region of our city in which the built up part is less than that which remains yet to built. If any individual who has lived here five to ten years, to say nothing of longer residents, and as far back as the shortest period named can remember it as an irregular surface of commons, brick-yards, pasture grounds, and market vegetable gardens, were to visit it now, he would be at a loss to find his way through the cuttings down and fillings up of the streets, the putting up of buildings in all directions, and various other changes which would leave him in doubt whether this was the region he once knew.

The public buildings in the Eighth Ward, are in number, 7. The Engine House on Cutter street. The Pest House. The Tabernacle on Betts street. The United Brethren's Church, Fulton street. The Disciples' Church on Sixth street. The Public School House on London and Clinton streets. Of these, the Clinton street School house, and the Engine house have been built during the year which has just passed.

The entire number of buildings in the Eighth Ward, is 1164—bricks, 403; frames, 761.

Of these there were at the close of 1842,

	Bricks,		Frames,		Total,	
Built in 1843,	138	"	51	"		189
" 1844,	120	"	106	"		226
	403		761			1164

Very extensive improvements in grading some of the streets preparatory to paving, and in the actual paving of others have been made. Of these, the filling up of London from Cutter street, perhaps twelve hundred feet west, the cutting down of Freeman, Betts and Hopkins streets, all on the most extensive scale of thorough and efficient calculation for the future, may serve as specimens. A great number of fine dwellings of brick, with not a few charming frame cottages more delightful with their spring and summer shrubbery accompaniments, than the most splendid mansions on Broadway, have been put up during the year 1844.

Lever Lock Factory.

The making of Locks—now an extensive and important fabric here, was commenced in Cincinnati some ten or twelve years since, by Abel Shawe,, one of our most enterprising and ingenious mechanics, who judging rightly that the foreign article could be superceded only by locks of a decidedly superior quality, set to work and produced a series of fastenings for buildings, entirely different in material, construction, finish and strength from the English locks, and surpassing them in the same measure as they were different.

To understand this, it is necessary only for those who have seen them, to recall to mind the locks that were in use thirty years ago, defective in exactness of fit to the respective parts; with imperfect springs; with handles which could not hold the knobs permanently; latches that were liable to overshoot themselves; and keys filed into a multiplicity of wards which as they wore by use, either forced the corresponding wards of the lock out of their places, or became themselves unable to pass them; and continually getting out of order, to the constant loss and inconvenience of housekeepers. Even the *Scotch spring* locks, as they were called, which were doubtless a great improvement on the common lock, retained nevertheless many of the disadvantages referred to. It was reserved for American ingenuity, by abandoning the use of iron as far as possible; improving the form of the spindle and knob, and the mode of securing them together, furnishing efficient springs, and applying the tumbler principle to the bolt throughout these locks and latches, substituting for the old system of wards, solid bitts to the keys, in which the edges were filed to fit corresponding and substantial guards in the locks, that the foreign article has been driven from use in the city, and to a great extent in the whole west.

Since the commencement of *Mr. Shawk's* operations, five or six factories of the same kind have been established, most of which are in successful operation. His own—always the most

important and extensive of them all—passed a year or two since into the hands of Messrs. *Glenn & McGregor*, who have well sustained the high reputation *Shawk* acquired for his locks, and added some important improvements to the manufacture. Among these is an ingenious and effective change in the shape of the key, whose wards are now taken off the nose in lieu of the sides. I shall refer to this change again, in the progress of this article.

The best idea of manufacturing operations here can probably be afforded by commencing with the successive stages of the fabrication of locks, latches, &c.

The first process as it commences in the basement, is the rough casting in brass of levers, tumblers, bolts, striking plates and knobs being the several parts of the locks and latches made here, and of the keys belonging to the locks. Of all these Messrs. Glenn and McGregor have an almost infinite assortment according to size and pattern. In the second story of the factory, the frames and covers of the lock, the only parts made of iron are cut by steel dies out of iron plates of suitable thickness, punching out the bolt, latch, and follower holes, the plate being then bent up to form the edges of the lock.

This operation is accomplished by the energies of a lever press, made by Miller and Carlton of our city. Of such force, as under the mere pressure of the hand to cut with great smoothness iron even 5-16 inch in thickness.

In another part of the same floor, the work of finishing the keys is also performed. These are usually varied at the side of the bit, but by one of those improvements in the mechanic arts going on continually here, they are now formed at its edge or nose, which allows of the same or a greater range in fitting, and tends less to injure the strength and durability of the key, by weakening it where it is already weakest, as was formerly the case. The manner in which the changes and combinations are formed of more than 180 different shapes and sizes of keys, may be varied to such an extent as to defy the possibility of fitting any other key to them than its appropriate one, or one made purposely to supply its loss. This is accomplished by cylindrical floats, which form the various modifications and varieties at the nose of the key. It must be obvious that a check is thus interposed to the use of skeleton keys, in picking locks which did not exist in the old mode.

The inside work is of Prince's metal a compound of copper and block tin, which renders it tougher than brass of which it is generally supposed to be made. A variety of ingenious bank door, tool chest, and pad locks fabricated by Messrs. Glenn and McGregor, were shown me, deserving of notice here, but which can be better appreciated by examination than description. It might suffice to say that a simplicity as well as an exactness of mechanism, are manifest in all these, which is the best guarantee of their being highly efficient now, and of their capacity of being kept so for years. One feature of their detector bank lock is remarkable. It not only defies tampering with, twelve tumblers being required to be raised, which no skeleton key can accomplish. But such is the exactness required to imitate the genuine key, that the thickness of a slip of bank paper, as was made apparent in my presence, sufficed when added to the size of *its own key* to prevent that key from opening the lock to which it belonged. It is worthy of notice that no locks of their make have been picked during the late burglaries in Cincinnati, where the neglect, or rather ignorance of house-keepers, did not invite the operations of the picklock, by leaving the key *improperly* in the door. When I say improperly, I mean leaving the key in the position it occupies in locking the door with the bit to the jamb side of the keyhole, which permits a wire bent for the purpose to pass through, catch the handle of the key, and to open the door from outside. This cannot be done if the key after locking is turned so far round in the lock as to leave its bit on the opposite side, the wire in that case, interfering with the repassing of the key in unlocking. After all the safer way is to take the key out entirely.

At this factory are made also all sorts of bell rope fixtures, & also club-feet apparatus for correcting that deformity. There are fourteen hands employed in this establishment, who turn out annually 10,000 dollars worth of locks latches &c. Now there are five more factories in Cincinnati of this nature, and the entire aggregate of their force may be estimated at thirty-five hands, and the value of their products, of 25,000 dollars. It must be observed, this does not include the heavy operations of *Miles Greenwood* in the lock line; his being principally made of cast iron could not well be included in these statistics.

Cincinnati Wood Company.--No. 2.

I have presented a brief view of the operations of this Company, so far as they are calculated to assist and relieve the poor, the primary object of their labors. There remains another feature of this establishment, which I had not room to touch in my last number, and will now notice.

Families who buy wood as most of us do, a load or a cord at a time, are subject to imposition in every stage of the dealing, from the bargaining for a load, to its final piling up, when sawed and split in the yard or the cellar. Those who have the means to pay for a years supply

at once, and space to stow it away, can protect themselves. It is one job and no more to contract with the large dealer, for 15 or 20 cords, to stipulate the price for sawing, splitting, and piling, and in these various processes detect or guard against extortion or imposition in any of these departments. But they who buy a load or a cord merely, and generally at the moment of need, must sometimes take it of a quality, and at a price which they would not if they had a choice; will have crooked and knotted sticks imposed on them, some of which cannot readily be split, and must go to waste; and must pay at times 50 per cent. higher for sawing and splitting on the spur of the moment, than their wealthy neighbor who chooses his time and mode of purchase, and bespeaks his wood of a man in whom he can confide.

All this and more, this Company I see clearly, will obviate by their operations. They deliver into your yard or cellar, wood of just the quality you want, with the unprofitable pieces taken out, and the residue sawed and split to the length and size you desire, and at a price never higher and generally much cheaper than you can get in any other mode. For example: you order a cord of best hickory or sugar tree for immediate use; it is delivered into your cellar and piled up, at 4 dollars per cord. Now if you are fortunate enough to obtain at your first search, hickory wood at the canal or river, at 2 50 cents, perfectly straight, sound, and free from forks, if you find a perfectly honest wagoner, who will deliver you full loads, and at 50 cents per cord; if you get none of it lost on the way by carelessness of his driver; if you get a man to saw it twice at 50 cents per cord, who will not take advantage of your absence to saw some of it but once, and a man to split it at the same price; all which are the lowest possible rates at which these things are done; then wood may be bought as cheap, but no cheaper, than of the Company. But if you fail in a single one of these points, your wood costs you higher;—greatly so, if you fail in many or all these.—Wood costs frequently much higher than 2 50, if first rate, and the charge to many parts of the city is 62½, 75, and even 87½ cents per cord for hauling; most of the sawing is paid for at 37½ cents each time, and splitting unless of the easiest kind always costs more than sawing. It is easy to see then, that in a regular course of dealing, wood can be here supplied, 20 to 25 per cent. cheaper than at the public stands, and at a greater difference when the article is scarce, the Company selling always at regular and permanent prices. The effect of this will be, as its operations are becoming felt in the community, that persons will leave their orders at a yard, where there is no motive to deal otherwise than justly and liberally, rather than with individuals in the market space of whom they know nothing, and we shall see the system of forestalling and huckstering wood now prevalent, so long a curse not to the poor merely, but to persons in moderate circumstances, broken up as all huckstering ought to be, and the persons engaged in it driven to regular and more honest employment.

I commenced this article with the view of calling public attention and support to an institution which, enabling the poor to help themselves, deserves sympathy and patronage. But the views presented in this number, rendering it palpable that every dollar laid out in stock is a saving of so much or more by persons able to contribute, in the purchase of their own supplies, that I am satisfied self interest alone will bring out all the funds necessary for the enlargement of its operations so as to meet the wants of the whole city.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 7th, 1845.

MR. CIST, SIR:—

I have read, with great interest, the "Recollections of a Voyage to Italy, in 1800," lately published in your Advertiser, partly from the spirit stirring character of the incidents, but still more from my long and thorough intimacy with CHARLES RAMSDELL, the hero of the narrative, who was all the writer described him to be. We were school-boys together, on the island of Nantucket, and at that early period, Charles was the same master spirit among his youthful associates, as he appears in that narrative, and would doubtless have approved himself more fully if he had survived a few years to take part in the naval warfare of the last war with Great Britain. There were but two families of the name, to my knowledge, there, the heads of which were James and William Ramsdell. *I* do not believe their relationship was very close, if any existed at all. Charles was the son of William, having a brother of that name also, and resembled his father rather in character and conduct than in features. He went to sea as a cabin boy first, in a ship commanded by Zenas Coffin, in 1791, sailed as mate in 1798 and 99, and it must have been in the voyage narrated by your correspondent, that he had his portrait taken in Europe, and sent home to his mother on the Island.

The old woman who lived to the age of one hundred, and died only a year since, was of Quaker origin and prejudices. She was much gratified with the picture, Charles being a favorite, of course, with her, as he was more or less with every body else. He was represented stan-

ding on the quarter deck with a spy-glass in his hand: and so far Mrs Ramsdell was pleased with what she saw; but her pacific feelings revolted from the guns which made their appearance on the deck, as represented in the picture. "I wish," said she, "those things had not been there."—I was present when she received it, and remember its whole appearance. Ramsdell was lost at sea, as the writer states, and could not have been more than 23 or 24 years of age, when he perished in the vigor of his usefulness.

Yours, N.

Derivations.

I have been asked by a correspondent the derivation of *Buck*-wheat. As a Pennsylvanian, of which State that grain is an important item in the *cereals*, I felt bound to devote a few moments of leisure to the subject. But alas! the minutes became hours before I accomplished my undertaking, to which Webster and Johnson were called on,—to no purpose—for assistance.

The names of the family of grains, wheat, buckwheat, rye, oats, spelts, with the generic name corn, are all of Saxon origin. Buckwheat is a corruption rather than a translation of *Buchwaizen*, the first syllable signifying beech, the tree of that name, whose nuts the kernel of the grain so much resemble in shape. The grain therefore, might be properly called *beech* wheat.

While on the subject of derivations, I remember an ingenious suggestion made by a friend more than thirty years ago, which I have never seen published. An individual using the vulgarism *Hand*irons, was corrected by another in being told to say *And*irons. My friend who was present observed that the last was doubtless the accredited orthography as well as pronunciation, but considered one as incorrect as the other, believing both to be corruptions of *End*-irons, that is, irons to receive the ends of the firewood.

Election Returns of 1814.

The annexed papers exhibit the whole vote of the City—then town—of Cincinnati thirty years since. It seems one hundred and forty-one votes, constituted the electoral force of the place at that date. The City vote last election, nearly reached ten thousand. What an increase! more than seventy fold, in that space of time.—Wingate's tavern, at which the poll was held, was on Main below Fifth, where Denniston's tavern at a later date was kept. The whole City voted at one poll—the Mayor's Office on Third street—as late as the Presidential election of 1824, after which the City was divided into four Wards, which dissected Cincinnati north and south by Third, and east and west by Main street.

After the lapse of twenty years, we are just as much crowded at each poll of the nine Wards, as the City then was at one. What a prodigious increase in that space of time.

The names of survivors are in italics:

—

CINCINNATI, April 4th, 1814.

At an election held at John Wingate's tavern, for Corporation Officers, the following persons were ticketed for, viz:

PRESIDENT.

Samuel W. Davies,	122	Daniel Symmes,	19

RECORDER.

Griffin Yeatman,	124	John Andrews,	14
A. Pharis,	1	Solomon Sysco,	1
Dan'l. Drake,	1		

SELECT COUNCIL.

Jacob Burnet,	133	William Corry,	132
Samuel Stitt,	122	*Davis Embree*,	103
John S. Wallace,	80	William Irwin,	79
Jacob Wheeler,	77	*N. Longworth*,	68
Joseph Ruffner,	62	John Andrews,	60
Andrew Burt,	14	N. Reeder,	14
Jonathan Pancoast,	1	*Griffin Yeatman*,	1
Benjn. Mason,	2		

ASSESSOR.

John Mahard,	135

COLLECTOR AND MARSHALL.

James Chambers,	132
Josiah Conklin,	1

ICHD. SPINING, GEO. SULLIVAN, } Judges of Election.

Attest:

W. S. HATCH, THOS. HECKEWELDER, } Clerks,

—

Enclosed is the return of an election for Corporation Officers, held at Wingates tavern, on 4th April, inst. When the following persons were declared duly elected to the respective offices.

President of Select Council—SAM'L. W. DAVIES.
Recorder—GRIFFIN YEATMAN.
Select Council—Jacob Burnet,
Wm. Corry,
Sam'l. Stitt,
Davis Embree,
John S. Wallace,
William Irwin,
Jacob Wheeler.
Assessor—John Mahard.
Collector and Marshall—James Chambers.

Attest THOS. HECKEWELDER, W. S. HATCH. } Clerks of Election.

4th April, 1814.

The Early Scouts of Cincinnati.

We, the subscribers, having engaged as Spies, Scouts, and Messengers, in the service of the United States, to be stationed at Forts Hamilton, St. Clair, and Jefferson, do covenant, bind, and oblige ourselves, to receive, obey, and as far

as may be in our power, carry into effect, all the lawful commands which may from time to time be given to us by the Commandant of the post, where we may respectively be stationed. for and in consideration of which, we are by agreement with L't. Col. Comm't. Wilkinson, to be subsisted with a Continental Ration per day to each of us--and are to receive one dollar for every day of our service, from the time of muster until discharged.

As witness our hands at Fort Washington, the 12th of May, 1792.

DAN'L. GRIFFIN,
JNO. FLETCHER,
DAN. CAMPBELL,
JOSIAH CLAWSON,
RESIN BAILY,
JOSEPH SHEPHARD.

Fish from the Lakes.

For years, at repeated intervals, efforts have been made to introduce the *white fish*, of our great lakes into market, here and at other places, as a substitute for the shad of the Susquehanna and the Connecticut. These efforts have proved a failure. Nothing can exceed the beauty and tempting appearance of these fish, on their first receipt and retail sale. But they have a flavor which cannot be well and distinctly described, although every one who has tasted them recognises it afresh on every trial. This is contended by many, finally, to be in the nature of the fish, and I believe the experiment of sale, for this year, is as decided a failure as heretofore.

For myself I entertain no doubts, that the flavor referred to, and which must ever form an objection to the use of this article is not incident to the white fish themselves, but results from the character of the salt in which they are pickled. This is the *Onondago*, the only description of salt I have seen in the Lake country, and which having been used in the packing of pork has occasioned the loss of large quantities of that article, some few years since, and effected its own banishment from our markets, except for salting butter, for which use its beautiful appearance recommends it, although I have no doubt, it is the great cause why butter put up in the west does not keep as well as in the east.

The injurious properties of the *New York Salt*, —and that *from Liverpool* is nearly as worthless— arise from the use of quick or fresh-slacked lime which is employed in the vats and even in the kettles, while boiling, to precipitate the iron, of which there is enough to discolor western salt although it neither affects its taste, or injures its preservative properties. In this use, the lime combines with the carbonic acid, which is one of the constituent parts of the brine, forming the carbonate of lime, which imparts an injurious taste, and neutralises the antiseptic properties of salt: in both ways, rendering the fish unfit for market, and still more so for keeping.

It is to be desired that some of the putters up of fish on the Lake shores, would supply themselves with salt from New York city or the Kanawha Salines. I have no doubt that the extra cost of either of these, would be more than repaid by the higher price and permanent demand they would find for fish put up with such salt.

I address this subject to my brethren of the quill in the Lake cities and towns, and recommend to their perusal, an elaborate report of Col. Benton's, drawn up for the use of the Senate, in 1833, on the *nature, use, and properties of salt.*— This document, if not within their reach otherwise, can doubtless be readily procured on application to their representatives in congress.

Relics of the Past.

Capt. John Armstrong to Gen. Jas. Wilkinsson.

FORT HAMILTON, 1st May, 1792.

Dear General:—

I was honored with your letter of yesterday, by the Express, which gave me great relief, as my apprehension with respect to his safety, had given me painful sensations. M'Donald, whom I sent to head quarters, on the 23d of April, carrying the despatches of Jefferson and St. Clair is either killed or taken. I am anxious for the safety of this, but conceive it my duty until you order otherwise, to send forward those letters from the out-posts, be the danger ever so great. I have as yet lost no men although the enemy have been frequently seen around us.

The building I have already began, when finished, will contain all the flour now here. Shall I proceed to erect one of the other bastions? those buildings add much to the strength of the garrison, but getting up the timber will be attended with some danger. Capt. Cushing's men arrived yesterday, and with those sent forward on the 20th, will return this evening:— when they left St. Clair, those from Jefferson had not arrived, although expected the day before,—

If this communication is kept up by soldiers who being unacquainted with the woods must keep the road, I am fearful we shall lose many of our men. I wish it might occur to you as proper to have two woodsmen at each Post for that purpose. The proceedings of the court martial, wherof Capt. Ford was President, were forwarded by M'Donald, and from a presumption that the President did not take a copy, I have directed the Judge Advocate, to forward one to Captain Ford, by this express. Please to inform me if Major Zeigler's resignation has been accepted.

Major Wyllys, the writer of the following, was in the United States service, employed in the West. He was out in Harmar's campaign, acting with Major Fountaine as seconds in command to Col. Hardin, in which capacity they shared the dangers to which his regiment was exposed in the surprize by the Indians, of the first day, and in the conflict of the next, fell victims to the rifles of the savages, Fountaine being pierced with eighteen balls.

FORT McINTOSH, 3rd May, 1786.

Sir:—I send you ten dollars by the bearer—also, some letters to the Minister at War—and one to Col. Harmar—which I wish you to take care of. It is probable Col. Harmar is on his way—I have directed the letter to Philadelphia, and I had rather it should remain than miss him on the road; use your judgment as to the probability of its reaching him before he arrives.

I cannot take my leave of you, without assuring you of the high sense I entertain of your strict attention to your duty since you have commanded at Fort Pitt.

I am, sir, with esteem,

Your most ob't. and humble serv't,

JNO. P. WYLLYS, Maj. 1st A. Reg.

Lieut. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

"Cincinnati in 1841."

Many of my readers will remember that in 1841 and 1842, I forwarded a considerable number of my publication, "Cincinnati in 1841," on account of purchasers here, to their friends in the British Isles. Hardly an opportunity occurred, but that from twelve to thirty copies were sent off at a time. Other persons here forwarded the book themselves to a great extent, and in examining my lists, I find that not less than five hundred copies have been sent to various parts of England, Scotland and Ireland.

From time to time since, I have been in the receipt of gratifying evidence, that the transmission of a publication like this, giving full and various information respecting the advantages presented at Cincinnati to emigrants, has answered many valuable purposes. As a specimen of western typography and engraving, it has elevated our character in these respects abroad, and I hazard nothing in saying, what I have abundant evidence before me to conclude as a fact, that Cincinnati is more fully and accurately known in many parts of the British isles and the ports of embarkation for German emigrants, through the medium of this and other statistical information—such as the columns of the Chronicle and other city papers, for instance impart, than any other place in the United States.

A week or two since, I was informed by Mr. Procter, of the firm of Procter and Gamble, that the copy of the publication I refer to, which he forwarded his father, in Herefordshire, England, fell into the hands of two young men, whom it decided to visit this country, with the intention of making Cincinnati their residence. They arrived here accordingly, and have told Mr. P., that great as were their expectations, they have been amply fulfilled. They give Cincinnati the preference of any City they have seen in America.

Clevenger's bust of Harrison.

This is the bust of a western President, by a western artist, and both by residence and otherwise, identified forever with Cincinnati. Clevenger died prematurely, just as his talents were winning him fame, employment and support, and has left a destitute family, almost whose only possessions from which they can expect to realise money, is this work of his. Where should that bust be permanently placed with as much appropriateness as in Cincinnati? The price is five hundred dollars, which it is proposed to raise in one dollar subscriptions, from our citizens; the bust is to be disposed of as the subscribers may direct. For this purpose a subscription paper has been opened at the office of Burt and Greene, on Third street, which I trust the public spirit of the community will fill up at once. As we have never done anything directly for our artists let us not neglect this opportunity.

Chronology of the Week.

Jan. 1st. Union between Great Britain and Ireland, 1800. Tennessee admitted into the United States, 1796.

2nd. Edmund Burke born, 1730. Lavater died, 1801.

3rd. Gen'l. Monk died, 1670. Wm. Pitt died 1806. Battle of Trenton, 1777.

4th. Roger Ascham died, 1568.

5th. Duke of York died, 1827.

6th. Festival of the EPIPHANY from the Greek *Epiphancia*, an appearance or Apparition, is kept in commemoration of the manifestation of our Savior to the Gentiles, first observed, A. D., 813, —old Christmas day.

7th. Fenelon died, 1715.

8th. Battle of New Orleans 1815. St. Lucian's day, the first named Saint in the Romish Calendar, was a presbyter at Antioch and suffered martyrdom under Maximinian, 211.

Organ Building.

My friend Koehnke, I find, is extending his business and customers, as his operations are becoming known. He is now at work on four organs, one of which, is for a Parlor, the others for Churches. His Organs compare advantageously wherever taken, with those in use, being not only superior in richness and sweetness of

tone, but vastly cheaper in price. A reference to my advertising columns, will exhibit a certificate of the Organist and Vestry of the Episcopal Church, at Marietta, which lately supplied itself with one of his Organs.

The Constitution.

The following lyric, by O. W. Holmes, M. D. was published in the Boston Daily Advertiser, when it was proposed to break up the frigate Constitution, as unfit for service:

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rang the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar:
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
Where winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every thread-bare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

Indian Sense of Propriety.

Some years ago, I think in 1800, I had the pleasure of meeting in Italy with Mr. Ellis, formerly governor of Georgia, when under the British crown. He delighted in recollections of the colony; I recollect, in speaking of the acute conceptions of the native Indians, his relation of the following circumstance.

After some difficulties that had occurred between the white settlers and the aborigines, in which several skirmishes had taken place, he succeeded in restoring peace; and, as was customary in such cases, the Indian chiefs were invited to the government house, to receive presents of arms, &c. The principal chief, however, did not appear on the day appointed. The delivery of the presents was postponed until all expectation of his arrival was abandoned.—They were then divided among those who did attend. A few days afterwards the chief arrived. The governor expressed to him his regret that he had not come in time to receive a part of the presents; and, as he was very desirous of propitiating his good will, he told him he would send by a packet, just ready to sail, for certain arms, &c., of superior workmanship, which he named, and that as soon as the packet should return from England, he should be sent for to receive them. The Indian expressed his obligation and returned to the forest.

On the arrival of the packet a messenger was sent to the chief, who was received by the governor in a room in which the various articles that had been named to him were all arranged. They were splendid arms, and savage finery;—but although articles best calculated to captivate his heart, his eyes glanced around the room with apparent unconcern, and he made no observations respecting them. The governor, apprehensive from his manner that he was not satisfied with the presents, desired the interpreter to ask him if the articles did not equal his expectation, He replied, yes. Why then, proceeded the interpreter, do you not thank him for them? The chief appeared to reflect for a moment, when fixing his eyes on the querist, he said: Six months ago, I was here. The governor then promised me these things—when he promised them, then he gave them. I then thanked him for them; were I to thank him now, would it not appear as if I had doubted the fulfilment of his promise. R.

The Western Literary Journal.

The second number of the *Western Literary Journal* lies before me. The brief examination which editorial *leisure*, or rather the want of it, has permitted, induces me to think favorably of it. There is in it no want of a due proportion of able writers and interesting subjects. Mrs. Dumont's essay on "Female Training," is a forcible, just, eloquent and indignant plea for the rights of her sex to every educational privilege possessed now by males, and must find an echo in the breast of every lover of justice. There is also a valuable article by W. D. Gallagher, upon our Common Schools, rich in statistics and inductions.. There is a sufficient proportion of light and fancy reading, besides, to suit the cheap literature relish of the age. On the whole, every reader will find something to his taste when he sits down to this mental dinner table.

MARRIAGES.

ON Dec. 24th, by the Rt. Rev. Charles P. McIlvaine, D. D., James J. Butler of Cincinnati, to Cornelia Rutgers, daughter of the late Rev. Lewis P. Bayard of New York.

On the 31st ult., by the Rev. T. A. Mills, John N. Cosgrove of South Bend, Indiana, to Miss Susan Gardner of this city.

On the 31st ult., by Rev. Mr. Strickland, Mr. Cornelius Vancamp of Reading, O., to Miss Mary Hand, of this city.

On Jan. the 1st. inst, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. Calvin R. Starbuck, Proprietor and Publisher of the Cincinnati Daily Times, to Miss Nancy Webster.

On the 2nd inst, by the Rev. Mr. Kroel, Mr. Edward Fisher to Miss Charlotte Burghart, all of this city.

DEATHS.

ON the 31st Dec., Henry, son of J. A. James, aged 11 months.

In this city, 1st inst., Mr Andrew Coffman.

On 2nd of Jan., of disease of the heart, Rebecca, only daughter of Christian Donaldson, of Cincinnati, in the 20th year of her age.

In this city on the 6th inst., of Inflammatory Rheumatism, Christopher Marshall, son of Mr. C. M. Baxter, aged 18 months.

Indian Warfare--The Whetzels.

Among the early settlers, who have figured in the pioneer history of the west, one entire family, that of the Whetzels, figures conspicuously. I have devoted some time to the comparison of various notices of the four brothers, who constituted that family, and re-writing many incidents in their history, to correspond with the corrections of Major Jacob Fowler, still surviving, and a resident of Covington, Kentucky, who was in early days an associate of Lewis and Jacob, two of these brothers. Some of the existing accounts represent old Whetzel, with his wife and small children, to have been killed, tomahawked, and scalped by the Indians. This was true only as respects the old man, but the wife survived and married again, and the children escaped by being providentially absent.

Major Fowler states that the family lived on a farm on the road from Catfishtown—now Washington, Pennsylvania, and Wheeling, Virginia, so close to the line that it was a matter of doubt in those days, which Whetzel belonged to, Pennsylvania or Virginia. Old Whetzel was a Maryland or Pennsylvania German, but had been one of the earliest settlers on the frontiers, and disdaining the usual precaution of placing his family on one of the stations or forts, which were to be found at convenient distances thro'out that region of the country, had erected a cabin on his plantation, and occupied it while cultivating the farm. The family consisted of himself and wife, with his sons, Martin, Lewis, Jacob, and John. respectively 15, 13, 11, and 9 years of age. There were three or four small children besides, who had been left with some friends, that day, in the adjacent fort, to which John had also been despatched on an errand, when a party of savages surrounded the house forced open the temporary defences, killing and scalping the old man, and carrying off as prisoners, according to their custom with children o that age, the boys, Lewis and Jacob. The mother made her escape in the confusion of the scene. Martin, the oldest son, had been out hunting, at the time. All three of these boys were stout and active for their age, the training on the frontiers, at that date, being such as to call out boys to do much of men's work, as soon as they were able to handle an axe, or steady a rifle.

In the attack on their house, Lewis received a slight wound from a bullet, which carried away a small piece of the breast bone. The second night after their capture, the Indians encamped at the Biglick, twenty miles from the river, in what is now Ohio, and upon the waters of McMahon's Creek. The extreme youth of the boys induced the savages to neglect their usual precautions, of tying their prisoners at night. After the Indians had fallen asleep, Lewis whispered to his brother to get up, and they would make their way home. They started, and and after going a few hundred yards, sat down on a log. "Well," said Lewis, "we can't go home barefooted. You stay here, and I will go back and get a pair of moccasins for each of us." He did so, and returned. After sitting a little longer; "Now," said he, "I will go back and get one of their guns and we will then start." This was accordingly done. Young as they were, the boys were sufficiently expert with tracking paths in the woods, to trace their course home, the moon enabling them, by her occasiona glimpses, to find the trail which they had followed from the river. The Indians soon discovered their escape, and were heard by them hard on their heels. When the party in pursuit had almost overtaken them, they stepped aside in the bushes and let them pass, then fell into the rear and travelled on. On the return of their pursuers, they did the same. They were then followed by two Indians on horseback, whom they eluded in the same manner. The next day they reached Wheeling in safety, crossing the river on a raft of their own making; Lewis, by this time, being nearly exhausted by his wound. When they got to the Virginia side, and ascertained thei father's death, they vowed to shoot every Indian that fell in their way, as long as they lived; and fearfully was this vow kept, as might be expected from the energy and activity displayed at so early an age.

The following narrative goes to show how much has been effected by the skill, bravery, and activity of single individuals, in the partizan warfare, carried on against the Indians, on the western frontier. Lewis Whetzel's educatisn, like that of his cotemporaries, was that of a hunter and a warrior. When a boy he adopted the mode of loading and firing his rifle as he ran. This was a means of making him very destructive to tne Indians afterwards.

In the year 1782, after Crawford's defeat, Lewis Whetzel, then only eighteen years of age, went with Thomas Mills, who had been in the campaign, to get a horse, which he had left near the place where St. Clairsville now stands. At the Indian Spring, two miles above St. Clairsville, on the Wheeling road, they were met by about forty Indians, who were in pursuit of the stragglers from the campaign. The Indians and the white men discovered each other about the same time. Lewis fired first and killed an Indian; the fire from the Indians wounded Mr. Mills, and he was soon overtaken and killed.—Four of the Indians selected out Whetzel, dropped their guns and pursued him. Whetzel loaded his rifle as he ran. After running about half a mile, one of the Indians having got within

ight or ten steps of him Whetzel wheeled round and shot him down; ran on, and loaded as before. After going about three quarters of a mile further, a second Indian came so close to him, that whon he turned to fire, the savage caught the muzzle of his gun, and, as he expressed it, he and the Indian had a pretty severe wring for it; he succeeded, however, in bringing the muzzle to the Indian's breast, and killed him on the spot. By this time he as well as the Indians were pretty well tired: but the pursuit was continued by the two remaining Indians; Whetzel, as before, loading his gun, and stopping several times during the latter chase. When he did so, the Indians treed themselves. After going something more than a mile, Whetzel took advantage of a little open piece of ground, over which the Indians were passing. a short distance behind him, to make a sudden stop for the purpose of shooting the foremost, who got behind a little sapling which was too small to protect his body. Whitzel shot, and broke his thigh, the wound, in the issue, proving fatal. The last of the Indians then gave a little yell and said: 'No catch dat man—gun always loaded,' and gave up the chase, glad, no doubt, to get off with his life. This was a frightful and well managed fight.

These Indians, in succession, were near enough to have despatched Whetzel with tomahawks, but their determination to take him alive, for burning at the stake, blinded their judgment, and enabled him to effect his escape. It is said that Lewis Whitzel, in the course of the Indian wars in the neighborhood of Wheeling alone, killed twenty-seven Indians, besides a number more, along the frontier settlements of Kentucky.

The United States Navy.

I observe in an Eastern print, the following project, which it is therein alleged to be the purpose of the Navy Department, to recommend to Congress as an improvement in our naval service. If adopted it would carry us in that department, fifty years forward in one single movement:

"Of all the rumors the most gratifying is, that the contemplated lines of steamers from Boston, Philadelphia, and New York to London, Liverpool and Havre, and from New Orleans to the West Indies and Spanish America, are to be set in motion as soon as possible.

The United States is to man completely and constantly, with officers, seamen and apprentices, some say ten years, others indefinitely; and allow them to carry the mails for their own benefit, and on these cheap terms, a company or companies of ship builders and merchants are ready to construct suitable steamers and keep up monthly returns.

The national character of these vessels, and their perpetual presence in the principal foreign ports will give valuable and efficient protection to our seamen.

It is said that whenever capitalists are willing to provide suitable vessels to run at stated and regular intervails, the United States will, under the new naval system, furnish as ample a complement of men, and as many guns as the owners are willing to provision and support.

We have 6000 men now under government pay in the naval service. These would man a couple of frigates, the revenue vessels, and nearly, or quite one hundred steamers.

One hundred steamers passing at stated intervals to foreign ports carrying every where, in honor and usefulness, the United States flag, would do infinitely more credit to the national character, and would cost the Union less than the Mediteranean squadron managed as now; only occupied in cruising from one point to the other, their officers making parties, dancing, gambling, and carousing in harbor, and expending their ennui at sea, in acts of cruelty to their sailors.

The navy as now constituted, does not earn its salt; it has nothing to do, and naught is always in mischief. Yet its annual expenditure is equal to the whole expenses of our government, when administered with honesty and economy."

Commerce with the East.

They are beginning Eastward gradually to appreciate the value of the Western business.—By the time light on this subject spreads from Buffalo to Boston, we shall have the railroads finished which is now making to connect Cincinnati with the Lake Erie.

Railroad from Sandusky to Cincinnati.

An effort is now making to raise the necessa- funds, $500,000, to complete this important work. The evidence that the stock will be very productive, is so abundant and so conclusive that we do not doubt it will be speedily taken by capitalists in New York, Boston and other cities.

The distance by this route is but 200 miles from Lake Erie to Cincinnati. Two companies are engaged in the enterprise. One, the Mad River and Lake Erie, is building the road from Sandusky City to Springfield, on the National Road, 40 miles west of Columbus—a distance of 132 miles. The other is called the little Miami Co., and is constructing a railway from Springfield to Cincinnati—a distance of 88 miles.—The latter company will have 64 miles of their road completed by the first of July, 1845, 40 of which, from Cincinnati Northward, are now in oparation.

On the Mad River and Lake Erie road, 40 miles are also completec and doing a profitable business, and 40 more are so far advanced that $70,000 will finish the road. Within the limit of ten miles on either side of the line of the road, there are 350,000 inhabitants, mostly cultivating as fine a soil as the sun shines upon. Cincinnati already contains 70,000 inhabitants, and for the first 100 miles north of that city, there is an average of one factory or mill every mile on the line of the road.

This great improvement once completed, and we can go from this city to the Queen City of the Ohio valley in 36 hours, and to Louisville in a little over two days. The travel between the Southwest and the north and east by this route is quite incalculable. The country is admira-

bly adapted to the construction of a railway from Sandusky to Cincinnati, and the distance can easily be made in 10 or 12 hours- Below Cincinnati, the Ohio river is always navigable for steamers, except a few weeks in the winter.

The travel from the lower and upper Mississippi, Missouri, Southern Illinois, Indiana, and from the valleys of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, the latter of which runs into northern Alabama and Georgia, will all come north to the Atlantic cities by this route.

The intercourse between the northern and southern portions of the Union, will be much increased by the the opening of this easy and cheap thoroughfare between the great lakes and the 20,000 miles of navigable rivers at the southwest.

If the owners of the railway from this to Boston have any spare capital, they can hardly invest it better than to take stock in the road from Sandusky to Cincinnati. We speak advisedly on this subject when we say that a large portion of the immense valley of the Ohio, up that river to Wheeling, and thence to Baltimore, and still farther up to Pittsburgh and thence to Philadelphia, will turn north at Cincinnati, when a railway will take them to Lake Erie in twelve hours. That this travel would add largely to the present income of the railroad between this and Boston no one can doubt.—*Buffalo Com. Advertiser*

Relics of the Past.

To His Excellency, Arthur St. Clair, Esq., Governor of the north western Territory of the United States.

The humble petition of Francis Desruisseaux Bellecour, most humbly sheweth, that your petitioner hath for many years past acted at Detroit by appointment of the former government, as Public Notary for a number of years to the universal satisfaction of the individuals,, and the then government. After or immediately on the government of the United States taking place here, I was appointed to the same office of public Notary by Col. Sargent. But still, notwithstanding, I am deprived of the benefit of that office by individuals, having their notarial acts performed before the present proto notary and clerk of the court, which deprives me of the means of supporting a helpless family.

I therefore pray your excellency, to grant me the said office for the county of Wayne, exclusively of any other persons.

And your petitioner, as in duty bound, will pray. Being of your Excellency,

The most obedient, and humble servant,

F. D. BELLECOUR,
Notary Public

Detroit, 7th January, 1799.

To the Hon. Arthur St. Clair, Esq., Governor of the north western Territory.

January 10, 1799.

Dear Sir:—We., a number of inhabitants situated in the aforesaid Territory and county of Hamilton, between the waters of Eagle and Strait Creeks, and thereabouts, being at a great distance from a Magistrate, or Justice of the Peace—a greivance which we consider ourselves to labor under, we therefore have thought proper to petition your Honour for Alexander Martin, to be commissioned in such an office, as we look upon him to be an honest, well meaning man, and a citizen here amongst us, whom we have selected far that purpose. This, dear sir, being our grievance, a removal of which we, your petitioners, humbly pray.

Matthew Davidson.	Wm Woodrufl.
Thos. M'Connell.	Geo J Jennings.
Joseph Lacock.	Ichabod Tweed.
Isaac Ellis.	Amos Ellis.
Wm M'Kinney.	Jas Henry.
Wm Forbes.	Wm Moore.
Geo M'Kinney.	Isaac Prickett.
Jacob Miller.	Tom Rogers.
John Mefford.	Wm Long.
John Caryon.	Joseph Moore.
Wm Lewis.	Benjamin Evans.
Fergus M'Clain.	Jacob Nagle.
Richard Robison.	Lewis Sheek.
Henry Rogers.	John Philips.
Thomas Ark.	James Prickitt.
Valentine M'Daniel.	James Young.

Uriah Springer.

Bell and Brass Foundry.

This is an important item of manufacturing industry in Cincinnati, and of increasing value. Its importance consists not more in the amount of industry which it stimulates, than in the incidental aid it supplies to other business, by concentrating to this point, the entire demand for bells north, south, and west of us. In 1840 there were eight of these establishments, with sixty-two hands, which have been increased at this date to twelve foundries, with one hundred and six hands, all engaged in the various operations of casting and finishing of articles in brass, of which the article of bells is of the greatest magnitude, affording an aggregate value of $135,000 for the past year. As an example of its character and operations, I select the business, for the last two years, of G. W. Coffin, at the *Buckeye Foundry*, on Columbia street, whose bell business is of greater magnitude than all the other establishments combined, but whose brass business, generally, would not constitute more than an average of the general aggregate. In 1843, Mr. Coffin made, all to order,

36 steamboat bells, from	$150	to 706	each.
8 plantation do	50	to 360	do.
3 foundry do	150	to 350	do.
11 college academy, and school house bells,	50	to 350	do.
1 court house,		350	do.
1 engine house,		326	do.
38 church do	80	3,363	do.

Besides 206 of lighter sizes of which no register has been kept. The whole weighing 40647 pounds, including the iron works connected therewith—worth more than twenty thousand dollars. The entire operations in brass, in this foundry reached the value of $31,000.

During the year 1844, there have been made bells here for steamboats

S. B. Maria,	500.	Charlotte,	326.
L. Flinn,	150.	Paul Pry,	82.
Mendota,	325.	Isaac Shelby,	200.
Lynx,	150.	Princess,	450.
Gov. Jones,	500.	Lowndes,	326.
B. Franklin,	7,327.	New World,	450.
Dan'l Boone,	150.	Superb,	450.
Harkaway,	326.	Hamer,	326.
Fashion,	200.	Belle Zane,	150.
Reindeer,	326.	Lama,	182.
Red Rover,	500.	Pike, No. 7,	550.
Gazelle,	150.	Juniata,	110.
Little Rock,	200.	Wave(Kanawha)	110
Meteor,	326.	Arkansas No 4,	525.
Fort Wayne,	426.	Lady Madison,	326.
Lodi,	326.	Yorktown,	500.
Alex. Scott,	500.	St. Mary,	325.
Hard Times,	500.	Cincinnati,	326.
J. E. Roberts,	100.		

37 steamboat bells, weighing 11,598.
2 for barges. 62.

31 Plantation and Farm Bells.

150	82	326	80	50	336	25.	
200	50	150	50	50	220	25.	
110	82	110	82	50	326	82.	
150	60	100	60	82	200		
100	60	100	150				3,406.

6 Foundry, Factory, Turner and Engine Shop Bells.

82	110	120	31	50.	82	375.

9 School House and College.

50	80	50	200	25.	
80	326	100	80		1001.

8 Court House and Fire Engine House.

326	326	500	750.	
326	750	326	326	3630.

57 Churches.

150	60	150	200	150	110	450.	
450	50	450	356	110	220	150,	
150	50	200	450	110	200	326.	
200	82	150	326	750	450		
326	700	450	150	350	450		
450	82	326	100	450	200		
110	1800	110	200	750	326		
500	200	200	700	110	82		
326	500	200	110	2000	1000		19,758.

21 Hotels.

31	31	31	25	50	31	31.	
25	31	31	31	31	31	50.	
50	31	60	31	50			694.

The value of bells made in the Buckeye *Brass and Bell Foundry* for the past year was 31,000 dollars; of all manufactured articles of brass and bell metal, 39,000 dollars, being an increase of 25 per cent in the business of 1843. I presume there is a proportionate increase in the other establishments, Mr. Coffin being in bells, and theirs in brass foundry generally. He is about to put up a new Foundry, where bells only will be made.

I note two or three remarkable facts in connection with these statistics.

One of the bells cast this season was for the Roman Catholic Church at Mobile, a large share of its raw material, being the old bell, perhaps the oldest in the United States, which was cast at Toledo, in Spain. One eighth part of this bell was made of pure silver, fourteen hundred and seventy Spanish dollars being employed for that purpose. The whole of this precious article went into the new bell also. Mr. Coffin considers it one of the finest toned ones he ever heard rang.

Another singular fact connected with this statement is, that the bell which had been made for the Fulton Bagging Factory in 1842, was *consumed*, or at least so far destroyed, in the fire of October last, that not a vestige of it was to be found. The only reasonable conjecture respecting its fate, is that as the cupola, with the roof below, were burnt before the rest of the building, that the bell in melting spread out upon the sheeting and remaining roof, among the ashes into particles so minute as to be absolutely lost.

Early Annals.

To the Honorable Arthur St. Clair, Governor of the north western Territory.

January 10, 1799.

Dear Sir:—We, a number of inhabitants, situated between the waters of Eagle and Strait Creeks, and thereabouts, in the aforesaid Territory and county of Hamilton, being destitute of malitia officers, such as Captain, Lieutenant, and Ensign, we therefore have thought proper to petition your Honour for such, and have selected Thomas M'Connell for Captain, John Mefford, Lieutenant, and Amos Ellis, Ensign, if your Honour shall think proper to commission them in that office; This, dear sir, being the desires for which we, your petitioners, do hnmbly pray

Abel Martin.	Tom Ash.
George M'Kinney.	Wm Moore.
William M'Kinney.	Ben
Forgy MClure.	Isaac Ellis.
Henry Rogers.	Jacob Nagle.
N McDaniel.	Geo J Jennings.
Jno Henry.	Uriah Springer.
Thomas Dougherty.	Joseph Jacobs.
John Redmon.	Samuel Tweed.
William Forbes.	William Lewcas.
Jas Pricket.	Jacob Miller.
John Caryon.	Walter Wall.

Thomas Rogers.

The Last of the Girtys.

BY CHARLES CIST.

The early commerce of the Ohio river for some years was confined to the transportation of Western produce on flat-boats, which were built at various points from Cincinnati to Elizabethtown, on the Monongahela. The high rates of wagonage across the mountains, led many persons early to contemplate and some of them to engage in the taking up in keel-boats and subsequently by barges, various articles, groceries especially, which could be bought to good advantage at New Orleans, at that period the only outlet for the whisky, flour and tobacco of the West.

From 1800 to 1817, and occasionally even at a later date, the barges or bargees, as they were termed by the French of the Mississippi country, performed so far as they could the services rendered afterwards by steamboats. They were built like the keel-boats which our low water season brings down still from Pittsburgh and Wheeling, but much broader as well as longer, being 75 to 120 feet in length, with a breadth of beam from 15 to 20 feet, sufficing to carry from 60 to 100 tons. A cargo box served to protect the merchandize from the weather, and a space in the stern of about 8 feet in length, partitioned off from the rest of the boat, and called by courtesy a cabin, afforded some degree of privilege in sleeping hours to the captain and his *patroon*, by which name the steersman of the boat was known. The roof of the cabin sloped slightly to the stern, and was the station by day of that officer in steering the barge. These vessels carried generally two masts, occasionally but one, their principal dependence being in a large square sail forward, to enable them, when the wind was in the right direction, and of sufficient force to make more rapid progress as well as to ease the hands, in the laborious process of rowing in such a current as that of the Mississippi. A barge usually carried from thirty to fifty men, with as many oars, suitable spaces being left in stowing the cargo, principally towards the bow, for their employment. Where the shore or beach permitted, the cordelle was also resorted to. This was a stout rope, which being fastened to the mast, was carried along the beach, on the shoulders of the whole boat's crew, stationed at regular distances. Where the shore was lined with trees, as was often the case, and a beach did not present the opportunity of cordelling, and the current bore hard on the rowers, the yawl, with which these boats were always provided, was sent out ahead with a coil of rope, one end of which was made fast to a tree, or even a snag in the river, and while the boat was pulling up to the fast, a fresh coil was started ahead, to be secured to some new object for the same purpose. This was called warping. Lastly, these barges, like the keel-boats, had setting poles, which being brought to the shoulders of the men, and resting on the bed of the river, afforded ample purchase in propelling boats. Poles, however, were generally employed on the Ohio, the bolder shores and yielding bed of the Mississippi rarely rendering their use in that river expedient. It must be observed that these various changes in the mod of working the barges up greatly relieved th crew, on the physical principle of resting one set of muscles by the employment of another set. All these various contrivances, however, were an immense expenditure of labor as compared with results, the usual rate of progress up the Mississippi, unless aided by a breeze, being hardly three miles an hour running time. It might naturally be supposed that the severe and protracted toil of propelling boats under such circumstances particularly against the current and along the shores of a river like the Mississippi, would disgust those whose curiosity or ignorance led them to engage in it, and render it difficult even under high wages to secure a constant supply of hands. On the contrary, however, allurements of a roving life, freedom from the restraints of civilized society and settled employment,—in short, what in the West is expressively termed "*range*," are temptations which are irresistible to a certain class of minds to be found every where. Nor was the picture without its lights as well as shades. If they had hard work and protracted confinement, they had regular resting places on the route when they relaxed in the dance or in drinking frolics from their habitual toils, debasing themselves in excesses which served voyage by voyage to sink them nearer and nearer to the level of brutes. Of course there were exceptions, but the general tendency as well as effect was to the ruin of the morals still more even than the health of those who led this kind of life.

The first race of boatmen were the spies and scouts, whose employment ceased when Wayne, at the battle of the Fallen Timbers and the treaty of Greenville, gave repose and safety to the settlers of the West. Most of them had become unfitted for the pursuits of agriculture—a few followed the chase for subsistence when they could pursue the savage no longer as an occupation, but of the mass, part had imbibed in their intercourse with the Indians, a sympathetic contempt, as well as disrelish, for regular and steady labor; and the others were like the refugees to King David, at the cave of Adullam, being either in distress, or in debt, or discontented with the state of things forming around them. A boatman's life was the very thing for such individuals. From the nature of their movements, they felt themselves scarcely responsible to the laws, as indeed they actually were not, except at New Orleans, where the motley crew, whether residents or strangers, have always been kept with the curb bit in the mouth and the rein drawn tightly up.

With these men were gradually incorporated fresh accessions of recruits, most of whom were bankrupt in character as in purse—whose conduct had made them liable to the whipping-post and the jail, in some cases even to the gallows, in their former residences. These were a race of younger individuals, who served to keep the ranks full as the veterans dropped off in the service. The graphic pen of Morgan Neville has given celebrity to Mike Fink, one of these river characters, to whose exploits as a marksman, Mr. Neville has done justice; but to whose character otherwise, he has done more than justice, in classing him with the boatmen to whose care merchandize in great value was committed with a confidence which the owners never had cause to repent.—

This was true of those who had charge of the boat; but did not apply to Fink, who was nothing more than a hand on board, and whose private character was worthless and vile. Mike was in fact an illustration of a class of which I have spoken, who did not dare to show their faces in their early neighborhoods or homes.—Just such a fellow as Bill Lloyd in the narrative which follows, in every respect but his courage. Mike's whole history in Missouri, proves this, and especially is it made manifest in the closing scene of his existence. He takes the life of an unarmed youth, whom he had raised from a child, in a drunken fit of jealousy, probably without cause, and when reproved indignantly for his conduct, by one of his comrades, draws his rifle to his shoulder to kill him also, provoking the quicker movement, which, in self defence, deprived him-self of life.

The following narrative, for which I am indebted to one of our steamboat captains, a man of strict veracity, gives an incident in the story of one of these early boatmen, JAMES GIRTY by name. My informant, as will be seen, had it from the narrator's lips.

Girty was a native of Western Pennsylvania, nephew to the Girtys, *Simon* and *George*, famous and infamous, as renegades from the whites to the Indians, and instigators of many of the atrocities committed on the frontier settlements, as well as on the defenceless prisoners who fell into the hands of the savages. The name of Guthrie, a very general one in Scotland and Ireland, pronounced Guttrey in the western part of Pennsylvania, and corrupted still farther in the case of this family, into Girty, was the name of his forefathers. The neighborhood of Pittsburgh, across the Allegheny river, was the stamping ground, as the early settlers called it, of the Girtys, and the scenery of that neighborhood still attests their former residence. Girty's Hill is some four or five miles north of the city, and Girty's Run flows along its base. A wilder country, in its natural features, within even twenty years, would hardly be found in any part of the State.

JAMES GIRTY was a man, said my informant, of about the usual height, of uncommon strength, activity and courage. What in ordinary men, is made up of ribs, in his case was a broad as well as thick sheet of bone. I had heard of this as a fact, and verified it myself, during a trip I made with him, in which he took a fit, and it became necessary for me to rub his chest and sides with whiskey, salt, and pepper, the only remedies the boatman's medicine chest supplied. During the whole period referred to, as the era of barging, I do not recollect him out of employment, either as captain or patroon of a barge. He was never known to have a hand unless he first ascertained whether he could and would fight. As to himself, although he sought no quarrel, he felt himself able to fight any man that could be found any where, and was never known to have been *whipt*.

The last boating he did, was steering a boat for me from the mouth of Cumberland to Nashville. During this voyage he was attacked with sickness, under which he finally sunk, dying at Nashville in 1820, under my care. He appeared conscious, as I was, from the first, that he would not recover.

On one of my visits, I told him that I had heard some imperfect accounts of an adventure he had in Natchez, and would like to have the facts accurately, upon which he gave me the following narrative:

"In the year 1814 I was captain of the barge Black Snake, belonging to the Poyntz's at Maysville. I started with the barge, about two thirds loaded, for New Orleans, in the latter part of November. When I reached the mouth of Cumberland, I found a considerable quantity of arms belonging to the United States, which had been despatched from Pittsburgh for the troops engaged under General Jackson, in the defence of New Orleans. They had been taken down thus far, depending on an engagement made with Ben Smith of Cincinnati, under which he contracted to deliver them within a given time at New Orleans. The government agent had been waiting some days for Smith, who had not yet made his appearance; and finding an opportunity offering, and fearing they would be needed, immediately decided to send them by me. I made all possible despatch, and happily succeeded in reaching New Orleans with my precious freight on the 3d January, 1815. Eager to have a hand in the approaching battle, I reported myself immediately to Gen. Jackson, who gave me the appointment of Captain, with authority to impress into service the whole body of barge and keel-boat men in port. I entered on the work without delay, and with great activity and success. You know as much as I can tell you of the glorious 8th. After every thing in the shape of a red coat had disappeared, I discharged the remaining part of the cargo and crew, for which last I had no further use until I could get a freight up the river, which I did not get until the latter part of May, when I hired a crew and started for Pittsburgh. I reached Natchez in June. It was the custom of those days to give the hands a holiday at Natchez, one at the mouth of the Ohio, and one also at Louisville or Shippingsport. It was four o'clock in the afternoon that we threw up our poles and fastened our bowlines at Natchez. The men were eager for a dance, and some would not wait even for their supper, scampering off for the dance-houses under the hill. I got my supper and went up also. I looked on until 11 or 12 at night, when finding all my entreaties to get them back to the boat unavailing, I left them, some engaged in dancing, others betting with the gamblers on the *Roulettes*, and went on board the Black Snake.—As the day dawned, all hands were also at their posts, but in a wretched plight, many of them having their heads badly cut and bruised.

It seems the gamblers had won all their money, and a fight ensued, in which those gentry came off victorious. After breakfast, I judged by the threats of the hands, and other circumstances, that it would be advisable to get the Black Snake under way; but on giving orders to that effect, not a man would raise a pole, until he had had his accustomed frolic out, and I was compelled to give way, determining in my own mind, to leave at 4 o'clock, when the day of privilege would be out. When that hour came, it was of no use to propose starting, none of the men would budge, until they had obtained revenge; and they had privately agreed

that they would not assist me up any further, if I would not go with them and help them whip the gamblers.

I saw there was no alternative, and after supper, I repaired with my whole crew to the dance house, armed with knives, chopping axes and setting poles. The gamblers had expected us and were prepared with pistols, knives, and rifles, for the fight. The *scrimmage* commenced without exchanging a word. At first they gave us hard usage, but their ammunition was soon spent, and they gave way, bearing three of their number off who were killed in the scuffle. One of our men was mortally wounded, who made out to walk to the boat, where he died in half an hour. We cut cable and crossed the Mississippi, worked the Black Snake three miles up the river, and came to for the night. About day-light next morning, while burying the dead man, the Sheriff of Adams county and a posse of almost an hundred men, came up and made us all prisoners.

They left a man of the party in charge of the barge, and took us all down to the ferry-boat and across to Natchez, where we were brought before a judge and tried. No evidence being found against any but myself and Bill Lloyd, one of my hands, the rest of the crew were set free, while Bill and I were sent to Washington jail; my barge was sent on, and I was detained to stay in jail until Court, which was to sit the first Monday in October. After I had been in jail about two weeks, one of the Associate Judges of the Court by which I was to be tried, came out to Washington to see me. I found in him an old Pennsylvania acquaintance, on whom I had some claims. He gave me poor encouragement, telling me he feared the Court would not let me out on bail. I told him I had $2,700, which I could leave with my security. Still he discouraged me. He said the evidence was point-blank against me and Lloyd, but promised he would call again, ordering the jailor to see that I did not want for anything that lay in his power to give, and bade me good-bye. In about a week, he came again, and told me he had succeeded in making it a bailable case of $3,000, and had also obtained a man to go my security. The door was opened. I gave the Judge $2,700 and the necessary security. The Judge advised me to leave immediately, and never show myself in Natchez, saying he would willingly pay the $3,00, if I would keep away. I told him I would be in Washington at the sitting of the Court, if I lived—on this I was determined. That afternoon I wrote a letter to a friend of mine in Natchez, who was a woman that kept a dance-house—now living and wealthy, and, of course, respectable—requesting her to get clear of the evidence against me. I received an answer to this next morning, assuring me I need fear nothing; that I might make my appearance at the proper time with perfect safety, for there would be no one present to witness against me. I left Natchez the same day, on foot, for Pittsburgh, which I reached the latter part of July. I lost no time collecting money, and gathered up $1,500, and started in a large covered skiff on my return to Natchez. This was the last of August. My skiff had two pair of oars, and I took three yankees on board to work their passage as far as Cincinnati, and the oars were plied night and day till we got there. At Cincinnati I hired a man to help me the rest of the way down; by the time we reached Louisville, however, he got tired and ran off. I went over the Falls by myself, and landed at Shippingsport in search of another hand, and the first man that met my eye was Bill Lloyd. You may guess my astonishment. My first words were, "Why, Bill, how did you get here?" "Why, I walked the most of the way." "Well, how did you get out of jail?" "Oh," said he, "it got so d—d sickly among the thieving scoundrels in there, that the jailer was glad to open my door to get me to take charge of the sick. I opened the door for the rest, and all went out that could walk out, and then I walked off to the mouth of Tennessee, and there I got a chance to push up on that keel-boat there," said he, pointing to it. "Well, Bill, you need not fear anything while you are with me," I remarked; "I am going back to stand my trial, and I want to hire a hand to help me down. The river is low, and if I don't get some good hand to help me row, I fear I shan't get there in time." In short, I agreed to give Bill a dollar a day, and to let him off at Walnut Hills; so he came on with his horn and blanket, and we were off in a jiffy. Bill was a worthless fellow, and I knew it, but he was a stout and good oarsman. He had not been long with me, till he found out that my chest was heavy, and I watched him close. When we were near the mouth of the Ohio, he became dissatisfied, and objected to going any further towards Natchez, proposed to go trapping up the Mississippi, insisting there could be a great deal made on the Missouri, with other suggestions of the sort. I paid little attention to his statements or arguments, keeping on down the Mississippi, and told him, if he wanted to stop, to do so; as for me, I should go on to Natchez. He said no more until we were in the bend above Beef Island, when he broke out afresh, accusing me of suspicioning him of a wish to rob me. I told him I was not afraid of him in any shape. A fight ensued, which I knew must end in the death of one or the other, with the skiff and my money for the victor's spoils. After much struggling, I put him over board. I set the blade of an oar against him, shoving him off from the skiff, then thrusting the oar to him, told him to save his life. He made no other reply, than to clench the oar and throw it back to me, telling me to 'go to hell,' and swimming about fifty yards, safely reached the head of Beef Island. I landed at Natchez at one o'clock, and on the morning of the first Monday in October, I left the skiff, and with my chest on my shoulder, walked up to the dance-house. My friend was still up, as were several more. I deposited my chest with her, and looking around the room, I espied the most important witness against me. I turned to her, reminding her of the promise she had made me. She told me she had been trying to get rid of him all summer; that he was the only evidence against me left in the country, and that she would yet get him out of the way. I observed the time was short, and calling him forward, told him I would give him five hundred dollars to leave the place that morning, and not appear against me. He swore there was no use to talk to him, for he had braved the worst of the yellow-fever

for the purpose of remaining there and appearing against me, and I might depend upon it, he would be on the spot when called to testify. My friend said, never fear, all would be right; and as I was about bidding her and witness good-bye, proposed that we should take a gin-sling together. She mixed one for witness, one for me, and one for herself. Having all drank, I started for Washington, and reached there by 9 o'clock. Being quite tired, I lay down on the door-step and directly fell fast asleep and did not awake until the sheriff, calling the Court awoke me. Every body seemed astonished at my presence. My case was the first one called. I answered to my name, and when the judge enquired of me if I was ready for trial, my counsel did not happen to be present, and I answered that I was as ready then as I ever should be; that I had no evidence when I was sent to jail, and had none now. The attorney for the State directed the sheriff to call his witnesses, to see if he was ready for trial, who called 11 names in succession, not one of whom was present, but some one answered, name by name, as they were called, what had become of them. Some had left the country, and some had died of the yellow fever, until the name of the one I had left in Natchez was called, and the answer was that he died that morning at half past eight. There being no evidence against me, I was, of course, discharged, and returned the same evening to Natchez. I asked my friend what had caused the fellow's death who was to have been the witness. She said she supposed it was in the course of nature, nor could I, then or afterwards, get any satisfaction from her on this point. Next day, I called on my security, settled my business with him, then went to my friend's house, opened my chest, and counted out $500 for her. She perceived what I was doing, and told me, if I wanted to make her my enemy for life, I could have a chance, and if I dared to offer her money, she would blow my brains out. I made several excuses to induce her to take the money, saying that I owed it to her honestly for her kind treatment of me, and that I did not mean anything dishonorable by it. She remained resolute, and said if I wanted to continue friends with her, I must not offer her money. I then bade her good-bye, and before dark, my chest and skiff and myself were all on the way to New Orleans."

Such was Girty's narrative. And though such a man at this day, would not be entrusted with any important charge, in his time thousands of dollars' worth of property and money were confided to his care, and accounted for, to the perfect satisfaction of his employers; nor was he ever known to break an engagement, or abuse a trust in his pecuniary dealings. The narrative itself is put upon record as a correct picture of the river men, and the times in which they flourished.

West. Lit. Journal.

A Pork Story.

As this is "killing time," we may be excused for telling a hog story.

Some years since, B. B. who is a fine judge of hogs, and has dealt in the article, and is rather a cute chap withal, made a contract with a packer to furnish him a lot of fat hogs by a given day. The day came round, and found B. on the road within 8 or 10 miles of Cincinnati with a fine drove of fat hogs; but the price had risen since the contract was made, and that contract was in writing. To get over it and sell the hogs at the highest price, was a job that taxed B's. wits to the utmost; but he succeeded. Galloping ahead of the hogs, he went to the packer, and called him out, when the following chat ensued:

"Mr. O," says B. "you must lend me three or four hands to help in with those hogs."

O. "Why so?"

B. "Because I can't get them into town without; they have got so wild there is no driving them. I left the boys minding them in a field about 8 miles back, and must have some help or they will all run off.

O. "Run off! Why I agreed with you for *fat* hogs, to weigh so much."

B. Well they *are* big hogs, and will weigh that, but they are as wild as Injins. They run like all the world.

O. Well but fat hogs dont run that way.—When did you start from Hamilton?

B. Why this morning to be sure! Did you think I was going to be a week driving them in? Come send out the hands, and let's get them into town.

O. I tell you I did'nt agree to take such hogs.

B. Did'nt you agree for hogs that would weigh so much? These will do it; and if you want the hogs, just send the men out with me, and they shall be here in two hours.

O. Well but I can't take hogs that will travel that way. You had better take them somewhere else.

B. Yes, but we have a written agreement; and I must hold you to it.

O. I did'nt want such hogs I tell you, and we must break the article.

B. Well, if you won't have them I must sell them somewhere else; but they are mighty big hogs—only a little wild. But tear up the paper if you don't like it.

The paper was torn up, and the next morning B. drove in a rare lot of fat hogs, and sold them for a dollar a hundred more than agreed for with O.—*Hamilton Intelligencer.*

MARRIED,

ON Saturday, January the 4th inst., by the Rev. Theodore Clapp, JAMES EDWARDS to Miss LUCY ADAMS, all of this city.

On the 7th inst., by Elder Wm. P. Stratton, Mr. JAMES CLARK to Miss CHRISTIANA NILES, both of Fulton.

On the 8th inst., by the Rt. Rev. J. B. Purcell, DAVID A. DONIPHAN, M. D. of Natchez, Miss., to Miss MARY ANN MCGROARTY, of this city.

On the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. LOWRY, HENRY A. THORP, Jr., to Mrs. HANNAH CROCKET, all of this city.

DIED,

ON Friday, January the 3rd inst., at her residence, at Beech Grove, Georgetown, Ohio, Mrs. LYDIA B., consort of Hon. THOS. L. HAMER.

On the 8th inst., PRESLEY KEMPER, Esq., an old citizen of this City—and one of the Commissioners of Hamilton County.

On the 8th inst., Gen. RUFUS HODGES—a member of the Cincinnati Bar.

On the 10th inst., EDITH WALLACE, youngest child of A. H. Ewing, Esq.

On the 12th inst. JACOB RESOR, Esq., aged 61 years.

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY.

CINCINNATI, FEBRUARY, 1845.

The Sleeping Wife.

Delicious task to sit and watch
The breathing of a sleeping wife,
And mark the features of that state
Dividing Death from Life.
How sweet her slumber! on her lids
The angel—Peace—hath set its seal;
And to her couch the guard forbids
An envious care to steal.

How beautiful! She would compel
The tribute of a stoic's kiss;
Angelic purity might dwell
In such a shrine as this.
And here it dwells—unstained and bright,
Though half concealed by modest fear;
Yes, were this soul disrobed this night,
There were an angel here.

How sweet her slumber! None but those
Whom Heav'n hath numbered for its bliss,
Have promise of such calm repose—
Such perfect rest as this.
Unconscious of the woes and cares
That weigh us down in waking hours,
Her gentle spirit only wears
A burden now of flowers!

She dreams! Her radiant features speak
Of themes that waken deep delight,
And smiles adorn her lip and cheek—
Smiles beautiful and bright.
Oh! could I lift the jealous veil
That doth those joyous thoughts conceal,
The spotless page a sinless tale
Would presently reveal.

And hark! Her parting lips disclose
Some cherished secret long repressed:
Mark how her cheek with blushes glows—
How heaves her swelling breast!
She breathes a *name* amid her dream—
The soul of love is in the tone!
Her cheeks with deeper blushes teem:
That name—*it is my own!*

Joy! joy! my bliss is perfect now—
The boon I craved is mine—is mine;
Upon my bended knee I bow,
And thank thee, God Divine!
By night or day—awake—asleep,
The signals of her love I see:
I know that love is pure and deep,
And centered all in me.

A TENDER HEART.—A certain man in Vermont once said that his children were the most tender-hearted beings that he ever knew, and on being asked what made him think so, said—'Because they always cry when I *ask them to get a bucket of water*.'

Ninth Ward--Cincinnati.

This is the north east section of our city, extending from Sixth street north, to the corporation line, and Main street east, to the First Ward, a few years since, and the largest portion of its surface was then built on. Two thirds of it is now occupied with improvements.

The public buildings of this ward, are in number fourteen, as follows: St. Xavier and Woodward Colleges, Court House, and public offices adjacent, public school house, on Franklin st.: Jail; Baptist church, on Webster st, Episcopal, on Pendleton st, Methodist, on Webster, and Catholic on Sycamore streets, colored Methodist church, on New st., Engine houses, on Sycamore and Webster streets. Of these the Engine house on Webster street, and the Episcopal church are recent erections.

The entire number of buildings in the Ninth ward are 1212; bricks 478, frames, 732, stone 2.

Of these there were, at the close of 1842:

Bricks, 352.	Frames, 663.	Stone, 0	1015.
In '43, 81.	34.	0.	115.
In '44, 45.	35.	2.	82,
478.	732.	2.	1212.

On the opposite side of the "Advertiser" will be found a general summary of the building operations of Cincinnati.

Investments for Capitalists.

It seems difficult to impress Capitalists abroad, with correct views of the subject of investments here. Nor is it any wonder, while there are hundreds here, with abundant resources, who prefer investing surplus funds in bank stock or in mortgages, producing them 8 to 10 per cent. per annum. A few facts which I can authenticate by a reference to the individuals alluded to, will set this short-sighted policy in its true light.

A year ago the vacant corner of Walnut and Fourth streets, belonging to the First Presbyterian Society, was offered on perpetual lease, at public sale. The property was 99 feet on Fourth Street, by 36 on Walnut, with the privilege of air and light from a space of ten feet in the rear, to be kept open forever for the common benefit of the Fourth street property, and the Cincinnati College, its neighbor to the north. It brought 10 dollars per front foot on Fourth St. Messrs. Sanford & Park, who leased 33 feet including the corner, put up two buildings, which cost when finished, 3950 dollars. They occupy the corner with their store, counting room, manufacturing and ware rooms in the basement, for which space they paid on Fourth Street,

east of Main, 650 dollars, and if the question were put in that shape, would give a higher rent for their present tenement. They rent in double rooms, the residue for six hundred and ninety-nine dollars, with the certainty when any of the tenants leave the premises to re-rent at higher rates. As a proof of which for the storeroom adjoining their own, which is included in the above statement at 200 dollars, they have been offered 250 dollars per annum for ten years, if they would lease it so long a term of years.

Let us bring this operation to a focus as follows:

Value of rents,	699	
Corner building,	650	
		1349
Deduct taxes and insurance	104	
Ground rent,	330	434
		915

Affording more than 23 per cent profit on the investment, with the certainty of a future advance.

Let me cite another case.

Every one knows the property on Broadway, South of the Holmes House, at the intersection of that street with Columbia and Second streets, and divided from the Hotel by a 10 foot alley.—It was destroyed not long since by fire, with the exception of the Columbus house, a brick at the corner, the residue being frames. Mr. Clement Dietrich, the proprietor of the south half of the property destroyed having engaged Mr. Seneca Palmer, one of our architects by contract to rebuild the property, Mr. P. with the public spirit which belongs to that profession, prevailed on the other property-holders to unite with Mr. Dietrich in putting up substantial and uniform buildings to correspond with the appearance of the corner when repaired and finished. The result to the public is, that spacious business accommodations, and ornamental buildings are put up in place of the insignificant improvements which would have been made. The result to the owners is a permanently profitable investment of money which they could not have made as well in any other shape.

Let me make a synopsis of the case.

C. Dietrich.

Cost of four lots and houses	13,000	
Less insurance money	2,187	1,0813
Three new buildings, with repairs and adding one story to corner		5650
		16,473
Of these two rent at	$1100	
Two will fetch	950	2,050

If we deduct the insurance money from the expense of the late improvement, as it ought to be, the raising one story and repairs costing the greater part of it, then the nett cost would be 3473 dollars, a sum which would be made up by the rents after deducting taxes and insurance in a less space of time than two years.

O. W. Stevens owns the house next door north which cost with the lot 4600

The storeroom rents for	300	
The house as much more	300	
P. P. & R. C. Turpin own the building next the alley which with the lot cost them	——	600 5250

It rents at 700 dollars per annum.

The entire cost of the block is then $26.323

And the aggregate of the rents is $3350, being at the rate of 12¾ per cent. per annum in the investment. It must be remembered also that those rents will be augmenting constantly, in the nature of the case.

I propose next week to exhibit other modes of safe and profitable investments for which I have not room in an article already larger than I contemplated to make it.

The Whaling business.

Just as I was making up last week's "Advertiser," and too late to use the information, I received the annual exhibit of the whaling business in the United States, with the following note attached to it:

"The whale fishery is alive yet, in spite of lard oil- Yours, A WHALER."

I owe this favor, undoubtedly, to the articles on lard oil, whose statistical character gave them extensively the range of the periodical press in the United States, and I can truly assure the unknown writer that he has laid me under obligations, by the valuable, full, and interesting table sent, and which want of space in this print, alone withholds from my columns.

A synopsis of it follows.

The imports into the United States, for 1844 were:

	Sperm oil.	Whale oil.	Whalebone.
Bbls.	139,544.	Bbls. 252,047.	lbs. 2,532,445.
1843	166,985.	206,721.	

The supplies of 1844 were brought in 238 ships, barques, brigs, schooners, and sloops principally of the first class. The whaling voyages lasting for a length of time averaging three years, two thirds of the vessels employed are not included in this table. The whole number of whalers is 695, the increase during the last year being fifty vessels of 18503 tonsburthen.

I rejoice in the prosperous condition of this important trade. The whale fishery is the great nursery of American sailors, and it has served to prepare many of our naval heroes for useful-

ness and honor in the national service. It was in this school that *Charles Ramsdell*, whose spirit stirring biography I gave so lately to the public, in these columns, was trained, as are thousands of other gallant and energetic spirits.

But it is in vain that our eastern brethren shut their eyes to the tendency of the lard oil manufacture. As a means of light, it is atonce cheaper, pleasanter, and of rapidly enlarging power of production. The increase of vessels for the whale voyages is in the growth of the leather business, a heavy and important manufacture spending over the whole United States, and which grows, and must continue to do so, with the general advance of the country. This is evident from the fact that it is the increase in whale or tanner's oil, which has furnished freights for these vessels. That article has averaged 34½ cents at New Bedford, for six years past, a price at which it may defy the competition of lard oil, while sperm oil, which was in 1839, at an average of 1,03 cts., had gradually sunk by the close of 1843 to 63 cents. The average of 1844, it is true, had improved to 88 cts. This is owing to the general revival of business, and confidence among dealers, which has produced the same state of things, with respect to lard oil, and raised its price 10 per cent already. now that the season for the accumulation of raw materials has only commenced. At any rate, there is room and use in the world for both sperm and lard oil.

Dyers and Painters Colors.

Modern chemistry is the touch of Midas turning everything to gold, and some of the changes in color, taste, and properties, which natural substances undergo in the crucible, the retort and the furnace, are such as puzzle plain men of sound understandings, not familiar with the magic of the science. Who that surveys *Piperine*, a crystallized substance, looking like roll brimstone split up, would imagine that it was the extract and principle of the black pepper, with whose smell and taste his daily dinner makes him familiar, or that the paper which wraps up the package of goods he has just purchased was made of straw, which grew on his own or his neighbor's farm, or that the ivory-black which serves him for paint, was made purely out of old bones.

Among the recent additions to our manufacturing industry, Mr. Charles Dumm has commenced the manufacture on an extensive scale, of colors, for dyers and painters, such as *Prussiate of potash; Chrome Yellow and Green*; *Paris, Antwerp and Mineral Blue*. The chromes are not new articles of manufacture here, Mr. R. Conkling, on Court street. being already engaged largely in the business, but the other articles have heretofore been brought from abroad under the disadvantage to the community, that what is ordered from the east *may* be good, and ordinarily is of fair quality, while the corresponding manufacture here *must* be either better or cheaper, or both, if designed to supercede it.

Prussiate of potash, which ought rather perhaps to be called *blue oxyde of potash*, is a cheaper and more efficient coloring substance than the indigo which it replaces in dying. It is employed, in large quantities, in woollen factories, and calico print establishments at the east, and serves also for rendering iron as hard as steel.

The other articles named, are used by painters, paper stainers, and oil cloth, fancy printing ink, and paper manufacturers, for whom they furnish blue and yellow of the deepest and most brilliant tints, with all the intermediate shades.

All these articles are made chiefly of animal substances, such as blood, hoofs, horns, old leather, &c., and when we reflect on the immense amount of such offal, which annually runs to waste, in the Mill creek, and Deer creek valleys it will readily be understood that this establishment is prepared to operate on the most extensive scale.

As things now are, the principal markets for these products must be sought east, although I doubt not the lapse of a few years will supply an abundant demand in Cincinnati and the west. What the future operations of this and other establishments must become in point of magnitude, may be judged from the fact that already, in the infancy of the business, *Mr. Dummig* consumes, in his manufacture, two thousand pounds of animal substances, and nearly one thousand pounds of potash daily. Seven hands are here employed, and the operations go on, day and night.

Specimens of these articles are left at my office, which I shall be pleased to show to those who take an interest in the subject. Their appearance itself will recommend them beyond anything I can say, but on the subject of their quality, I must relate one little incident. Mr. D. manufactured a supply of one of these articles for one of our heavy druggists, a man thoroughly acquainted with dye stuffs, expecting to be paid the price of the eastern article, whatever that might be. That price proved to be 45 cents per lb. at that time. The Druggist examined it very carefully and then remarked: "The price as you see by this price current," shewing it to him, "is 45 cents, but for such an article as this I cannot think of giving you less than 60 cts;" and paid him accordingly.

Such establishments, in which labor forms almost every thing, and raw materials almost nothing, of the value of manufacturing deserve the

support of every well wisher to the prosperity of Cincinnati. Had the immense banking patronage to our pork business, which in the course of twenty years had swallowed up almost every man engaged on it, leaving the pork house, as the only assets, been diverted to manufactures of similar descriptions. Cincinnati would now have been one of the most important manufacturing point in the United States. Every one can readily see that a department of industry, which gives 85 per cent to the farmer for raw material and divides 15 per cent among the packer, salt merchant, cooper, drayman, freighter and commission merchant can never be so important to the community as establishments in which the raw material is 15 per cent, and the value conferred on it by labor 85, in many of our factories this being the case.

John M'Ewan.

Human nature is always a study of profound interest. It is presented in the following narrative in a manner seldom witnessed. These details were taken from a letter of M. Waldie, M. D., of Glasgow to his nephew and are doubtless authentic.

"I lodged in the house of a poor shoemaker, by name John M'Ewan. He had no family but his wife, who, like himself, was considerably beyond the meridian of life. The couple were very poor, as their house, and everything about their style of living, showed; but a worthier couple, I should have no difficulty in saying were not to be found in the whole city. When I was sitting in my own little cell, busy with my books, late at night, I used to listen with delight to the hymn the two old bodies sung, or rather, I should say, *croon'd* together, before they went to bed. Tune there was almost none; but the low, inarticulate, quiet chaunt, had something so impressive and solemnizing about it, that I missed not melody. John himself was a hard-working man, and, like most of his trade, had acquired a stooping attitude, and a dark, saffron hue of complexion. His close-cut, greasy black hair suited admirably a set of strong, massive, iron features. His brow was seamed with firm, broad-drawn wrinkles, and his large gray eyes seemed to gleam, when he deigned to uplift them with the cold haughty independence of virtuous poverty. John was a rigid Cameronian, indeed; and everything about his person spoke the world-despising pride of his sect. His wife was a quiet, good body, and seemed to live in perpetual adoration of her stern cobler. I had the strictest confidence in their probity, and would no more have thought of locking my chest ere I went out, than if I had been under the roof of an apostle.

"One evening I came home, as usual, from my tutorial trudge, and entered the kitchen where they commonly sat, to warm my hands at the fire, and get my candle lighted. Jean was by herself at the fireside, and I sat down by her side for a minute or two. I heard voices in the inner room, and easily recognized the coarse grunt which John M'Ewan condescended, on rare occasions, to set forth as the representative of laughter. The old woman told me that the good man had a friend from the country with him—a farmor who had come from a distance to sell ewes at the market. Jean, indeed, seemed to take some pride in the acquaintance, enlarging upon the great substance, and respectability of the stranger. I was chatting away with her, when he heard some noise from the spence as if a table or a chair had fallen—but we thought nothing of this, and talked on. A minute after, John came from the room, and shutting the door behind him said, "I'm going out for a moment, Jean; Andrew's had ower muckle o' the flesher's whiskey the day, and I maun stap up the close to see after his beast for him. Ye need na gang near him till I come back."

"The cobler said this, for any thing that I could observe, in his usual manner; and walking across the kitchen, went down stairs, as he had said. But imagine, my friend, for I cannot describe the feelings with which, some five minutes after he had disappeared, I, chaneing to throw my eyes downwards, perceived a dark flood, creeping broadly, inch by inch across the sanded floor towards the place where I sat. The old woman had her stocking in her hand—I called to her without moving, for I was nailed to my chair: 'See there, what is that?'

"'Andew Bell has coupit our water stoop,' said she rising. I sprang forward and dipt my finger in the stream. 'Blood! Jean, blood!' The The old woman stooped over it, and touched it also; she instantly screamed out, 'Blood, ay, blood!' while I rushed on to the door from below which it was oozing. I tried the handle, and found it was locked—and spurned it off its hinges with one kick of my foot. The instant the timber gave way, the black tide rolled out as if a dam had been breaking up, and I heard my feet plashing in the abomination as I advanced. What a sight within! The man was lying all his length upon the floor; his throat absolutely severed to the spine. The whole blood of the body had run out. The table with a pewter pot or two, and a bottle upon it, stood close beside him, and two chairs, one half-tumbled down and supported against the other. I rushed instantly out of the house, and cried out in a tone that brought the whole neighborhood around me. They entered the house—Jean had disappeared—there was nothing in it, but the corpse and the blood, which had already found its way to the outer stair-case, making the whole floor one puddle. There was such a clamor of surprise and horror for a little while, that I scarcely heard one word that was said. A bell in the neighborhood had been set in motion—dozens, scores, hundreds of people were heard rushing from every direction towards the spot.—A fury of execration and alarm pervaded the very breeze. In a word, I had absolutely lost all possession of myself, until I found myself grappled from behind, and saw a town's officer pointing the bloody knife towards me. A dozen voices were screaming, ''Tis a Doctor's knife! this is the young doctor that 'bides in the house—this is the man!'

"Of course this restored me to my self possession. I demanded a moment's silence, and said—'It is my knife, and I lodge in the house; but John M'Ewan is the man that has murdered his friend.' 'John M'Ewan!' roared some one in a voice of tenfold horror; 'our elder, John M'Ewan, a murderer! Wretch! wretch! how dare ye blaspheme?' 'Carry me to jail immediately,' said I, as soon as the storm subsided a little

load me with all the chains in Glasgow, but don't neglect to pursue John M'Ewan.' I was instantly locked up in the room with the dead man, while the greater part of the crowd followed one of the officers. Another of them kept watch over me until one of the magistrates of the city arrived. This gentleman, finding that I had been the person who first gave the alarm, and that M'Ewan and his wife were both gone, had little difficulty, I could perceive in doing me justice in his own mind. However, after he had given orders for the pursuit, I told him that as the people about were evidently unsatisfied of my innocence, the best and the kindest thing he could do was to put me forthwith within the walls of his prison; there I should be safe at all events and I had no doubt, if proper exertions were made, the guilty man would not only be found, but found immediately. My person being searched, nothing suspicious, of course, was found upon it; and the good baillie soon had me conveyed under a proper guard to the place of security—where, you may suppose, I did not, after all, spend a very pleasant night. The jail is situated in the heart of the town, where the four principal streets meet; and the glare of hurrying lights, the roar of anxious voices, and the eternal tolling of the alarum-bell—these all reached me through the bars of my cell, and, together with the horrors that I had already witnessed, were more than enough to keep me in no enviable condition.

"Jean was discovered, in the gray of the morning, crouching under one of the trees in the green, and being led immediately before the magistrate, the poor trembling creature confirmed, by what she said, and by what she did not say, the terrible story which I had told.—Some other witnesses having also appeared, who spoke to the facts of Andrew Bell having received a large sum of money in M'Ewan's sight at the market, and been seen walking to the Vennel, arm in arm, with him—the authorities of the place were perfectly satisfied, and I was set free, with many apologies for what I had suffered. But still no word of John M'Ewan.

"It was late in the day ere the first traces of him were found—and such a trace! An old woman had died that night in a cottage not many miles from Glasgow—when she was almost *in articulo mortis*, a stranger entered the house, to ask a drink of water—an oldish dark man, evidently much fatigued with walking.—This man finding in what great affliction the family was—this man, after drinking a cup of water, knelt down by the bedside, and prayed, a long, an awful, a terrible prayer. The people thought he must be some travelling field preacher. He took the bible into his hands—opened it as if he intended to read aloud—but shut the book abruptly, and took his leave.—This man had been seen by these poor people to walk in the direction of the sea.

"They traced the same dark man to Irvine, and found that he had embarked on board of a vessel which was just getting under sail, for Ireland. The officers immediately hired a small brig, and sailed also. A violent gale arose, and drove them for shelter to the Isle of Arran.—They landed, the second night after they had left Irvine, on that bare and desolate shore—they landed, and behold, the ship they were in pursuit of at the quay! The captain acknowledged at once that a man corresponding to their description had been one of his passengers at Irvine—he had gone ashore but an hour ago. They searched—they found M'Ewan striding by himself close to the sea-beach, amidst the dashing spray—his bible in his hand. The instant he saw them he said, you need not tell me your errand; I am he you seek; I am John M'Ewan that murdered Andrew Bell! I surrender myself your prisoner. God told me but this moment that you would come and find me;—for I opened his word, and the first text that my eye fell upon was *this*.' He seized the officer by the hand, and laid his finger upon—'See you there!' said he. 'Do you not see the Lord's own blessed decree? *Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.* And there,' he added, plucking a pocket-book from his bosom, 'there, friends is Andrew Bell's siller—ye'll find the haill o't there, an' be not three half crowns and a sixpence. Seven and thirty pounds was the sum for which I yielded up my soul to the temptation of the prince of the power of the air. Seven and thirty pounds!—Ah! my brethren! call me not an olive until thou see me gathered. I thought that I stood fast, and behold ye all how I am fallen.'

"I saw this singular fanatic tried. He would have pleaded guilty; but, for excellent reasons, the crown advocate wished the whole evidence to be led. John had dressed himself with scrupulous accuracy in the very clothes he wore when he did the deed. The blood of the murdered man was still visible upon the sleeve of his blue coat. When any circumstance of peculiar atrocity was mentioned by a witness, he signified by a solemn shake of his head, his sense of its darkness and its conclusiveness; and when the judge, in addressing him, enlarged upon the horror of his guilt, he, standing right before the bench, kept his eye fixed with calm earnestness on his lordship's face, assenting now and then to the propriety of what he said, by exactly that sort of see-saw gesture, which you may have seen escape now and then from a devout listener to a pathetic sermon, or sacramental service. John, in a short speech of his own, expressed his sense of his guilt; but even then he borrowed the language of Scripture, styling himself 'a sinner and the chief of sinners.' Never was such a specimen of that insane pride. The very agony of this man's humiliation had a spice of exultation in it; there was in the most penitent of his lugubrious glances still something that said, or seemed to say, 'Abuse me: spurn me as you will; I loth myself also; but this deed is Satan's.' Indeed he continued to always speak quite gravely of his 'trespass,' his 'backsliding,' his 'sore temptation!'

"I was present also with him during the final scene. His irons had been knocked off ere I entered the cell; and clothed as he was in a most respectable suit of black, and with that fixed and imperturbable solemnity of air and aspect, upon my conscience I think it would have been a difficult matter for a stranger to pick out the murderer among the group of clergyman that surrounded him. In vain did these good men labor to knock away the absurd and impious props upon which the happy fanatic leaned himself. He heard what they said, and instantly said something still stronger himself—but only to shrink back again to his own fastness with redoubled confidence. 'He had *once* been right, and he could not be wrong; he had been permitted to make a sore stumble!' This was his utmost concession.

"What a noble set of nerves had been thrown away here! He was led, sir, out of the damp,

dark cellar, in which he had been chained for weeks, and brought at once into the open air. His first step into the open air was upon the scaffold! and what a moment! In general, at least in Scotland, the crowd, assembled upon such occasions, receive the victim of the law with all the solemnity of profoundest silence!—not unfrequently there is even something of the respectful, blended with compassion on that myriad of faces. But here, sir, the moment M'Ewan appeared, he was saluted with one universal shout of horror; a huzza of mingled joy and triumph, and execration and laughter; cats, rats, every filth of the pillory was showered about the gibbet. I was close to his side at that terrific moment, and I laid my finger on his wrist. As I live, there was never a calmer pulse in the world; slow, full, strong: I feel the iron beat of it at this moment.

"There happened to be a slight drizzle of rain at the moment; observing which he turned round and said to the magistrates: 'Dinna come out, dinna come out, your honors, to weet yourselves. Its beginning to rain, and the lads are uncivil at ony rate, poor thoughtless creatures.

"He took his leave of this angry mob in a speech which would not have disgraced a martyr, embracing the stake of glory, and the fatal noose was tied. I observed the brazen firmness of his limbs, after his face was covered.—He flung his handkerchief with an air of semibenediction, and died like a hero."

Fancy Trades.

The New York Spirit of the Times has the tallest editor in the lively Porter, and the *raceiest*, drollest, and most mirth-moving correspondents of any juornal in the land. The following is from a letter in the last 'Spirit.'

One evening in particular I was rallying my companion upon his low spirits, and attributing it to long absence from his wife, making as unfavorable a comparison as possible between his situation and my own, a bachelor, when our quondam friend, as usual, joined in. Matrimony, said he, is a fine thing, when you are once in for it, and know what you've got; but its rather ticklish to begin on; you're as likely to make a fancy trade as any, and if I'm goin to make one I want it in horses; for if I'm married I'll have to stand perhaps when I don't want to.

'Yes: but,' said I, 'what do you call a fancy trade?'

Why Captain, a fancy trade is where a man's fancy out jinerals his judgment, and runs away with his brains. I'll tell you a story now, where my fancy ran right straight away with my gumtion to the tune of old hundred.

The last time I was up West I went with the old brown hoss I had of the stage agent, a purty good one, but a little rusty at times. Well, I got to Windham Cattle Show before I see a chance to swap, and for the matter o' that I couldn't see any chance; there was a good many niceish kind o' hosses, but nobody seemed to hanker after a trade. Finally I see a countryman leading a black colt—wasn't he a buster! He had the greatest withers ever you see on a hoss, and a set of limbs that would bring tears into a man's eyes. I at's the chap: 'Mister,' says I, 'that's a fust rate colt, if 'twant for them ars.' 'Them are what,' says he. 'Law; now do be green,' says I. 'Green,' says he, 'what do you mean by that are?' 'Why, there, man, says I, 'that'll do with some, but I've been there and staid a week.' 'Why friend,' says he, 'if there's anything out of the way in the hoss, let's know it.' 'Why, do you mean to say that you don't know that colt's got two bone spavins.' 'I deny it,' said he, and his eyes stuck out so you could a hung your hat on 'em.' 'Well, friend,' says I, 'I'll prove this to you; lead your colt over this way where there is a little the soundest horse I ever did see, and we will compare their legs.'—Now that colt was a dreadful made one; his hock jints were deeper than any I have seen, and the upper pints inside the hind leg stuck out clean and handsome I tell you. Well, old Brown's leg was a gunny round thing, like any other old Plug's. 'There,' says I, 'I mean to say that them bones stickin' out like a frog's elbow, on your colt, but when you get him to work, there bound to lame him, for they're nothing more nor less than bone spavins.' 'O, dear,' says he, 'what shall I do?' and he turned as blue as a whetstone. 'Well,' says I. 'there never was a nigger so black but there was some white in his eye, and our case has some bright spots in it yet. Lets find that chap what owns this hoss. I'll help you to trade. We can cut him through and make a good thing out of a bad one.' 'Well, says he, 'you start after him.'

Off I goes to the tavern, for old Jim Dana, a dreadful critter for a trade. 'Jim, says I, 'do you want to make a trade?' 'I don't want to do anything else.' says Jim. Well then,' says I, 'throw away your segar—put your hat square on your head, take that swagger out of your carcass and come and swap my brown horse for me, and I want you to look so much like an honest man that your own wife wouldn't know you.' Well, we got down where the chap was; 'here's the gentleman,' says I, 'what owns the brown hoss and he is willing to make an exchange with you.' 'Very, well,' says the fellow, 'tell what you'll do.' On this off goes old Jim at half cock. 'I've owned this critter from a colt,' says he, 'I've used him in every way and shape, and he never failed. He aint used to high keepin', but it takes a man's hoss to beat him. Thar he is; look for yourself: sound, kind, and good—eight years old next spring. I'll warrant him in any harness, and when you come to a hill, he's there. I should feel bad to part with him,' and really the old feller looked as if he'd cry. 'Well,' says I, 'how'll you trade?' 'I can't make up my mind,' says old Jim, 'I might trade for $30, how'd you trade?' 'Offer him $20,' says I, in my covey's ear; 'No,' says he, 'I can't trade short of $20 myself.' 'But.' says I, 'you *will* trade for twenty?' 'Yes,' says he. I winked to Jim to close up. 'Well,' says old Jim, 'I shall trade.' We shifted purty quick, I guess, and I never felt safe till I saw his halter on old brown. Just as he was goin' off, he turned round, and says he to me, 'when you put your colt in the wagon, *set well back, for he'll kick it all to pieces.*' and oh, how he laughed! I've heard folks laugh and I've heard them cry, but I never heard anything before or since that come over me as that did. I felt as if I had lived on raw barberries for a week, and exercised myself whetting saws. Old Jim laughed, as though he'd split.—'Where's that V!' said he, and then he'd laugh, I hired a hoss cart, and put the colt in; he got to kickin' and there he kicked it all to pieces in no time, his hind legs went like a mill race; them ere gambols warnt made for nothin', I tell you; he kicked the cart all to pieces, and I had to pay thirty-seven dollars for it. Well I tho't

I'd make the best of a bad job, so I bought an old cripple for ten dollars to draw my wagon and tied the colt behind, and cuss him he wouldn't go there, but went to pulling back, and broke my new wagon. Well, thinks I, I'll put him up, and try again in the morning; but I hadn't seen the worse yet, for they wouldn't put him up, no how; they said he was glandered and so he was; the chap had blowed powder allum up his nose,so he didn't show, and I was so earnest to pick up a flat I hadn't looked to see anything. And that was the end of my fancy trade.

I gave the colt away after two days, for he wouldn't a fetched me a pint of cider. It was a good deal for me in the end though, for my school master used to say, that hour's work bred me circumspection. And from that day to this, I have never took a sudden shine to anything without its bringing that colt right afore my eyes. I have never been married, and a gall must manage purty cute and look purty well,to make me sweet,for the black cow's horns show dreadful quick to me on account of the color.

And now, Captain, let's have some hot whiskey punch before we go to roost, and it is your treat, for you are getting your experience mighty fast, *and without paying for it.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

More Pork Stories.

MR. CIST:

The pork story told in your last paper, of the manner in which some rustic sharper made a city dealer break his contract, when the price of pork had risen in market, reminds me of two other stories which I give as follows—

More than thirty years ago, a large burley man, who dwelt somewhere on the waters of Buck Creek, Ohio, remarkable for his powers of counting a drove, had become famous for his droves of hogs taken over the mountains and sold in Virginia and Maryland. On one occasion he had a large drove in the vicinity of Georgetown, D. C., of which he sold one half to a person there, and as the hogs had to be delivered on the opposite side of the river Potomac, it was agreed they should be divided on Georgetown Bridge. Accordingly, the whole number were driven to the bridge, and as he was a man of energy and despatch, the hogs were put into quick motion and passed over in a hurry. The drover stood at the centre, counting the van of the drove as they hurried by, and when one half had gone past he headed the rest, [whether heading Tyler came from this I do not know.] It so fell out that the best runners got through first, and all the heaviest and fattest hogs remained on the drover's side as *cullings*, of course, greatly to his *disadvantage*.

The other story relates to a gentleman with a round good humored face, and portly frame, who dwells in this city without the hand of time making him older to the eye. He then occupied the store now held by Geo. Conclin, and his next door neighbor was James Reynolds, then a dry goods merchant: he concluded that in addition to selling dry goods, he would deal in pork. He made a contract in writing with some man who dwelt near Brookville, Indiana, and had not been long from Yankee land, to deliver him from one to five hundred good fat hogs, of not less than 200 weight, by a day specified in the contract. Before the day arrived however, the price of hogs had so risen, that the countryman could not procure the hogs to fill the contract, without great loss to himself. So, punctually to the day he placed on a dray a large hog, ready slaughtered and dressed, which he drove to the door of the merchant, and accosting him in the rear of his store, observed that he had brought him the pork according to contract, which he would please to step to the door and receive. Our friend, expecting nothing less than a string of some six or eight wagons along his front, and doubtless exulting in his own mind in the profits which must result, under the circumstances of the case, stepped forward with great alacrity towards the door, when seeing nothing but the dray of which he did not notice the load, turned his eye up and down street by turns to see the approach of the waggons. At last turning to the contractor, he asked, "where are the hogs." "There," said the hoosier, pointing to the dray, is the pork which according to our contract, was to be from one to five hundred hogs. Pork, added he, is rather scarcer than usual in our range, and I have found it therefore, more convenient to deliver you one hog than five hundred. The Porkmerchant finding himself caught, gave in with as good grace as possible, paid for his pork, and dismissed his dealer with much civility, if not cordiality. Being however a practical joker on all oc casions, the misadventure was received with much glee by his neighbors who had long and often suffered in these respects at his hands, and who took care that the story should become known all over town, and lose nothing in the telling.

If any doubt exist as to the truth of this narrative, Captain Stephen Butler who lived in that region in those days could probably furnish evidence in the case.

I think Mr. Editor, the incidents I have given you manifest more wit and talent, if not more fully within the pale of fair dealing than Mr. B. B. who trenched decidedly on the borders of falsehood. Had the lot of the individuals of whom I speak been cast in Wall street N. York, they would no doubt have reached a high standing in the practice of what is called *cornering*.

Yours, S.

MR. CIST:—

The tavern bill which you lately published in your paper, under the head of "Fifty years since," has interested me,and I have some small criticisms to make, on this antiquarian matter, which, I think, has been misunderstood.

You say that the bill was incurred by General St. Clair and two other persons. You will note that this bill was for *Mr.* St. Clair & Co.' and is dated at Marietta in Oct. 1798. The general court of the territory sat at Marietta in that month, and *Mr.* St. Clair, the General's son,and who was then Attorney General of the Territory, was there in attendance on the Court, and the bill was doubtless for him, and two other lawyers from Cincinnati. That part of the bill made out by their host, is in Connecticut currency, of 6 shillings to the dollar, as you may readily see, and not in Pennsylvania, of 7*s*, 6*d* to the dollar, which did not prevail in that quarter; and the remaining notes were made by that third person, to whom, as unknown, you attribute all the brandy; for which I excuse you, as you have reckoned him a military man.

That other person kept the bill, and made the memo. of his outlay for the whole,and it contains the settlement on returning home, for you see he "received of St. Clair,at Cincinnati." The entry of cash, "received of Jacob," shows the other person to have been one of a familiar band, and I judge that it was jotted by a brothers's hand. The custom of travellers in those days to have the bill paid on the road by one of the company, as treasurer for the whole,who would settle at the journey's end, is here shadowed forth. And the venison ham, the bread, the last pints of brandy, the cheese, and eke the victuals were for use on the journey at noontide, and such appliances, as the lawyers, returning from Court, found needful on the dreary bridle paths, where no houses were found to receive them. I am certain to a common intent that the affair pertains to a band of pioneer lawyers; and, with a feeling of jealous reverence for them, strengthened by a belief that one of the two yet abides in honor among us, I insist that the huge quantities of sack and other thin potations therein set down, were consumed by their clients, and other droppers in at their rooms.

Having thus shown, for the sake of truth, that the affairs did not pertain to the *military*, but rather to the *civil* department, and particularly to the fathers of the Bar, I must, for the honor of the profession, express my horror at a mistake by your compositor, who changes "1 qt. brandy," to "19 p. brandy." or one quart to nineteen pints; and I appeal to the price 3*s* 6*d* as proof of the monstrous aspersion on the elders of our race. You must, in good sooth, put that printer under some suitable penance, and make amends as publisher. Think of it! That lawyers should have to travel on horseback from Marietta to Cincinnati, pack a bushel and a half of oats, besides their bread and venison, and have one innocent quart of brandy swelled to nineteen pints, and published in these days of total abstinence, post coaches and steamboats! As you dread a bad epitaph yourself, correct the most horrible mistake!

Yours,
A YOUNGER LAWYER.

Jan. 20, 1845.

The figures were difficult to decipher; so we put the quantity to suit the profession of the present day.

PRINTER.

Buildings for 1844—in Cincinnati.

I have at length completed the enumeration of the buildings of 1844, the result of which has been published ward by ward, as each was finished,and now recapitulate the several returns.

Wards.	Stone.	Bricks.	Frames.	Total.
First.	1.	71.	10.	82.
Second,		97.	5.	102.
Third,		71.	46.	117.
Fourth,		75.	42.	117.
Fifth,		115.	51.	166.
Sixth,		89.	28.	117.
Seventh,		146.	73.	219,
Eighth,		120.	106.	226.
Ninth,	2.	45.	35.	82.
	3.	829.	396.	1229.
Buildings,'43	0.	636.	267.	1003.
Excess in'44.	3.	73.	127.	225.

The aggregate of buildings in 1842, 8542.
do do 1843, 9545.
do do 1844, 10773.

This, it will be observed, includes the corporate limits of Cincinnati; there is very little doubt that in the district between the corporation line, and the base of the hills, on our north, which is virtually a part of the city, as many as five hundred buildings have been put up, during 1843 and 1844.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Thursday, January the 9th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Cleaveland, Mr. JAMES HILLHOUSE to Miss MARGARET C. SWINSON.

On Thursday the 16th inst, at the Broadway Exchange, by the Rev. Mr. Kroell. Mr. GEORGE MAURER to Mrs. CHRISTIANA GERHART.

On the 17th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Prescott, SIMON ROSS to Miss MARGARET G. SMITH, of Dundee, Scotland.

On Thursday, the 26th inst. by the Rev. S. W Lynd, Mr. HEZEKIAH C. SMITH to Miss ANNE CONALL.

DEATHS.

In New Orleans, on Saturday, January the 11th, Capt. JOHN BATCHELDER, of Cincinnati.

In this city, on Sunday the 12th inst, Mrs. FANNY, wife of the Rev. James C. White.

On Sunday the 19th inst, Mrs. MARGARET ANN, consort of John A. Williams, and daughter of Wm. Jones.

On Friday the 17th inst, Rev. FREDERICK G BETTS Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Clearfield, Penn.

Rites of the Aborigines.

I am indebted for the following interesting sketch of Indian Customs to the "Sidney Aurora," published in the region referred to in the article. As the testimony of an intelligent eye-witness, it is of great value, and throws much light on many long-debated subjects connected with the origin, character, and habits of the Aborigines of our country.

Lower Sandusky, O., 1844.

Mr. Editor:—Since the epoch of the "Last Sacrifice," we are surrounded by a new race of inhabitants; the almost unprecedented influx of population, which has poured upon us, from the East, and the South, has gathered around us a new generation—so that we of the "olden time," seem now to live in the midst of strangers.

The *Red Man* of the forest has disappeared—the *Pioneer*, shunning the society of the refined and intelligent, has gone in search of the "Ultima Thule," or the "far West," and the *Squatter* has followed his footsteps.

Presuming that the following narration of the Religious Rites of the Aborigines, would not be altogether void of interest to your readers, it is, therefore, respectfully presented.

Yours, &c.

Sam'l Crowell,

RITES OF THE ABORIGINES.

The Senecas who roam'd those wilds,
In ages long by-gone;
Are now rejoicing in the chase,
Towards the setting sun.

Their Sacrifices offer'd up,
And Deity appeased—
Their "Father-land" they left in peace,
With their exchange well pleased.

On the first day of February, some fourteen years since, I witnessed an interesting, and to me, a novel, religious ceremony of the Seneca tribe of Indians, then occupying that portion of territory now comprising a part of the counties of Seneca, and Sandusky, Ohio, familiarly known to the inhabitants of this region, as 'the Seneca Reservation.'

The fact that this nation had recently ceded this Reserve to the United States, and were now about to commemorate, *for the last time in this country*, this annual festival, previous to their emigration to the Rocky Mountains, contributed not a little, to add to it an unusual degree of interest.

To those acquainted with the characteristic trait of the Red Men, it is unnecessary to remark, that there is a reserveduess attached to them—peculiarly their own; but, especially, when about to celebrate this annual festival, they seem, so far at least as the pale-faces are concerned, to shroud their designs in impenetrable secrecy.

And the festival of which I now speak, might have been, as many others of a similar character were, observed by themselves with due solemnity, and without the knowledge or interference of their white neighbors, but that the general poverty and reckless improvidence of the Senecas were proverbial. And those were the causes which awakened the suspicions of the inquisitive Yankees.

In order, therefore, that the approaching festival, as it was intended to be the *last* of those observances here, should not lack in any thing necessary to make it imposing, and impress a permanent recollection of Sandusky, on the mind of their rising race—no effort was spared, and no fatigue regarded, that would tend to promote this object. Thus for some time previous to the period of which I am now speaking, by the unerring aim of the Seneca rifle, the antlers, with the body of many a tall and stately buck, fell prostrate; and in crowds the Indians now came into Lower Sandusky with their venison, and their skins; and the squaws, with their painted baskets and moccasins, not as heretofore, to barter for *necessaries*, but chiefly for *ornaments!*

To the penetrating mind of the merchant, they thus betrayed their object; to-wit: that they were preparing to celebrate their annual festival, or in the vulgar parlance of the day, 'to burn their dogs.'

Inquiry was now on the alert to ascertain the precise period; and to the often repeated interrogatory put by the boys of our village, 'Indian, *when* will you burn your dogs?'—an evasive reply would be given; sometimes saying, 'may be,' (a very common expression with them,) 'two days,'—'may be, three days,'—'may be, one week.' Their object being to baffle the inquirer; so that the further off the intended period was, they would give the shortest time—and vice versa.

The principal Head-men, or Chiefs of the Senecas, were 'Good Hunter,' 'Hard Hickory,' and 'Tall Chief;' there were also some sub or *half* Chiefs; among those of the latter rank, *Benjamin F. Warner*, a white or half-breed, had considerable influence.

In this, as in other nations, civilized as well as savage, though there may be several men of apparent equal rank, yet there usually is *one*, who either by artificial, or universally acknowledged talent, directs in a great measure, the destinies of the nation; and such among the Senecas, was 'HARD HICKORY.'

To a mind of no ordinary grade, he added, from his intercourse with the whites, *a polish of manner*, seldom seen in an Indian. The French language he spoke fluently, and the English, intelligibly. Scrupulously adhering to the costume of his people, and retaining many of their habits, this Chief was much endeared to them; while on the other hand, his urbanity, and for an Indian, he possessed, as already observed, a large share of the *suaviter in modo*—his intelligence, his ardent attachment to the whites—and above all, his strict integrity in business transactions, obtained for him, and deservedly, the respect and confidence of all with whom he traded. Such was the trust the merchants of Lower Sandusky reposed in this Chief, that when an indigent Indian came to ask for goods on a credit, if Hard Hickory would say he would see the sum paid, no more was required. Thus his word passed current with, and current for, the whole nation.

And as in the mind of man there is something intuitive, better known than defined, by which instinctively, as it were, we find in the bosom of another, a response to our own feelings; so in the present case, this noble Indian soon discovered in the late Obed Dickinson, a merchant of Lower Sandusky, a generous, confiding and elevated mind, whose honorable vibrations beat in unison with his own.

To Mr. D. therefore, he made known the time *when* they would celebrate their festival, by sacrificing their dogs, &c. &c., and cordially invited him to attend as a *guest*, and if so disposed, he might bring a friend with him.

Correctly supposing that I never had an opportunity of witnessing this religious rite, Mr. D. kindly requested me to accompany him to their Council-House, on Green creek, in that part of this county, included in the present township of Green creek. On giving me the invitation, Mr. D. remarked, that by taking a present in our hand, we would, probably, be made the more welcome. In accordance, therefore, with this suggestion, we took with us a quantity of loaf sugar and tobacco.

It was sometime in the afternoon when we arrived, and immediately thereafter, we were ushered into the Council-House with demonstrations of public joy and marked respect.

As soon as seated, we gave our presents to Hard Hickory, who, raising, held one of them up, and pointing to Mr. D. addressed the Indians in an audible voice, in their own tongue; then holding up the other, he pointed to me, repeating to them what he had before said—this done, he turned to us, and said:

'You stay here long as you want, nobody hurt you.' Confiding in the assurances of this Chief, I hung up my valise, in which were some important papers, for I was then on my way further East, attending to my official duties as Sheriff of this county, and felt perfectly at home.

To the inhabitants of this section of Ohio, a minute description of the Council House, would be deemed unnecessary. Suffice it to say, that its dimensions were, perhaps, sixty by twenty-five feet; a place in the centre for the fire, and corresponding therewith, an aperture was left on the roof for the smoke to ascend. Contiguous to the fire place were two upright posts, four or five feet apart; between these posts, a board, twelve or fifteen inches broad, was firmly fastened; and over this board the skin of a deer was stretched very tight. On a seat near this board, sat a blind Indian with a gourd in his hand, in which were beans or corn—with this he beat time for the dancers. Such was the musician, and such the music.

The dancing had commenced previous to our arrival; and was continued with little intermission, for several successive days and nights. An effort by me to describe their *manner* of dancing would be fruitless. I have witnessed dancing assembles in the populous cities of the east, among the refined classes of society—but having seen nothing like this, I must, therefore, pronounce it *sui generis*. I was strongly solicited by some of the Chiefs to unite with them in the dance: I, however, declined the intended honor—but gave to one of them my cane, as a *proxy*, with which he seemed much delighted. Several of their white neighbors, both male and female, entered the ring,

There was on this occasion a splendid display of ornament. Those who have seen the members of a certain society, in their most prosperous days, march in procession, in honor of their Patron saint, decorated with the badges and insignia of their *Order*, may have some conception of the dress and ornamental decorations of those Head-men, while engaged in the dance.

I will select 'Unum e Pluribus.' Their 'Doctor,' as he was called, wore very long hair, and from the nape of his neck, to the termination of his cue, there was a continuous line of *pieces of silver*—the upper one being larger than a dollar, and the lower one less than a half dime.

Some of the more inferior Indians were 'stuck o'er with baubles, and hung round with strings.' Many of them wore small bells tied round their ancles; and those who could not afford bells, had deer hoofs in place thereof; these made a jingling sound as they put down their feet in the dance.

The *squaws* also exhibited themselves to the best advantage. Several of them were splendidly attired and decorated. Their dresses were chiefly of *silk*, of various colors, and some of them were of good old fashioned *Queen's gray*. These dresses were not 'cut,' as our fair belles would say, *a la mode*—but they were cut and made after their own fashion: that is; not so long as to conceal the scarlet hose covering of their ancles, their small feet, or their moccasins, which were so ingeniously beaded, and manufactured by their own *olive* hands.

Nor must I omit saying, that the sobriety and correct demeanor of the Indians, and the modest deportment of the squaws, merited the highest commendation.

At the commencement of each dance, or, to borrow our own phraseology, each 'set dance, a chief first arose, and began to sing the word, "YA-WO-HAH!" with a slow, sonorous, and strong *syllabic* emphasis, keeping time with his feet, and advancing round the house; directly, another arose, and then in regular succession, one after the other, rising, and singing the same word, and falling in the rear, until all the *Indians* had joined in the dance; next the *Squaws* at a respectable distance in the rear, in the same manner, by seniority, arose, and united in the dance and the song. Now the step was quicker and the pronunciation more rapid, all singing and all dancing, while *Jim*, the blind musician, struck harder and faster with his gourd, on the undressed deer-skin; thus they continued the same dance for more than one hour, without cessation!

The Indian boys, who did not join in the dance amused themselves the meanwhile discharging heavy loaded muskets through the aperture in the roof the reverberations of which were almost deafening. Taken altogether, to the eye and ear of the stranger, it seemed like *frantic* festivity.

Tall Chief, who was confined to his bed, by indisposition, felt it so much his duty to join in the dance with his people, that he actually left his bed, notwithstanding it was mid winter, came to the Council House, and took part in the dance as long as he was able to stand.

About the 'noon of night,' Hard Hickory invited Mr. D. and myself to accept a bed at his residence; to this proposition we readily assented. Here we were not only hospitably provided for, but entertained in a style which I little anticipated. Even among many of our white inhabitants, at this early day, a *curtained* bed was a species of luxury not often enjoyed—such was the bed we occupied.

Shortly after our arrival at the house of this Chief, Mr. D. retired; not so with our friendly host and myself—while sitting near a clean, brick hearth, before a cheerful fire, Hard Hickory unbosomed himself to me unreservedly.—Mr. D. was asleep and the chief and I were the only persons then in the house.

Hard Hickory told me, among other things, that it was owing chiefly to him, that this feast

was now celebrated: that it was in part to appease the anger of the *Good Spirit*, in consequence of *a dream* he lately had; and as an explanation he gave me the following narration:

"He dreamed he was fleeing from an enemy, it was, he supposed, something *supernatural*; perhaps, an *evil spirit*; that, after it had pursued him a long time, and for a great distance, and every effort to escape from it seemed impossible as it was just at his heels, and he almost exhausted; at this perilous juncture, he saw a large water, towards which he made with all his remaining strength, and at the very instant when he expected each bound to be his last, he beheld, to his joy a *canoe* near the shore; this appeared as his last hope; breathless and faint, he threw himself into it, and *of its own accord*, quick as an arrow from the bow, it shot from the shore leaving his pursuer on the beach!"

While relating this circumstance to me, which he did with earnestness, trepidation and alarm, strongly expressed in his countenance, he took from his bosom something neatly and very carefully enclosed, in several distinct folds of buckskin. This he began to unrol, laying each piece by itself, and on opening the last, there was enclosed therein, a Canoe in Miniature!

On handing it to me to look at, he remarked, that no other person save himself and me, had ever seen it, and that, as a memento, he would wear it, as "long as he lived."

It was a piece of light wood, resembling cork, about six inches long, and, as intended, so it was, a perfect model of a canoe.

This chief, being now in a communicative mood, I took the liberty to inquire of him "when they intended to burn their dogs?" for I began to fear I should miss the express object which I came to witness.

After giving me to understand that "the Red men did not care about the pale faces, being present at, nor, if they chose, join in the dance, but burning their dogs was another thing—this was offering sacrifice to, and worshipping the Great Spirit; and while engaged in their *devotions* they objected to the presence and interference of the whites: yet, as I had never been present, and coming as the friend of Mr. D., who was a good man, he would tell me they would burn their dogs *soon* to-morrow morning."

The night being now far advanced, he pointed to the bed and told me to sleep there; but that he must go to the Council House, to the dance, for his people would not like it, if he would stay away, and wishing me, good night, he withdrew.

Anxiety to witness the burnt offering almost deprived me of sleep. Mr. D. and I, therefore, rose early and proceeded directly to the Council House, and though we supposed we were early, the Indians were already in advance of us.

The first object which arrested our attention, was a pair of the canine species, one of each gender suspended on a *cross!* one on either side thereof. These animals had been recently *strangled—not a bone was broken*, nor could a distorted hair be seen! They were of a beautiful *cream* color, except a few dark spots on one, naturally, which same spots were put on the other, artificially, by the devotees. The Indians are very partial in the selection of dogs entirely *white*, for this occasion; and for which they will give almost any price.

Now for part of the decorations to which I have already alluded, and a description of one will suffice for both, for they were *par similes*.

First—A scarlet ribband was tastefully tied just above the nose; and near the eyes another; next round the neck was a white ribband, to which was attached something bulbous, concealed in another white ribbond; this was placed directly under the right ear, and I suppose it was intended as an *amulet*, or charm. Then ribbands were bound round the forelegs, at the knees, and near the feet—these were red and white alternately. Round the body was a profuse decoration—then the hind legs were decorated as the fore ones. Thus were the victims prepared and thus ornamented for the burnt offering.

While minutely making this examination, I was almost unconscious of the collection of a large number of the Indians who were there assembled to offer their sacrifices.

Adjacent to the cross, was a large fire built on a few logs; and though the snow was several inches deep, they had prepared a sufficient quantity of combustible material, removed the snow from the logs, and placed thereon their fire. I have often regretted that I did not see them light this pile. My own opinion is, they did not use the fire from their Council House; because I think they would have considered that as *common*, and as this was intended to be a holy service, they, no doubt, for this purpose, struck fire from a flint, this being deemed *sacred*.

It was a clear, beautiful morning, and just as the first rays of the sun were seen in the tops of the towering forest, and its reflections from the snowy surface, the Indians simultaneously formed a semicircle enclosing the cross, each flank resting on the aforesaid pile of logs.

Good Hunter who officiated as High Priest, now appeared, and approached the cross; arrayed in his *pontifical* robes, he looked quite respectable.

The Indians being all assembled—I say *Indians*. (for there was not a *Squaw* present during all this ceremony—I saw two or three pass outside of the semi-circle, but they moved as if desirous of being unobserved,) at a private signal given by the High Priest, two young chiefs sprang up the cross, and each taking off one of the victims, brought it down, and presented it on his arms to the High Priest, who receiving it with great reverence, in like manner advanced to the fire, and with a very grave and solemn air, laid it thereon—and this he did with the other—but to which, whether male or female, he gave the preferenee, I did not learn. This done, he retired to the cross.

In a devout manner, he now commenced an oration. The tone of his voice was audible and somewhat *chaunting*. At every pause in his discourse, he took from a white cloth he held in his left hand, a portion of dried, odoriferous herbs, which he threw on the fire; this was intended as incense. In the meanwhile his auditory, their eyes on the ground, with grave aspect, and in solemn silence, stood motionless, listening attentively, to every word he uttered.

Thus he proceeded until the victims were entirely consumed, and the incense exhausted, when he concluded his service; their oblation now made, and the *wrath* of the Great Spirit, as they believed, appeared, they again assembled in the Council House, for the purpose of performing a part in their festival, different from any I yet had witnessed. Each Indian as he entered, seated himself on the floor, thus forming a large circle; when one of the old chiefs rose, and with that native dignity which some Indians

possess in a great degree, recounted his exploits as a Warrior; told in how many fights he had been the victor; the number of scalps he had taken from his enemies; and what, at the head of his braves, he yet intended to do at the 'Rocky Mountains;' accompanying his narration with energy, warmth, and strong gesticulation; when he ended, he received the unanimous applause of the assembled tribe.

This meed of praise was awarded to the chief by 'three times three,' articulations, which were properly neither nasal, oral, nor guttural, but rather *abdominal*. Indeed I am as unable to describe this kind of utterance, as I am, the step in the dance.

I have seen some whites attempt to imitate the step, and heard them affect the groan or grunt, but it was a mere aping thereof. Thus many others in the circle, old and young, rose in order, and *proforma*, delivered themselves of a speech. Among those was Good Hunter; but he

"Had laid his robes away,
His mitre and his vest."

His remarks were not filled with such bombast as some others; but brief, modest, and appropriate: in fine, they were such as became a Priest of one of the lost Ten Tribes of Israel!

After all had spoken who wished to speak, the floor was cleared, and the dance renewed, in which Indian and squaw united, with their wonted hilarity and zeal.

Just as this dance ended, an Indian boy ran to me, and with fear strongly depicted in his countenance, caught me by the arm, and drew me to the door, pointing with his other hand towards something he wished me to observe.

I looked in that direction, and saw the *appearance* of an Indian running at full speed to the Council House; in an instant he was in the house, and literally *in the fire*, which he took in his hands, and threw fire coals and hot ashes in various directions, through the house, and apparently all over himself! At his entrance, the young Indians, much alarmed, had all fled to the further end of the house, where they remained crowded, in great dread of this *personification* of the Evil Spirit! After diverting himself with the fire a few moments, at the expense of the young ones, to their no small joy he disappeared. This was an Indian disguised with an hideous false face, having horns on his head, and his hands and feet protected from the effects of the fire. And though not a professed 'Fire King,' he certainly performed his part to admiration.

During the continuance of this festival, the hospitality of the Senecas was unbounded. In the Council House, and at the residence of Tall Chief, were a number of large fat bucks, and fat hogs hanging up, and neatly dressed. Bread also, of both corn and wheat in great abundance.

Large kettles of soup ready prepared, in which maple sugar, profusely added, made a prominent ingredient, thus forming a very agreeable saccharine coalescence. And what contributed still more to heighten the zest—it was all *impune* (Scot free.)

All were invited, and all were made welcome; indeed, a refusal to partake of their bounty, was deemed disrespectful, if not unfriendly.

This afternoon, (Feb. 2d,) I left them enjoying themselves to the fullest extent: and so far as I could perceive, their pleasure was without alloy. They were eating and drinking: but on this occasion, no ardent spirits were permitted—dancing and rejoicing—caring not, and, probably, thinking not of to-morrow.

As I rode from the Council House, I could not but ejaculate with Pope:

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray,
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature TO HIS HOPE has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill an humbler heaven,
Some safer world in depth of woods embrace'd
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste.
* * * * * * *
And thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog, shall bear him company."

A Court Scene in Georgia.

A friend of mine has recently returned from an excursion into the —— circuit of this State He tells me that, while in the county of ——, he strayed into the Court house, and was present at an arraignment of a man by the name of Henry Day, who was charged with attempting to kill his wife, Day was a pale little man, and the wife was a perfect behemoth. The indictment being read, the prisoner was asked to say whether he was "guilty or not guilty." He answered: "there's a mighty chance of lawyer's lies in the papers, but some part is true. I did strike the old lady, but she fit me powerfully first. She can swear equal to little or any thing, and her kicks are awful. I reckon what you say about the devil a moving me is pretty tolerably correct, seeing as how she moved me. I've told you all I know about the circumstances, mister. I gi'n 'Squire Jones there a five dollar bill, and I allow he'll take it out for me." 'Squire Jones then rose and said that he had a point of law to raise in this case which he thought conclusive. It was an established rule of law that man and wife were but one; and he should like to know if a man could be punished for whipping himself; he should be glad to hear what the solicitor general had to say to that. The solicitor general answered that he thought that his brother Jones had carried the maxim a little too far; men had often been punished for beating their wives. If a man were to kill his wife, it would not be suicide.

Here 'Squire Jones interposed, and defied the solicitor general to produce any authority to that effect. The solicitor general looked at "Green and Lumpkin's Georgia Justice" for some minutes, and then observed that he could not find the authorities just then, but he was sure he had seen the principle somewhere, and he called on the judge to sustain him. In the enthusiasm of counsel on the point, they forgot to offer any evidence as to the guilt or innocence of Day in the premises. The Judge, likewise oblivious of the fact, proceeded to charge the jury. He told them that man and wife were one. He remarked, that, in either event, the man was legally bound to suffer; and therefore, come as they would, Day was undoubtedly guilty. He would not decide whether if a man kill his wife it was murder or suicide. He was not prepared to express an opinion on that point, it was a very delicate one, and he had no idea of committing himself. (Some one here observed that he was mighty fond of committing others.) He then called up the bailiff, a tremendous look-

ing cracker, wearing a broad brimmed hat, with crape. (I never saw a man south of latitude thirty-three that did not wear a white hat with crape) and proceeded to admonish him that the jury were very much in the habit of coming in drunk with their verdict, and that, if it happened in this case,he would discharge the prisoner and put the punishment upon him.

Tho bailiff gave a significant glance at the Judge, and replied that other people besides the jury came into court drunk, when some people were drunk themselves! The jury then retired, and so did my friend; the next day he returned and found matters *in statu quo*, except that Day and his wife bad made up, and were discussing the merits of a cold fowl and a quart of beer, and now and then interchanging kisses, despite the frowns and becks of the officers. The Judge, clerk and sheriff had been up all night, and looked wolfish; and the bailiff was seated on his white hat at the door of lhe jury room, and this indicated that he swallowed the concentrated venom of a thousand wild-cats.—The most awful curses, oaths and sounds preceeded from the jury room; some were roaring like lions, some crying like children, mewing like cats, neighing like horses, &c.

At last a short consultation was held at the jury room, between the foreman and the bailiff, whereupon the latter, putting his hat one sided on his head, came into the court room, and addressed the Judge thus: "Mister, Tom Jakes says the jury can't agree about this man, and if you keep him (that is Tom Jakes,) without grog any more, he'll whip you on sight." The judge appealed to the bar if this was not a contempt of court; and "Green and Lumpkin's Georgia Justice" having been consulted, it was finally decided that, as it was a threat addressed to the Judge as a private individual, and to "whip him on sight," and not on the bench, it was not, under the free and enlightened and democratic principles of Georgia Legislation, a contempt of court. This being settled, the judge directed the bailiff to say to Tom Jakes, the foreman, the jury should agree if they staid there through eternity." The bailiff retired and so did my friend—but he gives it as his opinion, from the frame of mind in which he left all parties, the jury and bailiff are there still.

The Flower Garden for January.

BY T. WINTER, OF CINCINNATI.

In this department, there will be but little to do this month. Should the weather be open, remove roses and ornamental shrubs, at the same time watch them well to prevent the frost from injuring their roots. It would be advisable to plant no more bulbs in the open ground this season, as the probability is the roots would rot, instead of striking root. Protect your beds of bulbous roots from heavy rains and severe frosts, and your flowers will be the finer in their bloom the coming season. Manure may be strewed over your beds and borders, and in mild weather turn them ovor to mellow the soil. Dahlias, the last of this month, should be examined, and if mouldy, dried in the sun and re-packed.

THE PARLOR.—If attention be paid to your Camellias at this season, by watering and syringing occasionally, it will be a great benefit, and make their buds swell better, and your plants more vigorous. Exotic plants should be watered with caution, their pots kept clear of decayed leaves, otherwise your plants will get sickly, languish and die. Chrysanthemums should be cut down, if not done last month, and placed out of the way, their stems being of no ornament after flowering. Hyacinths, Tulips, and Crocuses, may still be potted the early part of this month to flower in the house. Hyacinths, in glassos, must be guarded against frost, and kept in the sun during the day. This department being mostly attended to by ladies, the pleasure derived by them will naturally be some inducement to pay strict attention to their flowers. I would caution them against leaving their glasses in the window on a mild evening, for frequently this month the weather will change twenty or thirty degrees in one night, breaking the glasses and disturb their equanimity, and mar the pleasure anticipated—creating a distaste for flowers, all of which may be avoided with a little trouble.—*Enquirer.*

A Court Martial in 1812.

The following is a literal copy of the original report of a Court Martial, held at Buchanan's Blockhouse, in Darke county, Ohio, soon after the commencement of the last war.

"BUCHANAN'S BLOCK HOUSE, July 8, 1812.

A Court martial ware held agreeabel to general orders and proceded to the tryell of W— M— a privet of Capt. B—s companey who stands charged as folows.

1st. For offering to fight a dewel with one or more of the men.

2nd. For profene swaring and blaspheming.

3rd. For cocking his gun, and thretning to shute his fellow soldiers.

4th. For destroying some of the camp equipage.

5th. For disabedience of orders.

wnen the folowing witnisses was examened and declare on oth as folows.

B— S— states that the prisner ofered to take the musill of Mr. Shofes gun in his mouth and to put the musill of his oan gun in Mr, Shofes meuth and fyer and that he did in the most awfull manner swere and blasspheme and swere that hee would sheut the first that would offer to take him or too come neer him and that hee allso bid defyence to all millitarey athority and would not submit to any comand of the oficers the prisent to the 5th charg held giltey.

J— M— states that the prisner ofered to fight Mr, Shofe with their guns and tuk up his gun and swore that hee would sheut him if hee would come neer him and further agrees with the foorgowing witness.

George Shofe states that the prisner tuke said Shofes gun and thretned to sut one of men for betting the droum and afterwards threw the gun on the grounnd the gun was taken up and found loded and further the witness agrees with the foorgowing witnesses.

N— A— states that the sed prisner when ordered undr gard went up on the left of the Blockhouse and got his gun, and after Mr. Shofe tuke the gun from him and handed hir to sed A— he found the gun loded with pouder an cocked and furthr the witness agrees with the faorgowing witnesses.

J— B— forthermore saeth that the prisner sade hee wood load his gun and Mr. Shofe shold lode his and step five steps and fire nothing more diferent from the foorgowing witness saeth.

G— J— saeth that on the day following that the prisner sade hee disregarded all officers and law.

J— H— states that sed prisner after the gard

were ordered to confinement ran upon the left and got his gun and the sed H— saw him load hir with pouder and aperd to be prepairing to lode hir with ball and furtherer the witnesses sayeth not.

ihe cort after hering the witnesses and duly daliberating on the testemoney unanemously pronounce him gilty and centace the prisner to be find in the sum of twenty five dollars and be confined for the tarm of twenty days and put on fitege for the same tarm and put on half rations for the last ten days.

President Capt G— B—
Members Capt W— V—
Lieut. J— C— C—

Judg advocat Ensign D— S—

The Commandant of the detachment feels an impression on his mind that the honorable board have acted consistent with their duty in every respect and he feels for the prisner now convicted of the crime herein stated and after considering the foorgowing sentence remits one half of the fine inflicted the other parte of the sentence he concures in and hopes it will be a caution to the prisner and that he will not treate his superiors with contempt or and impunity and at the expiration of his confinement he wil returne to his duty as a faithfull soldier, ordering that the foregoing be read on public parade.

J— H—

July 13th 1812 Lieut Col Com.

[*Dayton Journal.*

Old Times in New Orleans.

A friend has politely furnished us with a venerable file of the New Orleans Gazette, bearing date of the year 1807. We clip the following curious and interesting extract.

Here is an advertisement dated July 23d, 1807 that will create a smile among steamboat captains:

"For Louisville, Kentucky, THE HORSE BOAT, John Brookhart, master. She is completely fitted for the voyage. For freight of a few tons only (having the greater part of her cargo engaged) apply to the master on board, or to

SANDERSON & WHITE.

We are told, by a gentleman who remembers the circumstance well, that the said horse boat used up between a dozen and twenty horses on the tread wheel, before she arrived at Natchez. He never heard of her arrival at Louisville, and is under the impression that the trip was abandoned somewhere in the vicinity of Natchez.—*St. Louis Reveille.*

Early Roads and Pathways of Cincinnati.

In the infancy of the city, there was but little communication maintained between the hill and bottom, so far as keeping roads for wheeled vehicles, and hardly more for horses. Even at a later date, wagons would stall going up Walnut street, opposite to Liverpool's, now Miltenberger's corner. On Main street, from Front to Lower Market street, then many feet below its present grade, from Johnston's store, No. 49, to Lower Market street, boat gunwales were laid as foot ways, part of the distance, and the citizens walked, in very muddy weather, upon the rails of the post and rail fences, which enclosed the lots of that street. When Pearl street was opened some fifteen years ago, and the building extending from the corner to Dellinger's late store, was putting up, in digging the foundations, a number of pannels of posts and rail fence, the relics of those days, and which had been covered up for probably thirty years, were found and dug up, absolutely sound.—Causeways of logs, generally a foot in diameter, were laid in various parts of Main street, and it was but a few years since, in re-grading Main from Eighth to Ninth streets, that a causeway of such logs were taken up, sound, but water saturated, which extended from near Eighth street, to a spot above Jonathan Pancoast's dwelling, probably 120 feet in distance.

A Leaf from old Records.

Aug. 1, 1803—Associate Judges for the county of Hamilton, met agreeable to law.

Present, Michael Jones,
James Silver,
Luke Foster, Esqs., Judges.

The following certificates for wolves killed were presented, and allowed:

I. Dexter, for	1 wolf	under 6 months	of age,		1,00
Matthew Coy,	3 wolves,	over do	2,00	do	6,00
Jno Vincent,	2 do	do	do	do	4,00
D. Endsly & D. Carnagin,	2 do	do	do	do	4,00
Jno Vincent,	1 do	do	do	do	2,00
Jacob Misner,	2 do	do	do	do	4,00
Jno Larrison,	2 do	do	do	do	4,00
Luther Ball,	5 do	young, and one		old,	7,00
Jos. Thompson,	1 do	do	do	do	2,00
Dan. Carnagin,	2 do	do	do	do	4,00
					38,00

Account of Abraham Corry, jailer, for the diet, &c., of George Turner, confined in jail, rejected by commissioners, because said George Turner is able to pay his diet, &c., himself.—Also, Abraham Corry's account, for the diet of Archibald M'Clean, confined in jail, not allowed, it being considered the master of said M'Clean is liable for his jail fees, diet, &c.

Appropriations made.

To prosecuting attorney in Court of Common Pleas, Hamilton co., for one year, $100.

Revolutionary Recollections.--No. 1.

These letters to John Frazer, Esq., of Cincinnati, are from a revolutionary soldier, still living, and on the way to his hundredth year. As may be inferred from their tenor, he is a minister of the gospel, and I may add, on the testimony of the late Gen. Harrison, that he served as army chaplain, during the investment of Fort Meigs, and besides acting in that capacity, in which he acquired the affection and esteem of the troops, all his leisure time was employed in

nursing the sick, and providiug such comforts for them as his influence and solicitation could procure.

Plain, Wood County, O. Sept. 5th, 1839.

John Frazer, Esq.:—

I beg leave to trouble you once more with my pension business. If it should be the last time,there would be nothing unexpected, I ought to look for the appointed time daily, yet He who numbereth the days of man, may continue mine a little longer. I think I can submit all to his infinitely wise disposal.

I was able to attend the celebration of the 4th of July, 1839,and state some facts that have not been related in any history of the_revolution.—In the spring'76, forepart of April, Patterson's regiment was ordered by Washington, then at New York, to take shipping at Albany, and to proceed, with all possible despatch. for Quebec by Lake George and Lake Champlain. We arrived at Morrell the fore part of May. We soon had information, that a small fort at the Cedar Rapids wasinvested by the Indians, and a small British force—four companies were immediately ordered for their relief, commanded by Major H. Sherburn. The next morning another company of volunteers was ordered, to which I was attached. Sherburn had to cross the outlet of Bacon Lake, had one boat and one canoe. Some time in the forepart of the day,they were attacked by the Indians, and by Foster, a Captain witb about twenty British soldiers. At the first onset, Sherburn drove them; we were then in hearing, but could not reach them. Foster beat a parley, the firing ceased, and he informed Sherburn, that Major Butterfield had surrender ed the Fort the evening before; and it would only be a useless waste of lives to contend longer. Sherburn saw that there was no possibility of retreating, and to save his men from a general massacre, surrendered to Foster. Two days after, Arnold, afterwards the traitor, joined our company, with about six hundred men, and boats sufficient to take us all across the Bacon, and two or three pieces of small cannon. The evening after Arnold joined us, just at dark, the Indians fired on our out posts, or sentinels, and made their retreat as fast as they could. We started early in the morning, with men enough only in the boats to man them, and the rest of the men on foot, as fast as the boats could ascend the stream, for the current was pretty strong. We entered the Bacon, sun about two hours high—orders were for every man to prepare for action,and embark on board the boats; Arnold led the van, in a bark canoe, rowed by five Frenchmen. When about half way across the stream, steering to a certain point of the woods, Foster commenced a fire with two small field pieces, and, although we were in clo der, and broadside to his fire, some shot went over us,and some fell short,but none took effect. As we drew near the point of landing, the Indians gave a tremendous yell,and fired—we were too far off; their balls skipped on the water and some of them rattled on the sides of our boats. We sustained no damage. It being near night Arnold thought it best to return, and make our attack in the morning. We set to work to fix our small guns in the bows of our boats. But about midnight, Foster came over in a canoe, with Major Sherburn and Captain M'Kinstrey, who had been wounded in the thigh, during the action. A cartel was entered into, and the prisoners were returned, and hostages on parole.—We then returned to St. Johns,and to Chamblee where we, in five days, saw the red coats; were ordered to retreat as fast as we could to St. Johns; many of us were very feeble by reason of the small-pox but we madegood our retreat from one port to another, until we reached Ticonderoga, and began about the last of June, to build Fort Independence, opposite to the old fort Ticonderoga. Here we tarried until November, when orders came to march for Albany, and from thence to join Washington; reached his camp only two days before Christmas. The rest has been recorded. This campaign, for suffering by hard fatigue, sickness and hunger, exceeded anything that happened through the revolution.

My dear sir, excuse my intruding on your time and patience, to read so long a scrawl, made from the memory of an old, worn out soldier. Early impressions on the mind, when strongly made, are not easily effaced. I thought if I filled the sheet, it might afford a little a musement, and cost no more postage than if the whole was blank.

Yours, most affectionately,

JOSEPH BADGER.

Spirit of Seventy-six.

The following anecdote is extracted from the "Memoirs of Marshal Count de Rochambeau,', who, it will be recollected, was the Commander of the French army which was sent to our aid in the war of the revolution.

I shall here venture to interrupt the regular narrative, says this writer, to relate an anecdote fitting to exemplify the character of the good republicans of Connecticut. In going to this conference the carriage which conveyed Admiral the Chevalier de Ternay and myself, broke down. *I* sent Fersen, my first aid-de-camp, in search of a wheelwright, who resided at the distance of a mile from the place where the accident happened. Forsen returned to inform me that he had found a man sick of the quartan fever, who had answered that his hat full of guineas would not tempt him to work in the night. I requested the admiral to go with me that we might intreat him together. We told

him that General Washington was to arrive that evening at Hartford, for the purpose of conferring with us the next day, and that the object would be defeated, unless he mended our vehicle. "I believe you," said he, "I have read in the newspaper that Washington is to be there this evening to confer with you. I see this is a public matter: your carriage shall be ready at six in the morning." And so it was. On our return from the conference, at Hartford, one of our wheels gave way, nearly at the same spot, and at the same hour; and we were obliged to have recourse to our old friend. "What," said he, "do you want me to work again in the night?" "Alas! yes," was my reply. "Admiral Rodney is arrived and has tripled the enemy's naval force and we must get back with all speed to Rhode Island, in order to be ready for his attacks." 'But," said the wheelwright, "what are you going to do with your six ships against twenty English ships." "It will be a fine day for us, if they attempt to destroy us at our anchorage." "Come," said he, "you are clever fellows; you shall have your carriage at five o'clock in the morning; but before I begin to work, tell me, if there is no harm in the question, are you pleased with Washington, and is he so with ye." We assured him that this was the case. His patriotic feelings were gratified, and he was again as good as his word. Such was the public spirit that animated, not only this worthy mechanic, but almost all the inhabitants of the interior, and particularly the freeholders of Connecticut.

When the British took possession of Philadelphia, one of the soldiers rudely entered a house, and, in highly insulting language, ordered rooms to be prepared for his reception, by a certain hour, at which time he said he would return. The master of the mansion was absent with the American army. His wife, a timid woman, sent for her neighbor, a lady of great spirit and determination, whose husband was also on military duty, in the English army. While these females were engaged in consultation, the intruder entered the door, and the neigbor immediately presented a pistol which she drew from her pocket. "Begone!" said she, "how dare you insult unprotected females? If you advance an inch I will shoot you." The heroine of this little incident still lives to relate it. "The pistol," she concludes, "was given to me by General Mifflin when he marched out of the city, but I had never ventured to load it. I did not tell this however, to the soldier, who precipitately left the room."

The husband of this lady was killed during the war, and she receives his half-pay from the English government. She is in the 87th year of her age, and is obliged to transmit annually, a certificate to England, that she is living and unmarried. Latterly the old lady adds to this latter notification, that she *lives in hopes*.

"The Duke de Lauzun Biron," says the memoir above quoted, "who took the command of these barracks (at Hartford, in Connecticut) rendered himself, by the urbanity of his manners, highly agreeable to the Americans, and succeeded perfectly in whatever business he had to transact either with old Governor Trumbull, or the members of the legislature. A little anecdote will serve to illustrate the Duke's aptitude for social intercourse of every kind. An honest American of the village asked him what trade his father was of in France. "My father," answered Lauzun, "does nothing: but I have an uncle who is a farrier;" alluding to one of the significations of the word Marêchal in his own language.* "Very well," said the American, shaking him cordially and lustily by the hand, "that is a very good trade."

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* In French, the word *Maréchal* means either a marshal or a farrier. Biron, the uncle of Lauzun was a marshal of France.

The Duke de Rochambeau relates another anecdote which is worth transcribing: At the period of the march of the French troops from Cranston, says he, there happened between me, and an American captain of militia, whose habitation I occupied as quarters, an affair pleasantly characteristic of republican freedom. He came to ask from me, before the departure of the troops, a sum of fifteen thousand francs, (three thousand dollars) for wood which the brigade of Soissonnois had burnt on his property. I found the demand exorbitant, and referred him to the Commissary Villemanzy, who was charged with the settlement of all accounts for articles consumed by the army throughout the camp. At the moment of beginning the march the next day, when the roll had been beaten, and the troops were under arms, a man approached me with a very complaisant air, and told me he was not ignorant of the services which I had rendered his country, that he respected me greatly, but that he was obliged to perform his duty. He then served me with a paper and afterwards laid his hand gently upon my shoulder, telling me at the same time that I was his prisoner.

"Well, sir," said I, laughing, "take me away if you can." "Not so, your excellency," answered the sheriff: "but I beg of you, now having done my duty to let *me* depart unmolested." I sent the commissary Villemanzy to the house of the American captain, and he found him in a crowd of his countrymen, who were all upbraiding him in the sharpest terms for his proceeding. The commissary agreed with him to submit the matter to arbitration, and the result was that the Captain had to pay the costs, and to content himself with two thousand, instead of fifteen thousand francs.

In the conclusion of this interesting account of the operations of the French army, the Duke adverts to his personal reception and treatment, and relates an anecdote which is not a little singular. I have not mentioned, says he, the multitude of addresses from all the towns and general assemblies of the States of America, presented to me, containing uniformly the warmest acknowledgement of their obligations to France. I will cite but one of these addresses. A deputation from the Quakers of Philadelphia waited on me, in all the simplicity of their costume. "General," said the oldest of them, "it is not on account of thy military qualities that we make thee this visit, these we hold in little esteem: but thou art the friend of mankind, and thy army conducts itself with the utmost order and discipline. It is this which induces us to tender thee our respects."

After the war was over the duke embarked, with the universal benediction of the thirteen States. He states the remarkable fact, that such was the discipline of the army, not a quarrel or a blow between a French and an American soldier occurred during a course of three campaigns.

The Equatorial Telescope.

This long looked for instrument arrived safely by the *Yorktown* last week, and is now in the hands of its owners, the Cincinnati Astronomical Society. There are incidents connected with the receipt of the Telescope, which strikingly demonstrate the absurdity of popular clamor. Captain Halderman had taken it on board at New Orleans, on his previous trip and advanced payment of the bill of charges upon its passage from Europe, and finding by the time he reached the mouth of Cumberland, that the Ohio river would not let him up, he left his freight; the Telescope included, at Smithland, and returned to New Orleans. For so doing he incurred great censure from certain individuals, I think undeservedly. Was it worth while for the sake of getting it up a week earlier or later to jeopardize such an article in careless and irresponsible hands? Besides, had it then been brought up, it would have unquestionably been involved in the destruction by fire of the Cincinnati college in whose upper stories it was designed to be deposited.

What makes the injustice more glaring, the public are indebted to the liberality of Captain Halderman, and Messrs. Kellogg and Kennett, the owners of the Yorktown, that the forty boxes in which this instrument and its appendages, were packed, came *freight free.*

Modern Warehouses.

Such are the improvements of late years in the construction of modern buildings, not dwellings merely, but warehouses, that thorough examination of the premises is often necessary to comprehend the prodigious difference which exists in favor of some of our recent business erections, over their predecessors in the same line. In my lately published statistics of the Fourth ward, allusion was made to the warehouses put up in 1844, in the neighborhood of Walnut and Second streets. I had neither time nor space to say more in that article, and I now avail myself of an interval of leisure to supply, from notes taken on the spot, a statement of one of these buildings as a sample of the rest. I refer to the new Iron and Nail warehouse, owned and occupied by Wm. C. Stewart & Co., on Second, between Main and Walnut streets.

The warehouse fronts on Second street, 46 feet 8 inches, by a depth of 114 feet 8 inches. The stone walls of the basement are 33 inches in thickness, which are succeeded by brick walls—First story, five; second story, four; and third story, three courses thick. In the basement, are eighteen stone pillars, 24 by 66 inches each, which sustain two oak girders, 14 by 16 inches square, the entire length of the building; on these rest the ends of the joints, also of oak, most of which are 13 feet, none more than 16 feet long; and are 16 inches deep, by 2½ inches wide, and hardly six inches apart. The girders are secured together in a novel manner, which I cannot undertake to describe, but which it will be evident to those who examine them, cannot under any degree of strain or pressure, be moved laterally, while fourteen anchors in each story, serve to connect walls, joists and girders together in such a manner that the walls can never become pressed out. On the upper stories, the stone pillars are followed up by oaken uprights 14 by 16 inches square, eighteen of which serve on each floor as supports to the girders above, the girders being throughout the whole building, also 14 by 16 inches square. The cellar and ground floors are of 1½ inch oak plank, and the last descends ten inches in its entire length to facilitate the taking out iron in front, when necessary. The basement story is 8 feet in the clear, the upper stories, respectively, 14½, 11½, 10½, and 9½ feet. The jambs, sills, and lintels of the doors, with the window lintels, are of cast iron. There are six doors in front, two at the side, and one at the rear; the first named, six feet wide, and the others, which are receiving doors, are nine feet square in width and height, exclusive of transom-lights above. Through the last three, loaded drays might be driven with ease. The warehouse is lighted with windows front and rear; the sashes being filled with 12 by 18 crown glass. The roof is of No. 26 sheet iron, coated inside with one, and outside with two coats oil paint, to which a third will be added in the spring. The gutters are made entirely of copper. 350,000 brick, and 8,700 square feet of stone, are actually built into the walls.

On the ground floor are two counting rooms, the front 22 by 14 and the rear 17 by 14 feet; a space at the side of this last being taken off for fire proof safe which is built up from the cellar and is 8 feet high on the groundfloor, and occupies a space 6½ by 3½ feet, the walls being 30 inches thick and lined with half inch boiler iron. Space has been left between the boiler iron and walls for a flue to carry off the heated air in case of fire. The doors are double plates of iron and being fastened with Shawk's patent locks, defy alike fraud and force. The entire materials of the building are of American product and manufacture, the lumber and glass being from Ohio and Western Pennsylvania and the residue are our city manufacture.

Why such a degree of strength should be thus imparted to this building may be comprehended in the fact that there is now actually on the second floor four hundred tons of nails.

rivets, sad irons &c. and more than one thousand tons of bar, hoop, sheet and boiler iron, on the lower floor, while it is possible they may be required to bear double these weights.

The adjacent leather warehouse of J. W. & W. W. Cooper is built in a proportionally substantial manner and enlarges the entire front to 78 feet.

The building has been examined by persons from New Orleans, Philadelphia and New York, who all concur in opinion, as may be infered from these statistics, that it has not its equal in the United States for convenience of arrangement, solidity of construction and adaptedness to the purpose for which it was built. In point of space, merely, some of the large Cotton warehouses in New Orleans doubtless surpass it, while they are inferior in every other respect, but it has no superior for size in any other city of the U. States. There are two Warehouses in Pittsburg near the Monongahela bridge, which may be said to approach it. These are fine buildings of 30 feet front by 160 ft. deep, and of course are more than 10 per cent. less in square feet than Messrs Stewart & Co's, to say nothing of the greater importance of front to depth in business buildings.

CORRESPONDENCE.

An Apology for Free Trade in Money.

BY W. SMEAD, BANKER.

Money is undoubtedly an article of commerce and as in every other commodity, its market price varies with the circumstances of plenty and scarcity, supply and demand. Nothing fluctuates more than the interest of money. It is affected by a multitude of causes, commercial, political, and local. In 1837, the best commercial paper in the city of New York, was sold at a discount of 3 per cent. per month; and in 1844 the notes of the same indviduals were cashed at 3 per cent. per annum. Interest as fixed by law has differed from age to age. In the dark ages of ignorance and superstition, the smallest compensation taken for the use of money was considered a deadly sin, and the law prohibited all interest under the severest penalties. Under the Romans, in the time of Justinian, the legal rate was 4, 6, 8, and 12 per cent., according to circumstances. In France it has varied from 2 to 10 per cent. It was ten per cent, in England in the time of Henry VII, and has since been reduced to five.

In the United States, the legal rate varies from 5 to 8 per cent., and in some of the States 10, and in others 12 per cent. may be recovered.

It thus appears that legislators have never been able to agree upon any uniform rate of interest, and their laws will uniformly be evaded as often as the market rate for money happens to be higher than the legal rate. The laws trade founded, as they are, on the law of natures are paramount to legal enactments, and must be obeyed.

A great demand for money, and a limited supply concurring with unsettled credit, and a general feeling of mistrust will raise the price of money to the highest point. A great supply and small demand with settled credit and firm confidence will sink it to the lowest, and it will vary between these extremes according to the relative proportion of these elements of price.

In all times the price will vary, according to the nature of the security, the amount, and the period of payment. Insurers charge from ½ to 6 per cent. or more according to the risk. In lending money, on the same principle, as some persons are extra-hazardous, they should pay extra for the risk. Laws limiting the rate of interest, must proceed on the absurd supposition, that money is always equally abundant, the supply always relatively the same, all men equally honest, punctual, and responsible, and that a small sum borrowed for a single week on personal security, should command no higher rate than a large amount for a term of years on bond and mortgage security. The law has one arbitrary standard for all cases however different. Many fruitless attempts were made in former times, by laws. to regulate the prices of various article of necessity. Since no laws fixing the price of money can be adapted to all circumstances, why not leave it, like all other commodities, to find its level of value? Why not let it regulate itself by free competition? Why leave every other article of commerce to the operation of free trade, and single out this alone for prohibitory enactments. All that the law can do, with either reason or justice is to fix the interest, in cases where no specified rate has been stipulated. Why should not men be left as free to bargain for the use of money as for any other article. Such laws it is pretended, protect the poor and needy against extortion, and secure the weak and credulous against imposition, prevent excessive interest, restrain prodigality, &c. Now in fact, the law actually aggravates, the very evils it pretends to mitigate.

It gives to wealth a monopoly in borrowing, over skill and industry, for the lender is confined to the legal rate and prevented from accepting such additional interest as would compensate the risk of lending to a man of small means. It forces the poor man to sacrifice his property, & enables the rich to buy it. In preventing a man from paying 10 per cent. it forces him to lose 50. Under pretence of making money cheaper to him, it makes it dearer; and instead of protecting, it crushes him.

The law interferes with the only contract in

which a man is not liable to imposition. You may cheat him in almost any thing else, but he always comprehends clearly what he is about in borrowing money. The law allows a man to sell every thing but money for the best price he can get. It leaves him at liberty to buy or sell at the most extravagant prices, to make foolish and ruinous bargains, to contract debts with no means of payment; to sacrifice his property, squander his money, and indulge in every species of extravagance and dissipation; in a word, it throws open all the wide avenues of ruin, but carefully closes one of its by-paths.

Besides, usury laws are shockingly immoral in their tendency, for they encourage a man to break his contract, reward him for ingratitude, bribe him to be a villain, and hire him to crush the hand held out to help him.

In the present enlightened age, when every man whose mind is elevated by education, above the level of vulgar prejudices, admits that money is a legitimate article of commerce, and that like other commodities, it is always worth what it will sell for, the origin of the prejudice and prohibitory laws against the traffic in it, becomes a subject of curious inquiry.

Money lending has never been a popular employment. The only way to bring it into favor would be, to lend unhesitatingly to all and require payment from none. At the time the money is borrowed, the lender is a friend and benefactor; when payment is enforced, he is an unfeeling oppressor. Refuse a man a loan or force him to pay, and he is apt to complain.—Novelists, poets, and dramatists, have fostered the prejudice by endeavoring to enlist sympathy in favor of the *unfortunate* borrower at the expense of the prosperous lender. Despotic princes, during the middle ages, who were always needy, and always borrowing money to carry on their wars, conceived that by proscribing all interest, they would obtain the use of what money they wanted free of cost. Accordingly, the taking of interest was denounced, and the church prohibited all interest as a mortal sin, and thundered its anathemas against all who dared to receive the smallest compensation for the use of money.

They were shut out from holy communion, rendered incapable of making a will, or of receiving a legacy, and even denied the right of Christian burial. The sole ground of this prohibition was, that Moses had commanded the Jews to take no interest from their brethren, and that Aristotle had discovered no organs of reproduction in coin, and that money therefore ought not to beget money. The philosopher forgot that money would buy houses, and that these would beget money. Armed with this double authority, the church boldly proclaimed the taking of interest to be contrary to the divine law, natural and revealed; and that it should consequently be regarded with holy horror by every good christian. Now the Mosaic precept was clearly a political, not a moral precept; for although it prohibited the Jews from taking interest from their brethren, it expressly permitted them to take it from others.

During the ages of political thraldom, war was the only honorable pursuit; commerce languished, all lucrative employments were regarded with contempt, as unfit for a christian; and trade was mostly in the hands of the Jews.—When liberty and commerce revived, interest was restored. Up to this time, the term *usury* had been used to signify any rate of interest, great or small. When usury was legalized, it was thought best to give it a new name, and hence it is now called "interest." The prejudices against free trade in money are rapidly wearing away, and are chiefly confined in the present day to the uneducated in the lower walks of life.

It has now become a settled principle in the science of political economy, that all restrictions on the interest of money have uniformly the effect of rendering it dearer. Whenever the market value of money is above the legal rate, usury laws with their penalties, either prevent a man from borrowing at all, or force him to pay an extravagant price; for, in addition to the full value of the money, he must pay the lender for the risk of trusting to his honor and honesty.

The English government has abolished its usury laws, in all cases where money is lent on personal security. The State of Ohio repealed her usury law in 1824, and several States have followed her example.

That usury laws should ever have existed, originating as they have, in ignorance and superstition, will, in the progress of knowlege, become as much a matter of surprise to our posterity, as it is to us that our ancestors should gravely make laws for the prevention of sorcery and witchcraft.

A Parable.

BY PHAZMA.

In a solitary place, among the groves, a child wandered, whithersoever he would.

He believed himself alone, and wist not that one watched him from the thicket, and that the eye of his parent was on him continually; neither did he mark whose hand had opened a way for him thus far.

All things that he saw were new to him, therefore he feared nothing.

He cast himself down in the long grass, and as he lay he sang until his voice of joy rang through the woods.

When he nestled among the flowers a serpent rose from the midst of them, and when the child saw how its burnished coat glittered in the sun,

like the rainbow, he stretched forth his hand to take it to his bosom:

Then the voice of his parent cried from the thicket, "Beware."

And the child sprung up, and looked above and around, to know whence the voice came;—but when he saw not, he presently remembered it no more.

He watched how a butterfly burst from its shell, and flitted faster than he could pursue, and rose far above his reach.

When he gazed, and could trace its flight no more, his father put forth his hand, and pointed where the butterfly ascended—even into the clouds.

But the child saw not the sign.

A fountain gushed forth amidst the shadows of the trees, and its waters flowed into a deep and quiet pool.

The child kneeled on the brink, and, looking in, he saw his own bright face, and it smiled upon him.

As he stooped yet nearer to meet it, a voice once more said, "Beware."

The child started back, but he saw that a gust ruffled the waters, and he said to himself, "It was but the voice of the breeze,"

And when the broken sunbeams danced on the moving waves, he laughed, and dipped his foot that the waters might again be ruffled—and the coolness was pleasant to him.

The voice was now louder, but he regarded it not, as the winds bore it away.

At length he saw something glittering in the depths of the pool, and he plunged in to reach it.

As he sunk, he cried aloud for help.

Ere the waters had closed over him, his father's hand was stretched out to save him.

And while he yet shivered with chillness and fear, his father said unto him—

"Mine eye was upon thee, and thou didst not heed: neither hast thou beheld my sign nor hearkened to my voice. If thou hadst thought on me, I had not been hidden."

Then the child cast himself on his father's bosom, and said:

"Be nigh unto me still, and mine eyes shall wait on thee, and mine ears shall be open unto thy voice for evermore."

The Battle of the Cowpens.

Friday last, the 17th inst., being the anniversary of this battle, one of the most gallant and successful fights, on the side of the Americans, during the whole revolutionary struggle, I have inserted the best account of it, extant.—This, from the pen of a visitor to the battle ground, contains many particulars, new, and of deep interest.

"It may with truth be said, that in no battle of the American revolution, was the contest more unequal, or the victory more signal and complete, than that of the Cowpens. The British army was superior in numbers, in discipline, in arms, and in everything that can constitute an army, save the soul and spirit of the soldier, and the noble daring of the officer. In infantry they were as five to four, and in cavalry as three to one. The American army, under General Morgan, was a retreating detachment, without artillery, without proper arms, and without baggage or provisions. In the language of a distinguished historian of that period—the earth was their bed, the heavens their covering, and the rivulets which they crossed their only drink.

The battle ground of the Cowpens is in Spartanburgh District, about seventeen miles north of the Court House, and four or five miles from the North Carolina line. The surrounding country is beautiful, and almost a perfect plain, with a fine surrounding growth of tall pines, oak and chestnut. On the memorable 17th of January, 1781, the entire country for miles around the battle ground, was one untouched forest. The inhabitants of the lower part of the District, had been in the habit of driving their cattle into this part of the country, for the purpose of grazing, and had erected pens in the neighborhood, for the purpose of salting and marking them.—Hence the origin of the name of the battle ground. The field of battle, however is about two miles distant from the Cowpens; but inasmuch as there was no nearer known place in the neighborhood, it was called "the battle of the Cowpens." The night previous to the battle, the American army had encamped themselves upon the ground. The position was a favorable one, and lay immediately between the head waters "Suck Creek," and a branch "Buck Creek," which are not more than two hundred yards apart. The forces under General Morgan were drawn up about daylight, on the bridge extending from one of these springs to the other. These branches, at that time, were well lined with cane and small reeds. General Morgan was retreating into North Carolina, and had determined to give battle on the other side of Broad River; but General Pickens informed him that if they crossed the river, the militia could not be kept together. A large portion of them had joined the army the day previous, and were under no regular discipline. This determined the commander to wait for Tarleton, whose force had been marching all night to overtake the American army, before they could get over Broad River. The North and South Carolina militia, under the command of General Pickens were posted one hundred and fifty, or two hundred yards in advance of the continental troops, under Col. Howard. Col. Brondon's regiment was placed on the left of the road leading from the Union District into North Carolina, and the regiments of Colonels Thomas and Roebuck on the right. They were ordered to stand the fire of the enemy as long as possible, and then retreat, and form again on the right of the continental troops.

About sunrise the British army appeared in sight, and marched within one or two hundred yards of the American lines, and then displayed to the right and left with a corps of cavalry on each wing. General Pickens ordered the militia not to fire, until the enemy came within thirty paces of them. They were also permitted to shelter themselves behind trees, which was at least a prudent, if not a scientific mode of fighting. At the celebration of the anniversary of this battle in 1835, the writer of these sketches was shown by several of the old soldiers, the identical trees from behind which they fired during the engagement. The British, when formed, rushed forward with a shout and a huzza as if in anticipation of an easy victory. The horse of Colonel Brondon was shot down under him, and his regiment immediately fired on the enemy, in violation of their orders to wait until he had approached within thirty paces. The

The regiments of Colonels Thomas and Roebuck soon commenced also a brisk and destructive fire. The enemy then made a charge with fixed bayonets, and the soldiers gave way. The brunt of the battle was now bravely borne by the regular troops, while the militia rallied in the rear and renewed the engagement. Three hundred of the British troops were killed and wounded, and five hundred were taken prisoners. The remnant of Tarleton's cavalry was pursued by Col. Washington, fifteen or twenty miles to Goudelock's, where he was informed the British were out of his reach. This, however, was a false statement, made by Mrs. Goudelock, in order to save the life of her husband, whom Tarleton had just pressed into his service to pilot him across the Pacolet. This good lady supposed that if Colonel Washington overtook the British. an engagement might ensue, and her husband might be killed in the action. She therefore suffered the feelings of a wife to prevail over those of patriotism and morality. For the fact was, that Tarleton has just got out of sight as Washington rode up. Had the American cavalry continued their pursuit fifteen minutes longer. the remnant of the British troops could have been either captured or killed.

The next day after the battle, a portion of the militia were despatched to bury the dead.—Three places of burial are now to be distinctly seen. The largest is near the chimney of a cabin, some hundred yards distant from the battle ground. The second is fifty to one hundred yards distant, and the third on the spot, where the battle took place. One of the soldiers, who assisted at the burying, observed, at the celebration before alluded to, that the dead were to be found in straight lines across the battle ground. and that it gave them a most singular appearance when seen at a distance. The only vestiges of the battle now to be seen, are the trees which have been cut for bullets. Some of these chops are twenty or thirty feet high—an evidence of bad shooting by one or the other of the parties. A great many of the bullets are yet to be found in the trees. The writer saw several that were pewter, and had no doubt been moulded from a spoon or plate. Lead being scarce, some good whig had made the best substitute in his power at the expense of his table, and the convenience of his family. At the time the battle was fought, there was no undergrowth on the ground, and objects might be seen at a great distance through the woods; but since that time, bushes and saplings have sprung up, and destroyed, in a great measure, the beauty of the forest.

American Ingenuity.

Those who can recollect as far back as the commencement of the present century, find in the various improvements in mechanical and manufacturing processes since, the opportunity of noticing many and wonderful changes. A column in a newspaper on this subject cannot cover what would fill a volume to advantage. I shall, therefore, select a single topic—carpenters' tools.

In 1800, the plane bitts, chisels, gimlets, and iron squares, were all miserable articles of English manufacture. To Pennsylvania ingenuity we are indebted for the screw auger, the spiral gimlet, the latter headed with tough durable wood, in lieu of the box handles of the imported article, liable continually to split. We are also indebted to the same State for the present improved pattern of the shingling hatchet.

In 1808, the hardware house in which I was an apprentice, forwarded to England specimens of the spiral gimlet, screw auger, shingling hatchet and modern choping axe. for the purpose of having cheaper articles made of the same patterns. To our great surprise, in due course of time, we learned that they could not be fabricated there. The statement of our correspondent was, that the workmen there could not comprehend how the auger and gimlet were twisted. The fact was, they could fabricate any thing that had ever been made there and improve upon existing fabrics, but they could neither invent like the Americans, nor could they master, in many instances, their inventions. No nation on earth possesses such augers & gimlets as the Americans. The English employ what is termed a pod or barrel auger with a lip at one edge, which takes hold, as our screw, though not so effectually. A carpenter will bore four or five inches with ours while he would bore one with theirs.

As an evidence how slowly mechanical improvements make their way in England, I copy an article in one of their late papers, by which it seems that after it has been in approved use for more than fifty years here, our auger is exhibited in their ship-yards as a novelty:

"Mr. W. Clark, a native of the United States of America, and now a resident at Birmingham, attended at Woolwich dockyard yesterday to afford the master shipwright and the foremen of the shipwrights an opportunity of testing the value and capabilities of a new description of auger for boring wood, constructed in a spiral form, exactly similar in appearance to a corkscrew, which empties itself of the fragments of wood without having occasion to withdraw it from the bore, as is the case with augers on the common principle. It gave great satisfaction, and an opinion was expressed that it would materially abridge manual labor in boring hard woods, as it requires no presure to cause it to take hold, the screw form giving it ample purchase, and it does not appear to be so liable to heat by friction as the others."—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

I notice, also, in one of our Eastern papers. that a cutler at Newark, New Jersey, has received a large order for tailors' shears for the German market, where those of his manufacture are preferred to any of English or their own make.

The Electro Magnetic Light.

Messrs. *Starr and Sanders*, who have been carrying on for the last six months, a series of experiments, the object of which is to simplify their apparatus for producing this new and re-

markable light, have at length brought the invention to a practical result.

They have now succeeded in obtaining a steady and intense stream of light, which is produced entirely by the electro magnetic principle. A single effect of this will suffice at present. The *flame* of a burning candle 18 feet from the apparatus, was thrown by broad day light on a plaistered wall three feet off, on which was presented its distinct *shadow*, with fully defined outline. The brilliancy of the light itself was unsupportable as that of the sun to the naked eye.

The proprietors set out on Thursday for the East, where it is their intention to submit the merits of the invention, to special experiment in one of the National light houses, as the most satisfactory test of its general utility.

Relics of the Past.

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 2nd, 1795.

DEAR SIR:—

The hurry of business, while at Mad River, prevented my enclosing you a power of attorney, to transact my business in my absence. I now write you, and fully signify my approbation to such sales and conveyances of lots, in the town of Cincinnati, as you may think proper, and at such prices as you can agree upon. I would pen the request and authorize you, should I not be at Cincinnati early next Spring, to lease to the best advantage my out lots there. Our journey from Mad River to this place was long and tedious, arising from high waters; some detention on account of the Indians, we were obliged to have a talk with all that fell in our way, and had also a very bushy country to travel through—but have the pleasure to inform you, that a good road may be had from Cincinnati to this place, the distance less than three hundred miles—would be under particular obligations to you, if you would endeavor to prevent the destruction of fences around my out lots. Am, sir,

With due respect and esteem,

Your obedient servant,

ISRAEL LUDLOW.

MR. JOEL WILLIAMS.

NEW BRUNSWICK, April 24th 1791.

Dear ARMSTRONG:—

I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 19th inst. I am happy to hear that you have your Company so near completed, that they please you so well. I am sure it must give you pleasure to be off so soon, although you are counted a troublesome fellow. Pray how did you make out with only your twenty-five suits?--do lead me into this affair, for I think when mine is done, I am done recruiting. I have got now 14 men here, and Denny has 4 or 5 in New York. These levies has played the mischief with me, and still continue so to do. Capt. Pyatt raised his complement, in and about this town--and now another officer is recruiting here, and others all about the State—however, one consolation is, that perhaps all the fighting will be done before I get out. Denny, on his removal, left several aching hearts about the town, but I imagine he gets those that please him better in New York, if not quite so safe. How does your nunnery come on, and other places? I have not established any such houses here, as yet.

Write me to be sure, before you set out.—Present my compliments, if you please, to Mr. Wade, also Mrs. Nicholas, and all the Conestoga waggon with the appendages.

Believe me to be,

Dear Armstrong, yours friendly,

E. BEATTY.

Capt. ARMSTRONG.

NOTE.—The No. of my Pennsylvania Lottery tickets are, 8491 8492 8493 and 8494; tell me their fate. When are you coming to see me as you promised--I have elegant quarters, and you know the people.

Something in names.

The ferry-boat plying between Louisville and Jeffersonville is owned by Captain John *Shallcross*; a name sufficient to inspire confidence in any ferry-boat—a name equally appropriate for the Captain of a steamboat, and equivalent to go ahead, would be that of the late Secretary of the Treasury, *Forward*.

The Early Steamboats of the West.

I have made out the following list of the first series of steamboats which were built at various points, from N. Albany on the Ohio, to Brownsville, on the Monongahela, for the navigation of the western waters, and their individual history, as far as I can ascertain it.

The first steamboat that ever navigated the Ohio and Mississippi, was the "ORLEANS." She was built at Pittsburgh in 1812, carried 300 tons, had a low presure engine, and was owned by, and constructed for *Fulton & Livingston*, of New York. Started from Pittsburgh in December 1812, and arrived at New Orleans on the 24th of same month, and plied regularly between New Orleans and Natchez, until the 14th July, 1814; when on her trip to the latter place, being opposite Baton Rouge, while lying by at night, and the river falling at the time, she settled on a sharp stump and became wrecked.—Her trips during that period averaged seventeen days. She was abandoned, and her engine with a new copper boiler, made in New York, was put into a new boat in 1818 called the "NEW ORLEANS," which only ran until the spring of

1819, when she also was sunk by a stump on the same side of the river, below Baton Rouge, but was raised by two schooners brought to N. Orleans between them, and there lost totally near the Batture.

The next in the order of time, was the COMET, 145 tons, owned by *Samuel Smith*, also built at Pittsburgh, on French's stern wheel and vibrating cylinder patent, granted in 1809. The *Comet* made a trip to Louisville in the summer of 1813, and reached New Orleans in the spring of 1814, made two voyages to Natchez, and was then sold, and the engine put up in a cotton gin.

Next came the VESUVIUS of 390 tons, built at Pittsburgh, November 1813, by *R. Fulton*, and owned by a company in New York and New Orleans. She started for New Orleans in May 1814, *Frank Ogden* being Captain, and was the first boat that made any effort to reach the falls, having left New Orleans with freight in the early part of July of the same year, but grounded on a sand bar about 700 miles up the Mississippi, on the 14th of July, and lay there till the 3rd of December, when a rise in the river floated her off, and she returned to New Orleans, when she was put in requisition for military service by Gen. Jackson, but in starting up the river for wood, she grounded on the Batture, and became useless to the Government. The succeeding year she plied between New Orleans and Natchez, under the command of *Captain Clement*, who was succeeded by *Captain John DeHart*. In 1816 she took fire, near New Orleans, and burnt to the water's edge, having a valuable cargo on board. The fire communicated from the boilers, which in the first stile of building, were in the hold. The hull was afterwards raised and built upon at New Orleans. After making several trips to Louisville, she was broken up in 1820.

The fourth steamboat was the ENTERPRIZE, of 100 tons, built at Brownsville, Penn., by *Daniel French* on his patent, and owned by a company at that place. She made two voyages to Louisville in the summer of 1814, under command of *Captain J. Gregg*. On the first of December of the same year, she took in a cargo of ordnance stores at Pittsburgh, and started for New Orleans, *Henry M. Shreve* commander. She made the voyage in 14 days, being a quick trip, all circumstances considered, and was then despatched up the river to meet two keels which had been delayed on the passage, laden with small arms. These she met 12 miles above Natchez, took their masters and the cargoes on board, and returned to New Orleans, having been six and a half days absent, in which time she run 624 miles. She was then for some time actively employed transporting troops and supplies for the army, engaged under Gen. Jackson in the defence of New Orleans. She made one voyage to the Gulf of Mexico as a cartel, one to the rapids of Red River with troops, and nine voyages to Natchez. Set out for Pittsburgh on the 6th of May, and arrived at Shippingport on the 13th, being 25 days out, and proceeded thence to Pittsburgh, being the first steamboat that ever ascended the whole length of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. A public dinner was given at Louisville to Captain Shreve, for effecting a passage in that space of time, so wonderful and important was it considered. The man who at that dinner would have predicted that, there were those present who would live to see steamboats perform that trip in five days, twenty days less than Shreve's effort, would have been pronounced insane, or at any rate a mere visionary, yet less than a lapse of thirty years has served to accomplish it. She made one more trip down, her Captain being D. Worley; when she was lost in Rock Harbor at Shippingport.

The "ETNA," of 360 tons. was the next one built, owned by the same company as the *Vesuvius*, length, 153 feet, breadth 28 feet, with 9 feet depth of hold. She left for New Orleans under the command of *Captain A. Gale*, and made trips successively to Natchez and Louisville. There being some want of confidence in steam power to ascend the Mississippi with a cargo, above Natchez, she was employed in the summer of 1815, towing ships from the mouths or passes of the Mississippi to New Orleans, the barges then getting freight in preference at eight cts. per lb. from New Orleans to Louisville. In the fall of 1815, the Mississippi being very low, the owners of the *Etna* made another attempt to ascend the river, and put in about 200 tons, for which they charged four and a half cts. per. lb. for heavy, and six cts. for light goods. She had very few passengers above Natchez. The dependence was on drift wood, and occasionally lying by two and three days, where settlements were made, *waiting while wood was being cut and hauled*, broke a wrought iron water wheel shaft, near the mouth of the Ohio, and laid by at Henderson, Kentucky, fifteen days trying to weld it, and had at last to end the passage with one wheel to Shippingport in *sixty days*. At Louisville she had two shafts cast. Her next trip down with three hundred tons at one ct. per lb. and a few passengers. was made in seven days. The succeeding trip up, under many of the same difficulties, was made in thirty days, breaking the other wrought iron shaft by driftwood in ascending the Ohio.

The sixth, in order of time, was the DESPATCH, *Capt. J. Gregg*; built at Brownsville on French's patent, and owned by the same company with the *Enterprize*. She made several voyages from

Pittsburgh to Louisville and back, and one from the falls to New Orleans and back to Shippingport when she gave out in 1818.

The next were the BUFFALO, 300 tons. and JAMES MONROE, 90 tons, built at Pittsburgh by *B. H. Latrobe*, for a company at New York.—He failed to finish them for want of funds. They were sold by the Sheriff and fell into the hands of *Ithamar Whiting* who finished them with engines—both dull sailers.

The WASHINGTON was the ninth, and the first at Wheeling, Virginia, where she was built under the superintendence of Captain *H. M. Shreve* who was owner in part. The engine was made at Brownsville. This was the first boat with boilers on deck. The *Washington* crossed the falls in September, 1816, went to New Orleans, and returning wintered at Louisville. In March 1817, she left Shippingport for New Orleans, and made her trip up and down in forty-five days, including detention at New Orleans. This was the trip which was considered to settle the practicability of steamboat navigation in the West.

There are some incidents connected with steamboat navigation on the Western waters worthy of notice. Captain SHREVE referred to already as the Captain of the *Enterprize*, believing the patent granted to Fulton and Livingston, destructive to the interests of the west and unconstitutional in its character, took early measures to test its validity. The ENTERPRIZE reached New Orleans on the 14th December 1814, and was seized the next day for alleged violation of that patent, and suit commenced against the owners by the New York Company, in an inferior Court, where a verdict was found for the defendants. The case was then removed by writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Before the question came up before this tribunal, *Shreve* returned to New Orleans with the *Washington*, which was also seized by the company, to whom she was abandoned without opposition by Captain Shreve, who was owner in part. On application however to the Court, on behalf of the Washington and her owners, an order was obtained to hold the company to bail to answer the damages that might arise by the detention of the vessel. The agents of the company in this stage of the business, fearing the downfall of the monopoly which they sought to preserve, directly and through the medium of their att'y, proposed to admit him to an equal share with themselves in all the privileges of the patent right, provided he would so arrange the business in Court as to allow a verdict to be found against him. Had Shreve possessed less firmness or principle than belonged to him, he might have yielded to this tempting bait and thrown back the steamboat operations in the West for ten years before another individual of sufficient energy had appeared to contest the patent. It is hardly necessary to add that the Supreme Court finally set the patent aside.

For a share of these facts, I am indebted to Haldeman's Louisville Directory for 1845.

Ingenious Locks.

I notice an extract in a late Enquirer from a New York paper, stating that an ingenious mechanic of that city had invented a lock, which could not be opened even with its own key except by the owner, and had offered 500 dollars to any other person who could accomplish that feat.

This seems surprising, but I can state something of the kind more so. Messrs. *Glenn & M'Gregor* of this city, have a *combination and detector* bank lock, of a construction equally simple and ingenious, the tumbler of which may be so adjusted to its own key, that any person other than the owner making use of that key, would have only one chance in favor of opening it, to four hundred and seventy-nine millions one thousand six hundred chances against his doing so. This renders it next to impossible for any person but the owner to open it.

Exchange Papers.

There are certain rules of propriety which govern my conduct as regards other papers which I expect to govern that of others towards me.

I never send off refuse papers, torn or illegible, to any on my exchange list.

When I copy an original article from my exchange papers, I give due credit for it.

A paper which requires the straining of the eyes to read, I do not desire to receive; and look upon the sending it an imposition. Nor can I afford the time or labor of gathering statistics for others to claim as their own.

If any of my exchanges find themselves dropped hereafter, they will comprehend the cause.

☞ 'Small thanks to you,' said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses for what you have said in this case.' 'Ah,' said the conscious witness, 'but think of what I *didn't* say.'

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Wednesday, January 22nd, by the Rev. James W. Presley, Mr. JOHN L. HASTINGS to Miss CHARLOTTE TENDELL.

On the 23rd inst, by the Rev. John F. Wright, Mr. JOSEPH B. TAYLOR to Mrs. SOPHIA S. LIGGET.

On the 23d inst, by the Rev. W. Luhr, JOHN N. SIEBERN to Miss ELIZABETH SIENKAMP.

On the 23rd inst, by the Rev. John A. Gurley, Mr. HENRY H. FOSDICK to Miss MARGARET K. GOLDSON.

DIED,

On Thursday, Jan. 23rd, BOANERGES, son of the Hon. James T. Moorhead, of Covington, Ky.

General Washington.

The following letter from Gen. Washington to W. W. Woodward, bookseller in Philadelphia and now belonging to Dr. C. Woodward of Cincinnati, is probably his latest manuscript extant, being written within twenty days of his death. As there are numbers who peruse the "Advertiser, who have never seen the autograph of that distinguished patriot and hero, I have added a *fac simile* of his signature, which those familiar with it will acknowledge to be well executed.

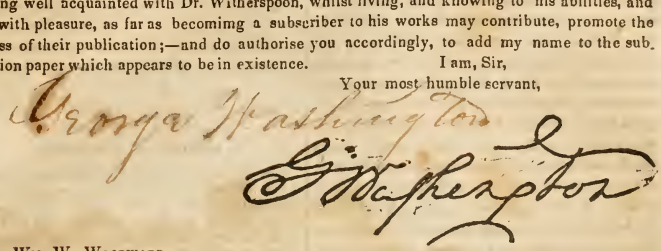
MOUNT VERNON, 24th Nov'r 1799.

SIR:—I have been favored with your letter of the 19th inst.

Being well acquainted with Dr. Witherspoon, whilst living, and knowing to his abilities, and shall with pleasure, as far as becomimg a subscriber to his works may contribute, promote the success of their publication;—and do authorise you accordingly, to add my name to the subscription paper which appears to be in existence.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,



MR. WM. W. WOODWARD.

Our Aborigines.

PLAIN, Wood Co., Aug. 25. 1840.

JOHN FRAZER, ESQ:

My Dear Sir—I have lately been very sick—being taken the fore part of July, with a painful dysentery; it suddenly brought me down, so that I was not able to rise from my bed without help—or to have my clothes on for ten days. I thought probably the appointed time to close my earthly existence was at the door; but God's ways are not like our ways, nor his thoughts like our thoughts. He has yet something for me to do,—I hope for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom in this region. I am able to ride a few miles; but my recovery is slow; yet for an old wornout man, I am doing as well as could be expected. I hope to be able to go to Perrysburgh the first week in September next.

Be pleased sir, to accept a short historical account of the Wyandot Indians. Having been a resident missionary with them for several years before the late war, and obtained the confidence of the Chiefs—in a familiar conversation with them, and having a good interpreter, I requested them to give me a history of their ancestors as far back as they could. They began with giving a particular account of the country formerly owned by their ancestors. It was the North side of the river St. Lawrence, down to Bacon Lake, and from thence up the Utiwas.—Their name for it was Cunonetoltia. This name, I had heard applied to them, but knew not what it meant. The Senekas owned the opposite side of the river, and the island on which Morel now stands. They were both large tribes, consisting of many thousands. They were blood relations, and I found at this time, they claimed each other as cousins.

A war originated between the two tribes in this way. A man of the Wyandot, wanted a certain woman for his wife; but she objected, and said he was no warrior—he had never taken any scalps, To accomplish his object, he raised a small party, and in their scout fell upon a party of Seneka hunters, killed and scalped a number of them. This precedure began a war between the Nations, that lasted more than 100 years, they supposed more than a hundred winters before the French came to Quebec. They owned that they were the first instigators of the war, and were generally beaten in the contest. Both tribes were greatly worsted by the war. They often made peace, but the first opportunity the Senekas could get an advantage against them, they would destroy all they could, men, women and children. The Wyandots finding they werein danger of being exterminated, concluded to leave their country, and go for the West. With their horses, the whole nation made their escape to the upper lakes, and settled in the vicinity of Green Bay, in several villages—but after a few years the Senekas made up a war party, and followed them to their new settlements, fell on one of their villages, killed a number and returned. Through this long period. they had no instruments of war, but bows and arrows, and the war club. Soon after this the French came to Quebec, and began trading with the Indians, and supplying them with fire arms, and utensils of various kinds. The Senekas having got supplied with guns, and learned the use of them, made out a second war party against the Wyandots—came upon them in the night, fired into their tents,

scared them exceedingly—they thought at first it was thunder and lightning. They did not succeed so well as they intended. After a few years they made out a third party, and fell upon one of the Wyandot villages, and took them nearly all. But it so happened at this time, the young men were all gone to war with the Fox tribe, living on the Mississippi. Those few that escaped the massacre of the Senekas, agreed to give up, and go back with them, and become one people, but requested of the Senekas to have two days to collect what they had, and make ready their canoes, and join them on the morning of the third day, at a certain point, where they were to wait for them, and hold a great dance through the night. The Wyandots sent directly to the other two villages, which the Senekas had not disturbed, and got all their old men and women, and such as could fight, to consult on what measure to take. They came to the resolution to equip themselves in the best manner they could, and go down in perfect stillness, so near the enemy as to hear them. They found them engaged in a dance, and feasting on two Wyandot men, they had killed, and roasted, as they said for their beef, and as they danced they would shout their victory, and told how good their Wyandot beef was. They continued their dance until the latter part of the night, and being pretty well tired, they all lay down, and soon fell into a sound sleep. A little before day, the Wyandot party fell on them and cut them all off, not one was left to carry back the tidings. This ended the war for a great number of years. Soon after this, the Wyandots got guns from the French traders, and began to grow formidable. The Indians who owned the country where they had resided for a long time proposed to them to go back to their own country. They agreed to return, and having prepared themselves as a war party, they returned: came down to where Detroit now stands, and agreed to settle in two villages, one at the place above mentioned, and the other near where the British fort Malden, now stands.

But previously to making any settlement, they sent out in canoes, the best war party they could make, to go down the Lake some distance, to see if there was an enemy, any where on that side of the water. They went down to Long Point; landed, and sent three men across the point, to see if they would make any discovery; they found a party of Senekas bending their course round the point—they returned with the intelligence to their party. The head Chief ordered his men in each canoe to strike fire, and offer some of their tobacco to the Great Spirit, and prepare for action. The Chief had his son, a small boy, with him; he carried the boy in the bottom of his canoe. He determined to fight his enemy on the water. They put out into the open lake; the Senekas came up; both parties took the best advantage they could, and fought with a determination to conquer or sink in the lakes. At last the Wyandots saw the last man fall in the Seneka party; but they had lost a great proportion of their own men, and were so wounded and cut to pieces, that they could take no advantage of the victory, but only to gain the shore as soon as possible, and leave the canoes of the enemy to float or sink among the waves. This ended the long war between the two tribes, from that day to this.

Respectfully yours, &c.

JOSEPH BADGER.

Interesting Narrative.

For the particulars of the following incidents I am obliged to Mr. Grimes, an elder in the Church of Lower Buffalo. I have hastily penned them, hoping that they might please and profit your readers. What churches now exert themselves as much to sustain the gospel?

Our story will carry the reader back a little more than fifty years. Then all north of the Ohio River was an almost unbroken wilderness, the mysterious red man's home. On the other side a bold and hardy band from beyond the mountains, had built their log cabins and were trying to subdue the wilderness.

To them every hour was full of peril. The Indians would often cross the river, steal their children and horses and kill and scalp any victim who came in their way. They worked in the field with weapons at their side, and on the Sabbath met in the grove or the rude log Church to hear the word of God with their rifles in their hands.

To preach to these settlers, Mr. Joseph Smith a Presbyterian minister had left his parental home east of the mountains. He it was said, was the second minister who had crossed the Monongahela river. He settled in Washington County, Penna., and became the pastor of the Cross Creek and Upper Buffalo congregations, dividing his time between them. He found them a willing and united people, but still unable to pay him a salary which would support his family. He in common with all the early ministers, must cultivate a farm. He purchased one on credit, proposing to pay for it with the salary pledged him by his people.

Years passed away. The pastor was unpaid. Little or no money was in circulation. Wheat was abundant, but there was no market. It could not be sold for more than 12½ cents cash. Even their salt had to be brought across the mountains on pack horses—was worth eight dollars per bushel, and twenty one bushels of wheat were often given for one of salt.

The time came when the last payment must be made, and Mr. Smith was told he must pay or leave his farm. Three years salary was now due from his people.

From the want of this his land, his improvements upon it and his hopes of remaining among a beloved people must be abandoned. The people were called together and the case laid before them. They were greatly moved. Counsel from on high was sought. Plan after plan was proposed and abandoned. The congregations

were unable to pay a tithe of their debts and no money could be borrowed.

In despair they adjourned to meet again the following week. In the meantime it was ascertained that a Mr. Moore who owned the only mill in the country, would grind for them wheat on moderate terms. At the next meeting it was resolved to carry their wheat to Mr. Moore's mill. Some gave fifty bushels, some more.—This was carried from 15 to 26 miles on horses to the mill.

In a month, word came that the flour was ready to go to market. Again the people were called together. After an earnest prayer the question was asked, who will run the flour to New Orleans? This was a startling question. The work was perilous in the extreme. Months must pass before the adventurer could hope to return, even though his journey should be fortunate. Nearly all the way was a wilderness. And gloomy tales had been told of the treacherous Indian. More than one boat's crew had gone on that journey and came back no more.

Who then would endure the toil and brave the danger. None volunteered. The young shrunk back, and the middle aged had their excuse. Their last scheme seemed likely to fail. At length a hoary headed man, an elder in the Church, sixty-four years of age arose, and to the astonishment of the assembly said, "Here am I, send me." The deepest feeling at once pervaded the whole assembly. To see their venerated old elder thus devote himself for their good, melted them all to tears. They gathered around old father Smiley to learn that his resolution was indeed taken; that rather than lose their pastor he would brave danger, toil, and even death. After some delay and trouble, two young men were induced by hope of a large reward to go as his assistants.

A day was appointed for starting. The young and old from far and near, from love to father Smiley and their deep interest in the object of his mission, gathered together and with their Minister came down from the church, fifteen miles away to the bank of the river to bid the old man farewell. Then a prayer was offered by their pastor. A parting hymn was sung. Then said the old Scotchman, "untie the cable and let us see what the Lord will do for us." This was done and the boat floated slowly away.

More than nine months passed and no word came back from father Smiley. Many a prayer had been breathed for him, but what had been his fate was unknown. Another Sabbath came. The people came together for worship, and there on his rude bench before the preacher sat father Smiley. After the services the people were requested to meet early in the week to hear the report. All came again. After thanks had been rendered to God for his safe return, father Smiley arose and told his story. That the Lord had prospered his mission. That he had sold his flour for 27 dollars per barrel and then got safely back. He then drew a large purse and poured upon the table a larger pile of gold than most of the spectators had ever seen before. The young men were paid each a hundred dollars. Father Smiley was asked his charge. He meekly replied that he thought he ought to have as much as one of the young men, though he had not done quite as much work. It was immediately proposed to pay him $300. This he refused to receive till the pastor was paid. Upon counting their money there was found enough to pay what was due to Mr. S.—to advance him his salary for the year to come—to reward father Smiley with $300 and then to leave a large dividend for each contributor. Thus their debts were paid, their pastor relieved, and while life lasted he broke for them the bread of life. The bones of both pastor and elder I believe, have long reposed in the same churchyard, but a grateful posterity still tell this pleasing story of the past.

J. W. Miller.

Presbyterian Advocate.

The Seven Asiatic Churches.

A letter from the the Rev. H. Lindsay, Chaplain to the English Embassy at Constantinople, gives the most recent intelligence respecting the seven Apocalyptic churches. The following extracts from this interesting despatch, will be perused, I am persuaded, with lively emotions, by every christian reader.

From the conversations I had with the Greek Bishop and his clergy, as well as various well informed individuals, I am led to suppose, that, if the population of Smyrna be estimated at 140,000 inhabitants, there are from 15 to 20,000 Greeks, 6,000 Armenians, 5,000 Catholics, 140 Protestants, and 11,000 Jews.

After Smyrna the first place I visited was Ephesus, or rather (as the site is not quite the same) Aiasalick, which consists of about fifteen poor cottages. I found there but three christians, two brothers who keep a small shop, and a gardener. They are all three Greeks, and their ignorance is lamentable indeed. In that place, which was blessed so long with an Apostle's labours, and those of his zealous assistants, are christians who have not so much as heard of that Apostle, or seem only to recognize the name of Paul as one in the calendar of their saints. One of them I found able to read a little, and left with him the New Testament in ancient and modern Greek, which he expressed a strong desire to read, and promised me he would not only study it himself, but lend it to his friends in the neighboring villages.

My next object was to see Laodicea. In the road to this, is Guzelhisar, a large town, with one church, and about 700 christians. In conversing with the priests here, I found them so little acquainted with the Bible, or even the New Testament, in an entire form, that they had no distinct knowledge of the books it contained, beyond the four gospels, but mentioned them indiscriminately, with various idle legends and lives of saints. I have sent thither three copies of the modern Greek testament since my return. About three miles from Laodicea is Denizli, which has been styled, but I am inclined to think erroneously, the ancient Colosse; it is a considerable town, with about 400 christians, Greeks and Armenians, each of whom has a church. I regret, however, to say, that here also the most extravagant tales of miracles, and fabulous accounts of angels, saints and relics, had so usurped the place of the scriptures, as to render it very difficult to separate, in their minds, divine truths from human inventions. I felt that here that unhappy time was come when men should "turn away their ears from the truth, and be turned unto fables." I had with me some copies of the Gospels in ancient Greek, which I distributed here, as in some other places through which I had passed. Eski-hisar close to which are the remains of ancient Laodi-

cca, contains about fifty poor inhabitants, in which number are but two christians, who live together in a small milt: unhappily neither could read; the copy, therefore, of the New Testament which I intended for this church, I left with that of Denizli, the offspring and poor remains of Laodicea and Colosse. The prayers of the mosque are the only prayers which are heard near the ruins of Laodicea, on which the threat seems to have been fully executed, in its utter rejection as a church.

I left it for Philadelphia, now Alahshehr. It was gratifying to find at last some surviving fruits of early zeal; and here, at least, whatever may be lost of the *spirit* of christianity there is still the form of a christian church,—this has been kept from the hour of temptation which came upon all the christian world. There are here about 1000 christians, chiefly Greeks, who, for the most part, speak only Turkish; there are twenty-five places of public worship, five of which are large, regular churches; to these there is a resident bishop, with twenty inferior clergy. A copy of the modern Greek Testament was received by the Bishop, with great thankfulness.

I quitted Alah-shehr, deeply disappointed at the statement I received there of the church of Sardis. I trusted that in its utmost trials, it would not have been suffered to perish utterly, and I heard with surprise, that not a vestige of it remained. With what satisfaction, then, did I find on the plains of Sardis; a small church establishment: the few christians which dwell around modern Sart, were anxious to settle there and erect a church, as they were in the habit of meeting at each other's houses, for the exercise of religion. From this design they were prohibited by Kar 'Osman Oglu, the Turkish governor of the district, and in consequence, about five years ago, they built a church upon the plain, within view of ancient Sardis, and there they maintain a priest. The place has gradually risen into a little village, now called Tartar-Keny; thither the few christians of Sart, who amount to seven, and those in its immediate vicinity, resort for public worship, and form together a congregation of about forty. There appears then still a remnant, "a few names even in Sardis," which have been preserved. I cannot repeat the expressions of gratitude with which they received a copy of the New Testament in a language with which they were familiar. Several crowded about the priest, to hear it on the spot; and I left them thus engaged.

Ak-hisar, the ancient Thyatira, is said to contain about 30,000 inhabitants, of whom 3000 are christians, all Greek, except about 200 Armenians. There is, however, but one Greek church, and one Armenian. The superior of the Greek church, to whom I presented the Romaic Testament, esteemed it so great a treasure that he earnestly pressed me, if possible, to spare another, that one might be secured to the church, and free from accidents, while the other went around among the people, for their private reading. I have therefore, since my return hither, sent him four copies.

The Church of Pergamos, in respect to numbers, may be said to flourish still in Bergama.—The town is less than Ak-hisar, but the number of Christians is about as great, the proportion of Armenians to Greeks nearly the same, and each nation also has one church. The Bishop of the district, who occasionally resides there, was at that time absent; and I experienced, with deep regret, that the resident clergy were totally incapable of estimating the gift I intended for them; I therefore delivered the Testament to the lay vicar of the bishop, at his urgent request, he having assured me, that the bishop would highly prize so valuable an acquisition to the Church: he seemed much pleased that the benighted state of his nation had excited the attention of strangers.

Thus I have left, at least, one copy of the unadulterated word of God, at each of the seven Asiatic churches of the Apocalypse, and I trust they are not utterly thrown away; but whoever may plant, it is God only who can give the increase; and from his goodness, we may hope, they will in due time, bring forth fruit some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold!

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mike Fink.

Mr. Cist:

In your paper of January 22d, there is an article from your pen, entitled "The last of the Girtys," in which you say Morgan Neville has done more than justice to Mike, by classing him with that portion of the keel boat men of his day who were intrusted with the property of others. There is no doubt but that Mike has had charge of many keel boats, with valuable cargoes; and a friend of mine, one of the oldest and most respected of the commanders of steamboats in the Nashville trade, related to me, within the last four days that, in 1819, he was employed to leave Pittsburgh, and go down the Ohio in hunt of Mike and his cargo, which had been detained by some unaccountable delay. At some distance above Wheeling he found the loiterer lying to, in company with another keel, apparently in no hurry to finish the trip. Mike did not greet our envoy in very pleasant style, but kept the fair weather side out, knowing that my friend was able to *hoe his own row*. Mike was determined not to leave good quarters that night, and all went to bed wherever they could. In the night my friend was awakened by some noise or other, and before falling asleep again, he heard Mike say in a low voice, "Well, boys, who's going to *still* to-night?" This question drew his attention, as it was something he did not understand. Watching for some time, he saw Mike take a tin bucket, that had apparently been fixed for the purpose, with a small pipe inserted in its bottom, about the size of a common gimblet. This was taken to a cask of wine or brandy, and a hole made in either cask, the pipe put in, and then a couple of quarts of water turned into the bucket. Then the "*still*" began to operate, as they drew from the head of the cask until the water in the bucket disappeared.

Thus they obtained the liquor, and the cause of their long detention ascertained. The very

casks of wine that Mike drew from, were returned to the merchant in Pittsburgh, more than a year afterwards, having soured.

Thus you see Mike *did* have charge of merchandize, and to considerable extent.

But I did not intend to defend Mike from the charge you have made against him, for in truth, he was all that was "worthless and vile." I intended to tell you an anecdote that occurred about the year 1820, just below the mouth of the Muskingum, in which Mike was prominent. There had several keel boats landed there for the night, it being near the middle of November. After making all fast, Mike was observed, just under the bank, scraping into a heap, the dried beach leaves, which had been blown there during the day, having just fallen, from the effects of the early autumn frosts. To all questions, as to what he was doing, he returned no answer, but continued at his work, until he had piled them up as high as his head. He then separated them, making a sort of an oblong ring, in which he laid down, as if to ascertain whether it was a good bed or not. Getting up he sauntered on board, hunted up his rifle, made great preparations about his priming, and then called in a very impressive manner upon his wife to follow him. Both proceeded up to the pile of leaves, poor "*Peg*" in a terrible flutter, as she had discovered that Mike was in no very amiable humor.

"Get in there and lie down," was the command to Peg, topped off with one of Mike's very choicest oaths.

"Now *Mr.* Fink," (she always mistered him when his blood was up,) "what have I done, I don't know, I'm sure—"

"Get in there and lie down, or I'll shoot you," with another oath, and drawing his rifle up to his shoulder. Poor Peg obeyed, and crawled into the leaf pile, and Mike covered her up with the combustibles. He then took a flour barrel, and split the staves into fine pieces, and lighted them at the fire on board the boat, all the time watching the leaf pile, and swearing he would shoot Peg if she moved. So soon as his splinters began to blaze, he took them into his hand and deliberately set fire, in four different places, to the leaves that surrounded his wife. In an instant, the whole mass was on fire, aided by a fresh wind, which was blowing at the time, while Mike was quietly standing by enjoying the fun. Peg, through fear of Mike, stood it as long as she could; but it soon became too hot, and she made a run for the river, her hair and clothing all on fire. In a few seconds she reached the water, and plunged in, rejoiced to know she had escaped both fire and rifle so well. "There," said Mike, "that'll larn you to be winkin at them fellers on the other boat."

There are many occasions of this kind, where Mike and Peg were the actors, all going to show that Mike was one of the very lowest of mankind, and entirely destitute of any of the manly qualities which often were to be found among the bargemen of his day. K.

Cincinnati, Feb. 11, 1845.

The Early Steamboats of the West.

Mr. Cist:

Dear Sir—In your paper of this day, you state that, "The first steamboat that ever navigated the Ohio and Mississippi, started from Pittsburgh in 1812." I have seen the same or similar statements published several times, and as I know they are incorrect, will you suffer me to correct them?

In the fall of the year 1811, after the embargo was laid on English vessels, and before the earthquakes of Dec. 1811, my father was residing on the Ohio river, nearly opposite General Harrison's farm at North Bend. The family was one day much surprised, at seeing the young Mr. Weldons running down the river much alarmed, and shouting, "the British are coming down the river," There had of course been a current rumor of a war with that power. All the family immediately ran to the bank.—We saw something, I knew not what, but supposed it was a saw mill from the working of the lever beam, making its slow but solemn progress with the current. We were shortly afterwards informed it was a steamboat. I think it was about an 150 ton boat.

I know I am correct as to the time, for in April 1812, my father sold his farm, and with his family, removed to the Big Bone lick, of which date we have ample proof in the family,

With respect,

P. S. BUSH.

Covington, Feb. 5, 1845.

Scenes at an English Election.

What a scene electioneering is! I shall never forget what I have seen of it. I was prevailed upon to go with a friend to witness his being elected, but it is the last scene of the kind in which I shall ever take a part. There was, however, in it, a mixture of the serio-comic, of the intriguing, of the marvellous, and of the ridiculous. There must certainly be a great charm in being a member of parliament; otherwise, would men condescend and drudge, flatter, fawn, and cajole, stoop to all ranks and to all humours to gain that point? A candidate is the most affable, the most accommodating character in the world; but it cannot be expected, after such rebuffs, that, when chosen, the same painful part should be acted to the end.

The rivalry at the election of which I have spoken, was excessive: and John Bull was more than ordinarily brutal. Yet so supple was one of the candidates, that he considered a stone thrown at him only as a *striking* proof of John's regard, and he "hugged the greasy rogues" as

though they had been his dearest friends. There were family anecdotes, and private vices, personal defects, and even personal misfortunes, made the broad theme of vulgar clamour, and bandied from side to side in order to annoy the opposite party. I was so ignorant of these matters, that I inveighed against such disgraceful practices, as a dishonour to the representatives of a great nation, and an indelible stain on the people who committed these excesses. But I was informed that it was all according to ancient custom, that a broken head or the receipt of a dead dog in one's face, was only the pot-luck on these occasions; and that elections are the Englishman's carnival, or rather his saturnalia; for, in the former, insults are given and received under the mask, and are of course less gross and degrading; but, in the latter, they are warranted by privilege and usage, and are assumed as it by charter.

One of the candidates became a complete catechumen to his constituents elect; and it was laughable to hear how like a good boy he answered all his catechisers. My friend, however, took it easier; he had represented the city before, and knew the temper of his constituents. The corn bill was thrown in his face, but he swallowed it. The Habeas Corpus Act he took the liberty to parry; and as he had no pension, he got off scot free on those heads. What most astonished me was, that a very proud and a very indolent man should so demean himself for a vote, and bestir himself with such activity in order to accomplish his purpose. His memory too, appeared to me prodigious. He recollected every man's name, his avocation, his weakness, his circumstances, and his interest.—"Ha, Thomas," it was to one, "how well you look! why, you've shaken off your ague!" 'Ees,' says Thomas, 'I've been shaking long enough, but they shan't shake my politics.' "Well done, Thomas! I honor thee; give me thy hand (the dirtiest I ever saw, covered with manure.) Then thou'lt stick to the old Orange interest?" [Thomas] 'Noah—I have had much better offers t'other side. Beside, I think we han't well used by the king's men; dang it, they are too proud; they treads the poor all as well as dirt under their feet.' —"Oh! fie; oh! fie, my dear Thomas." My friend stepped aside with Thomas: what he said to him I don't pretend to know; but thrice they shook hands; and Thomas shook his sides with laughter. He went off grinning, and said, 'Well, ye bid to get the plumper.' He next met an old man, "How sorry I was, friend Barnacle, for the loss of your cattle (this circumstance he had learned a few minutes before.) I wish you had written to me; but I think I have a plan for you. By the by, how many sons have you who are freemen?" 'Four, your honor.' "And how are they doing?"— 'Mortal bad; and the young one, I can't do nothing with.' "That's a pity, friend Barnacle. I should think the Blue Coat school would not be a bad thing for the young one; and the two eldest must manage your affairs." '—Ees—' "And I should think that Jack—" 'His name is James, your honor.' "Ah! true—James would make a rare exciseman; he's a keen dog, friend Barnacle." 'Ah! that he be.' "And Bob—" 'Bill, your honor.' "True! how can I be so foolish—Bill would make a good clerk." 'Ees, the lad writes a scholardly hand.' "Well, do you take as much snuff as ever?" 'Ees, your honor, I likes it as well as ever; but its waundy dear.' "Come, give me a pinch, and I say, my servant shall bring you a pound of rare stuff, which I brought you from town." 'I thank you kindly.' "There, go up to the hustings! take the four boys. All plumpers, I hope." 'Ees.' After which my friend bought a pound of common snuff, and sent it as though he had brought it from London.

Coming to a smart, well-dressed fellow, he said, "Are you out of place?" 'I am, Sir.' "But you have kept your vote?" 'I have, Sir.' "Well, we must get you into place." 'Yes, Sir, I should like a place under government, I am tired of service.' "Surely! well, we must see to that." (The man had been a footman!)

Disengaged from him, my friend was attacked by an old woman, who abused him most violently for breach of promise, for voting against the interest of the country, for neglect, and for a long list of sins. His gentleness and adroitness got the better in the end: and after enduring much, he prevailed upon her to allow her son to split his vote betwixt him and the opposite party.

"Honest Mr. Shambles!" exclaimed he next, "Why, you did'nt give me a call when last you came to Smithfield." 'Yes, your honor, I did; but your pert jack-anapes of a French valet almost shut the door in my face, and said as how you was not visible.' "A rascal!" said the member, "I must turn him away, Shambles; he offends every body; he does not know how to discriminate between my real friends, and a parcel of intruders. But I say, that's a mighty pretty woman—your second wife?" 'Tol lol, your honor.' "And what do you think of doing with your heir—a fine lad too—your only son, I think?" 'He is sir. Why I think of making a doctor of him (fine lessons of humanity he must have learned from you, thought I to myself,) but he prefers being a parson; and as I can afford to give him the first of neddycations, it don't matter. He's a bright boy; he'll get on; and I can give him some thousands.'— "Right, my honest friend; and I know a family which has high church interest. But we must not talk of that now, at another time we will. He'll make a capital bishop; he speaks well, don't he?" 'Oh! aye, your honor; he has the gift of the gab; you'll hear him by and by tip 'em a bit of a speech for your side of the question.' "Bravo! but Shambles, why don't you make him a lawyer? I could give him a lift there: I vow, I should not be surprised to see him Lord Chancellor yet." The old butcher was so delighted with this dream of ambition, that he went off resolved to strain every nerve for my friend, and swore, that if his next door neighbor, who had promised his vote for the Blue, as he called it, did not break his word and change sides, he would arrest him for his bill due for meat. We lastly called at a school master's who had seven children. These my friend called Cherubim and Seraphim. Indeed all the elector's children whom he met, were the finest children in the world. In each of their hands he put a guinea. But this was no bribery; for it is clear the poor children had no vote, and the fathers did not see the money given, neither could they be accountable for others. On our road to the hustings, I asked him if he had such extensive interest as to give away all the things which he had led his friends to expect. He answered me in the negative. I inquired what then he could give them? which he answered me by putting the two following questions:—"Can our physicians cure one tenth

of the maladies incident to man, or restore all their patients to health? Can they always give them even relief?" 'Decidedly not.' "Neither can I provide for all these people. Indeed I don't think that I can provide for any of them; but there is one thing which I can give them, and so can the physician to his patients."—'What is that?' "*Hope!*" I was now quite satisfied with the solidity of his promises.

Ups and Downs of Life.

It is useful as well as interesting to notice the changes for the better or worse, which ten or fifteen years serve to operate in a community.

I know a business man on Main Street refused credit in 1830, for a stove worth twelve dollars. He is now a director in one of the banks, and worth 150,000 dollars at least. Every cent of this has been made in Cincinnati during that period.

I know another business man, also on Main Street, who was refused credit in 1825, by a firm in the drug line, for the amount of *five* dollars. In 1830 that very firm lent that very man *five thousand* dollars upon his unendorsed note.

I know an extensive dealer in the city, now worth 100,000 dollars, and who can command more money on a short notice, for sixty, ninety, or one hundred and twenty days, than almost any man in Cincinnati, to whom I, as clerk for a grocery house here in 1830, sold a hogshead of sugar, with great misgiving and reluctance, under some apprehension of not getting the money when it became due.

I know a man whose credit in 1830, was such that when I trusted him for a keg of saltpetre, my employer told me I might as well have rolled it into the Ohio. Since that period he was worth fifty thousand dollars, then a bankrupt, worth in 1837 one hundred thousand dollars, again a bankrupt in 1841, and now worth twenty thousand dollars.

I know a man good for thirty thousand dollars, who ten years ago exhibited a monkey through the streets of Cincinnati, for a living.

I know a heavy business man---a bank director who sold apples in a basket when a boy through our streets.

I knew one of the first merchants in our city in 1825, who could at that period have bought entire blocks of the city on credit, a director in one of the banks, who within ten years of that period, died insolvent and intemperate.

Another influential man of that day, whose credit was unlimited, being president of one of our insurance companies, and also a bank director, died within five years, insolvent and intemperate.

Another individual who was considered in 1837 worth half a million dollars, has died since, leaving the estate insolvent.

Another individual, of credit equal to all his wants, and worth at one time twelve thousand dollars, and a Judge of the Court, died in our city hospital, and was buried at the public expense. I have seen him once and again presiding at public meetings.

The founder of the Penitentiary system, in Pennsylvania, and well known in that State and elsewhere as a public man, died a pauper in the Commercial Hospital in this city. I have seen him addressing the Legislature of that State, at Harrisburg, and listened to with the attention and deference that would have been paid to John Quincy Adams, or any other public man of this age.

I know a lady, the descendant of a distinguished governor of Massachusetts, who supports herself by her needle, and the niece of a governor of New Jersey still living, who washes for subsistence.

I know a lady, who thirty years ago in the city in which I then lived, was the cynosure of all eyes, one of the most graceful and beautiful of the sex, and moving in the first circles of wealth and fashion, now engaged in drudgery and dependence, at one dollar and fifty cents per week. All these reside in this city.

What are the fictions of romance writers, compared to some of the realities of human life?

Cincinnati in 1812.

The following document speaks for itself. It is one among many evidences of what is familiar enough to thousands yet living, how unprepared the United States was for war, when the country was placed on the 18th June, 1812, in its "armor and attitude." It seems by this document, that hardly more than thirty years ago the mercantile establishments of our city could not produce 200 pairs blankets, for the supply of the 400 volunteers, just entering the public service for the defence of the frontiers.

I suppose Cincinnati at this period, could supply the equipment with blankets for an army of 50,000 men, without rendering it necessary to call on families to part with the article.

A CALL

ON THE

PATRIOTISM OF CINCINNATI.

The situation of our country has compelled the government to resort to precautionary measures of defence. In obedience to its call, 400 men have abandoned the comforts of domestic life, and are here assembled in camp, at the distance of some hundred miles from home, prepared to protect our frontier from the awful effects of *savage* and of *civilized warfare*. But the unprecedented celerity with which they have moved, precluded the possibility of properly equipping them. Many, very many of them, are destitute of BLANKETS; and without those indispensible articles, it will be impossible for them to move to their point of destination.—CITIZENS OF CINCINNATI! this appeal is made to

you—let each family furnish one or more BLANKETS, and the requisite number will be easily completed. It is not requested as a boon: the moment your blankets are delivered, you shall receive the full value in money—they are not to be had at the stores. The season of the year is approaching, when each family may without inconvenience part with ONE.

Mothers! Sisters! Wives!—recollect that the men in whose favor this appeal is made, have connections as near and as dear as any which can bind *you* to life. These they have voluntarily abandoned, trusting that the integrity and patriotism of their fellow-citizens will supply every requisite for themselves and their families; and trusting that the same spirit which enabled their fathers to achieve their INDEPENDENCE, will enable their *sons to defend it*. To-morrow arrangements will be made for their reception, and the price paid,

R. J. MEIGS,
Governor of Ohio.

Cincinnati, April 30, 1812.

Cooking Stoves.

How rapid as well as radical are the changes in every department of living, which the last thirty years have made! It may be presumed, within that period, and indeed within half of it, that the modern discoveries in Science and the Arts, with their application to practical purposes, have enabled the community to support in a given bounds, fifty per cent. additional population upon the same resources, by the economy of means and materials on one hand, and the enlarged supply of products on the other.

Take one article as an illustration. Thirty years ago, cooking was universally performed in the chimney, to the great waste of fuel and sacrifice of strength and comfort to our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, *devoted as they* thus were *to the flames*. The Cooking Stove was invented. The blessings of millions of suffering women will forever hallow the inventor's name. By this improvement on the old fashioned ten plate stoves, cooking, washing, heating irons, boiling, steaming, &c., are now performed without that exposure of a delicate or feeble female to the scorching fire or stifling smoke of a chimney, which they were once compelled to endure.

But the first Cooking stove was like the first Steam boat, the application of a principle merely, leaving to later projectors the honor as well as benefit of bringing out of the invention by further improvements, the perfection in economy and comfort of which it might be found susceptible.

The latest improvement, perhaps the greatest ever made in these stoves is STRAUB'S *Flame encircled oven Cooking Stove.*

This is a stove that claims to combine all that is valuable in the existing Cooking Stoves, with certain improvements peculiar to itself, which unite in a remarkable degree the equalization of heat throughout the whole baking department, with an economy of fuel which I have noticed in no other article of the kind.

This stove is constructed so as to pass a flue entirely round the oven; the heat being thus used twice, once under, and once over the oven. With an enlarged air chamber through which all the heat must pass, consequently every part of the oven must be heated alike. It is this mode of applying the flame and heat which produces the saving of fuel also.

I regard *Mr. Straub*, as having solved a difficult and long sought problem,—the passing the heat twice round without impairing the necessary draught of the stove. This is effected in the enlargement of the air chamber, which affords increased space for the rarefaction of air and compensates for the usual disadvantage of a circular draught.

I have one of these stoves, a No. 2, in use which I find by reference to dates, burns no more wood in six days than its predecessor, a No. 3 Cincinnati cooking stove did in four. It must be recollected that a No. 2 stove is of a greater capacity by fifty per cent, than a No. 3, and of course, the difference is still greater in favor of Straub's stove than merely the economy of fuel, cooking one third more as it does.

The plates of this stove are thicker than most others, which enables them to retain heat a longer period, as well as to cool more gradually. I deem this a valuable improvement.

Seasoned fuel, fit for stove use, costs four dollars per cord. My annual wood bill heretofore, is for thirteen cords, say fifty-two dollars. The saving in this stove over some of its competitors of the same capacity would therefore pay the price of a new stove for a family of fifteen to twenty persons in two years; and as long as it lasted, prove a yearly saving of eighteen or twenty dollars to its purchaser.

A loaf of wheat or rye bread as it comes freshly baked from this stove, would prove a luxury to millions, who even in our own land, have never tasted a first rate article.

MARRIAGES.

ON Wednesday, Febuary 5th, near Louisville, Ky., by the Rev. Mr. Breckenridge, Major DAVID GWYNNE, of Cincinnati, to Miss SOPHIA W., daughter of Capt. Talbert.

In this city, on Sunday, 9th inst., by Elder Wm. P. Stratton, Mr. WILLIAM H. HECKELEY to Miss MARY B. LACONEY.

On same day by the same, Mr. JEREMIAH W. MALINEE to Miss ELIZABETH SIMPSON.

DEATHS.

IN this city, on Sunday, Febuary 9th. ROBERT MOORHEAD, M. D.

In Newport, Ky., on Sunday, 9th inst., JOSHUA LEVENS.

Indian Warfare--Lewis Wetzel No. 3.

Some time after Gen. Harmar had erected a fort at the mouth of the Muskingum river, he employed some white men to go with a flag among the nearest Indian tribes, to prevail with them to come to the fort, and there to conclude a treaty of peace. A large number of Indians came on the general invitation, and encamped on the Muskingum river, a few miles above its mouth. Gen. Harmar issued a proclamation, giving notice that a cessation of arms was mutually agreed upon between the white and red men, till an effort for a treaty of peace should be concluded.

As treaties of peace with Indians had been so frequently violated, but little faith was placed in the stability of such engagements by the frontiersmen; notwithstanding that they were as frequently the aggressors as were the Indians. Half the backwoodsmen of that day had been born in a fort, and grew to manhood as it were, in a siege. The Indian war had continued so long, and was so bloody, that they believed war with them was to continue as long as both survived to fight. With these impressions, as they considered the Indians faithless, it was difficult to inspire confidence in the stability of treaties. While Gen. Harmar was diligently engaged with the Indians, endeavoring to make peace, Lewis Wetzel concluded to go to Fort Harmar, and as the Indians would be passing and repassing between their camp and the fort, would have a fair opportunity of killing one. He associated with himself in this enterprise, a man by the name of Veach Dickerson, who was only a small grade below him in restless daring. As soon as the enterprise was resolved on, they were impatient to put it in execution. The more danger, the more excited and impatient they were to execute their plan. They set off without delay, and arrived at the desired point, and sat themselves down in ambush, near the path leading from the fort to the Indian camp. Shortly after they had concealed themselves by the way-side, they saw an Indian approaching on horse-back, running his horse at full speed. They called to him, but owing to the clatter of the horses feet, he did not hear or heed their call, but kept on at a sweeping gallop. When the Indian had nearly passed, they concluded to give him a shot as he rode. They fired; but as the Indian did not fall, they thought they had missed him. As the alarm would soon be spread that an Indian had been shot at; and as large numbers of them were near at hand, they commenced an immediate retreat to their home As their neighbors knew the object of their expedition, as soon as they returned, they were asked what luck? Wetzel answered, that they had bad luck--they had seen but one Indian, and he on horseback--that they fired at him as he rode, but he did not fall, but went off scratching his back, as if he had been stung by a yellowjacket." The truth was, they had shot him through the hips and lower part of the belly.—He rode to the fort, and that night expired of his wound.

It was soon rumored to Gen. Harmar, that Lewis Wetzel was the murderer. Gen. Harmar sent a Captain Kingsbury, with a company of men to the Mingo Bottom, with orders to take Wetzel, alive or dead—a useless and impotent order. A company of men could as easily have drawn Beelzebub out of the bottomless pit, as take Lewis Wetzel by force from the Mingo bottom settlement. On the day that Captain Kingsbury arrived, there was a shooting match in the neighborhood, and Lewis was there. As soon as the object of Captain Kingsbury was ascertained, it was resolved to ambush the Captain's barge, and kill him and his company. Happily Major M'Mahan was present to prevent this catastrophe, who prevailed on Wetzel and his friends to suspend the attack, till he would pay Captain Kingsbury a visit, perhaps he would induce him to return without making an attempt to take Wetzel. With a great deal of reluctance they agreed to suspend the attack till Major M'Mahan should return. The resentment and fury of Wetzel and his friends, were boiling and blowing, like the steam from a scape pipe of a steamboat. "A pretty affair this," said they, "to hang a man for killing an Indian when they are killing some of our men almost every day." Major M'Mahan informed Captain Kingsbury of the force and fury of the people, and assured him that if he persisted in the attempt to seize Wetzel, he would have all the settlers in the country upon him; that nothing could save him and his company from massacre but a speedy return. The Captain took his advice, and forthwith returned to Fort Harmar. Wetzel considered the affair now as finally adjusted.

As Lewis was never long stationary, but ranged at will along the river from Fort Pitt to the falls of the Ohio, and was a welcome guest, and perfectly at home wherever he went, shortly after the attempt to seize him by Captain Kingsbury, he got into a canoe, with the intention of proceeding down the Ohio to Kentucky. He had a friend by the name of Hamilton Carr, who had lately settled on the island, near Fort Harmar. Here he stopped with the view of lodging for the night. By some means which never were explained, Gen. Harmar was advised of his being on the island. A guard was sent, who crossed to the island, surrounded Mr. Carr's house, went in, and as Wetzel lay asleep he

was seized by numbers; his hands and feet securely bound, and he was hurried into a boat, and from thence placed in a guard-room where he was loaded with irons.

The ignominy of wearing iron handcuffs and hobbles, and being chained down, to a man of his independent and resolute spirit, was more painful than death. Shortly after he was confined, he sent for Gen. Harmar, and requested a visit. The General went. Wetzel admitted without hesitation "that he had shot the Indian." As he did not wish to be hung like a dog, he requested the General to give him up to the Indians, there being a large number of them present. "He might place them all in a circle, with their scalping knives and tomahawks—and give him a tomahawk and place him in the midst of the circle, and then let him and the Indians fight it out the best way they could." The Gen. told him, "that he was an officer appointed by the law, by which he must be governed. As the law did not authorize him to make such a compromise, he could not grant his request."—After a few days longer confinement, he again sent for the General to come and see him; and he did so. Wetzel said "he had never been confined and could not live much longer if he was not permitted some room to walk about in."

The General ordered the officer on guard to knock off his iron fetters, but to leave on his handcuffs, and permit him to walk about on the point at the mouth of the Muskingum; but to be sure and keep a close watch upon him. As soon as they were outside the fort gate, Lewis began to caper about like a wild colt broke loose from the stall.

He would start and run a few yards as if he was about making an escape, then turn round and join the guards. The next start he would run farther, and then stop. In this way he amused the guard for some time, at every start running a little farther. At length he called forth all his strength, resolution and activity, and determined on freedom or an early grave. He gave a sudden spring forward, and bounded off at the top of his speed for the shelter of his beloved woods. His movement was so quick, and so unexpected, that the guard were taken by surprise, and he got nearly a hundred yards before they recovered from their astonishment. They fired, but all missed; they followed in pursuit; but he soon left them out of sight. As he was well acquainted with the country, he made for a dense thicket, about two or three miles from the fort. In the midst of this thicket, he found a tree which had fallen across a log, where the brush was very close. Under this tree he squeezed his body. The brush was so thick that he could not be discovered unless his pursuers examined very closely. As soon as his escape was announced, Gen. Harmar started the soldiers and Indians in pursuit. After he laid about two hours in his place of concealment, two Indians came into the thicket, and stood on the same log under which he lay concealed; his heart beat so violently he was afraid they would hear it thumping. He could hear them hallooing in every direction, as they hunted through the brush. At length, as the evening wore away the day, he found himself alone in the friendly thicket. But what should he do? His hands were fastened with iron cuffs and bolts, and he knew of no friend on the same side of the Ohio to whom he could apply for assistance.

He had a friend who had recently put up a cabin on the Virginia side of the Ohio; who he had no doubt would lend him every assistance in his power. But to cross the river was the difficulty. He could not make a raft with his hands bound, and though an excellent swimmer, it would be risquing too much to trust himself to the stream in that disabled condition.—With the most gloomy foreboding of the future, he left the thicket as soon as the shades of night began to gather, and directed his way to the Ohio, by a circuitous route, which brought him to a lonely spot three or four miles below the fort. He made to this place, as he expected guards would be set at every point where he could find a canoe. On the opposite shore he saw an acquaintance, *Isaac Wiseman* by name, fishing in a canoe. Not daring to call to him, as he could not know whether his enemies were not within sound of his voice, he waved his hat for some time to attract the notice of his friend, having previously induced him to direct his eye that course by a gentle splashing in the water. This brought Wiseman to his assistance, who readily aided his escape. Once on the Virginia shore, he had nothing to fear, as he had well wishers all through the country, who would have shed blood if necessary, for his defence. It was not however, until years had elapsed, and Gen. Harmar returned to Philadelphia, that it became safe for Wiseman to avow the act, such was the weakness of civil authority, and the absolute supremacy of military rule on the frontier. A file and hammer soon released him from the heavy handcuffs. After the night's rest had recruited his energies, he set out for fresh adventures; his friend having supplied him with a rifle, ammunition and blanket. He took a canoe and went down the river for Kentucky, where he should feel safe from the grasp of Harmar and his myrmidons.

Subsequently to Wetzel's escape, Gen. Harmar removed his head quarters to Fort Washington—Cincinnati. One of his first official acts

there was to issue a proclamation, offering considerable rewards, for the apprehension and delivery of Lewis, at the Garrison there. No man, however, was found base or daring enough to attempt this service.

Brother Bailey of the Herald.

Dr. Bailey, the editor of the Herald, has a temperament, so kindly and pleasantly made up, that it is a pity that he should experience any thing else but trouble,—he bears it so gracefully.

His last difficulty was the reception of a letter—but let him tell his own story:

The other evening we received a letter, endorsed "important," on which we had the pleasure of paying postage. We tore it open, somewhat curious to learn the important news. It was from a subscriber, owing about four dollars on our weekly paper, and thus the epistle ran:

"*Dear Sirs*—You have been in the habit since you were away down South, of threatening and bullyragging those that are in arrears to a few dollars for your excellent paper. You learnt it when you were down South, from the slaveholders to their slaves. Bad examples are more easily imbibed than good ones. I came from away down South myself. I understand all the wiles of the slaveholders, for I have been one myself. I will not, I cannot, and I shall not, bear the insults and dictation from any man or set of men. I never did beg my life of man or men, and I hope I never shall. So soon as you shall receive this letter, stop sending your paper to me, for I hope to be able to pay you before very long what I owe you, and then we will be even. Making them that owe a few dollars pay two dollars, and them that do not, one dollar a year, shows justice between the rich and poor. Poverty now a days is nothing but a curse to church and State. Deny it if you can. I have been in the habit of taking newspapers, more or less, the greater part of my life. I never did cheat an editor out of a cent in my life, nor do I intend to cheat you. I never had one before to be bullyragging, dictating and exposing me before. You may have your choice, to stop my paper, at this time, or let me have it for one dollar a year, for I do mean to pay you as soon as I can.

What do christians think of to bring Moses' writings to prove slavery? I thought we were as this time called christians. * *

You may, if you think proper to continue sending on the paper at one dollar the year, or let it alone, as it suits you best, for I hardly care a straw about it. I want to know if you receive this letter or not.

I am respectfully yours,

JOHN NOEL."

That is what we call the sublimity of independence. Nevertheless, we would remind our friend John Noel, that under both the Jewish and Christian dispensations, men were bound to pay their debts, although St. Paul showed unto them a more excellent way, which was, never to owe any thing.

Of the last paragraph, I would say, it is a problem, whether its humor or good humor is the finest. It is, however, but one specimen among a thousand equally remarkable, of the Dr's characteristic vein of pleasantry.

William Penn.

Mr. Tefft an extensive autograph collector of Savannah, Geo. has recently received from a friend at the North, an original manuscript letter of Wm. Penn, which he regards as one of the most valuable autographs in his collection. Letters written by this distinguished man are extreme rarities at the present day, Mr. Tefft having hitherto never been able to procure more than a bare signature, cut out from some parchment-document. This letter is precious on more than one account,—not only as being a veritable original from the hand of the far-famed Quaker, but as exhibiting the characteristic qualities of the man. We see in it his downright simplicity—his quaintness of style—his remarkable force of mind—his rare mingling together of religious humility with a bold and decided line of policy. The reader may be reminded that Penn, at the date of the letter, was forty-two years of age. Only four years previous, he had purchased, settled, and visited his colonial establishment in America. He had now returned to England, and had taken lodgings near the court of king James II., to exercise his influence with that monarch in behalf of his philanthropic schemes. In this situation it seems he had heard of some unhappy disorders that had disturbed his infant colony in America. The letter before us is chiefly occupied in suggesting measures to suppress them.

Thomas Lloyd, to whom the letter is addressed succeeded William Penn as President of the Colony. He appears to have been an unsalaried officer. Judging from several of Penn's expressions, we should conjecture that he was dissatisfied with Lloyd's want of energy in suppressing the disturbances, though he shrinks from preferring any direct complaint. His mind certainly seems to have wrought up into a sad gust of perplexities and anxieties. But for the letter itself. The orthography, &c. are exactly transcribed.

WORMINGHURST, 17th 9 mo. 1685.

Dear Tho: Lloyd:

Thyn by way of new york is with me, & first I am extremely sorry to hear that Pennsylvania is so Litigious, and brutish. The report reaches this place with yt *disgrace, yt we have lost I am told, 15000 persons this fall, many of ym† men of great estates yt are gone and going for Carolina. O that some one person would in ye zeal of a true Phinias & ye meekness of a Christian spirit together, stand up for our good beginnings, and bring a savour of righteousness over that ill savour. I cared not what I gave such an one, if it were an 100£ or more out of myn own pocket, I would and will do it, if he be to be found, for ye neglect such a care of ye publick might draw on his own affaires. But I hope to be ready in the Spring, my selfe, and I think, with power and resolution to do ye Just thing, lett it fall on whom it will. O thomas, I cannot express to thee ye grief

yt is upon me for it. but my private affaires as well as my publick ones, will not let me budge hence yet; tho I desire it with so much zeal, and for yt reason count myself a Prisoner here.

I waite for answer of yt about ye laws; for yt of ye money, I am better satisfied, tho' Quo warrantos at every turn have formerly threatened. I hope some of those yt once feared I had to much powr will now see I have not enough, and yt excess of powr does not ye mischief yt Licentiousness does to a State, for tho ye one oppresses ye pocket, the other turns all to confusion, order and peace with poverty is certainly better. It almost tempts me to deliver up to ye K. (King) and lett a mercenary Gover'r have ye taming of them. O where is fear of god and common decency. pray do wt thou canst to appease or punish such persons, & if in office, out with ym, forthwith. If J. White and P. Robson be of ym, displace them immediately.—*Thom. think not hard of it because of charge in comeing, being and goeing. I will be accountable for yt,* if thou please but to do yt friendly part. lett T. Hor: J. Har: J. Clap, R. Tur: J. Good: T. Sim, see this & who else thou pleasest. If you have any love to me, and desire to see me and myn with you, o prevent these things that you may not add to my exercises. If a few such weithty men mett apart & waited on god for his minde and wisdom & in ye sense & authority of yt, you appeared for ye honour of god, ye reputation of ye governour & credit and prosperity of ye Country, to check such persons, calling ym before you as my ffds (friends;) men of credit with me; & sett your united Shoulder to it, methinks it may be better. to ye Lord I leave you saluting you all in endless Love, being & remaining,

Your true and loving ffriend
Wm. Penn.

Salute me to thy Dr wife, tell her she must remember her name in my busines. also to thy children. give my love to ye ‡Gover'r &c.

P. S.

Ffor Balt. & Sas-quhanagh (Susquehannah) I have not ended, being otherwise stopt too, I waite my time, but doubt not being upon good terms. lett none be brittle about my not being there yet, I come with all ye speed I can; tho I must say, twere better all were in another order first; for these disorders—strike ym back I have had some regard to in staying; which is a sad disappointment to me & ye country.

The East Jersey Prop'rs believe thy report about my letter to yee. I am not with ym once in two months. they meet weekly. they are very angry with G. Lowry. Salute me to Frds There away, old Lewis and wife; also to Capt. Berry, I have sent his letters as directed. press about land for me in East Jersey. I shall fall heavy on G. L. if I live, for denying him in my wrong till all be taken up yt is desirable. Speak to G. L. thyself about it, for wt he has done will be overturned (I perceive) by ym here & he served. Vale.

Myn salute yee.

*That. †Them.

‡Who this Governor was, it is difficult to imagine.—The historical records of Pennsylvania mention no presiding officer as being there at this time, except Thomas Lloyd himself. He is designated, however, as "President," and there may have been a magistrate subordinate to him wkh the title of Governor.—[S. Rose.

I copy the following from the New York Tribune. The idea towards the close of the article, of the hieroglyphics is irresistibly comic:

The Court of Texas.

The advertisement that "Osage City," containing one hundred and twenty six acres of land, one store-house, two dwellings, and sundry out-building, is for sale, reminds us of some incidents related by a gentleman who went to Texas before that renowned empire had acquired its present unparalleled celebrity. At that time the capitol of Texas, Washington was pretty much in the condition of Osage City, in some respects. Mr. L. the gentleman who gave us the narrative of his adventures, travelled from the coast to the capital of Texas in private conveyance, travelling facilities not being very numerous. He had formed in his mind certain images of what his reception would be at the court of Texas, charged as he was with a petty diplomatic errand, which, however, warranted him to believe that his reception would not be altogether "bare and beggarly," Texas was then younger by several years than at present: her gigantic resources were undeveloped; the fame of her sons had not filled every ear, and the United States had not courted her very valuable alliance, as they have done now, to their shame be it said.

Mr. L——had no particular difficulty in arriving in the vicinity of the capital of Texas. Alive with sanguine expectations as to the beauty of Washington, as his humble equipage entered the city he peeped out, and looked cautiously around. Six small shingled houses greeted his eyes—this was the glory of Texas, the capital of that celebrated empire. This, thought Mr. L. is the suburbs. His doubts were soon dispelled in "thin air;" these six shingled houses constituted the entire domain. Our traveller was set down at the tavern, and forgot his surprise at the diminutive area of the Texan capital over a good supper of "corn-dodgers" and "chicken-fixins." There still floated before him, however, visions of Texas diplomatic corps, the stately American minister, his reception—his excellency would nod, he would endeavor to do something of the same sort—his excellency would scrape and bow, he would follow suit. Such plentiful compliments, such insinuating smiles, such remote and delicate diplomatic insinuations, these things ran in Mr. L——s head, assisted in their flight, perhaps, by copious drinks of "corn" whisky, strong enough to scrape a man's throat like a fish-bone.

Our diplomatist arose next morning with pleasing anticipations of accomplishing the objects of his mission in a manner at once dignified and complete. His first inquiries were for the American minister near the court of Texas; the minister was not then in the city, but resided about six miles out of the metropolis, on the plantation of Col. W. Ah! thought Mr. L. very right in the general, he has retreated to some gentleman's park in the neighborhood to escape from the dissipation of the capitol. Before visiting the minister, Mr. L—— resolved to visit the officers of the cabinet. He sallied forth, therefore, and saw above one door a sign, "Treasury Department."

It was a small one story-house, shingled with what they call "shakes," all over the West and Southwest. Mr. L. approached and knocked,

The secretary was not in. He then tried some of the other offices, but finally discovered the chief clerk of the treasury department, a young man who occupied an apartment by himself, a bed at one end and a table in the middle. This important officer was chiefly remarkable for his intensely green spectacles. On the table in the room, there were three little bundles of paper. One was labelled Galveston, another Matagorda, and another Velasco. These were the archives of the department. Mr. L. after some agreeable conversation with the chief clerk of the treasury department, again took to his vehicle, and drove out to the plantation of Col. W. to visit the American minister. During his drive he endeavored to frame a speech, not very long, but immensely important, just necessary to introduce his subject with becoming gravity. yet not so altogether elevated as to be revolting.

After an agreeable drive, the boy who conducted our diplomatist, stopped at a pair of bars.

"What's this?" said Mr. L.

"This place is the Colonel's," replied the boy; "he's about as wide awake as a bear in a *Jiniary* thaw!"

After taking down the bars and walking through a considerable cow-yard, Mr. L—— approached a double log-house, of an ancient fashion, about the door of which was the usual accumulation of pigs, dogs, hens, and chips. An elderly farmer was seated on a stump, smoking a powerful fragrant pipe.

"Is this Col. W's plantation?" said Mr. L.

"Yes," replied the smoker—puff—puff—puff.

"Is Col. W. at home?" asked Mr. L——.

"Yes! I'm him," was the reply—puff—puff—puff.

"Does the American minister reside here," inquired Mr. L——,

"I reckon," was the reply—puff.

"Will you be so kind as to say that Mr. L. diplomatic agent from the United States would be happy to see the American minister near the court of Texas?" said Mr. L——.

Upon this the elderly farmer slowly screwed himself up off his seat, and poking his head into the door of the log-hut, cried out—"Gineral!"

Soon afterward another elderly gentleman made his appearance at the door, dressed in a picturesque guise, with a pair of pantaloons that were not only seedy, but which had every appearance of having been threshed out.

"Is this Gen. M——?" said Mr. L——, in his most dulcet tones.

"Holler, my old chip," said Col. W——,"he's deafer than a mud turtle with three holes punched through his back."

"Is this General M——?" said Mr. L——. The American minister near the court of Texas, heard the question, and asked Mr. L——. in.—The American minister's suite of chambers comprehended one apartment; one end of this room was covered with an immense American flag, with all its stars and stripes revealed in their original glory; the General's cocked hat and sword hung on a peg; suspended from the rafters were various legs of bacon, some rifles, and bunches of seed corn and red peppers. After a few remarks, the general took up an old felt hat, of a most remarkable size and shape, and holding it up before him, said, "Now ain't that a little the most remarkable *sombrero*, a little the most conscientious flap, a little grain the richest crack—but never mind the hat, let's go out and look at my pony."

The general slowly marched out, Mr. L. following, and after going through a pair of bars, and across a yard, they came to the one-acre lot, where the pony was imprisoned. The general stopped and directed a look of infinite regard at the pony.

"Now," said the general, "just look at that *ar* pony, he can't run, nor he can't trot, nor he can't canter, nor he can't walk, but—how he can rack! He'd lick lightning a *hundred* yards in a mile, and, give it two the start. He'd be perfect pisen to a locomotive with the steam up to bustin' pint, and the screechin' whistle screwed down. Jist walk round and examine the article."

Upon this the general got over the fences, and they approached this racking apparatus with the caution of Minerva; and here let us remark that it is customary to brand the owner's name on the haunches of the horses in that region.

"Look here," said the general, "I've heard a great deal about Gliddon's lectures on hieroglyphics, fresh from some pyramid or other, as if they were stamped in yesterday. I've heard of mystery, but just look at them marks, of all these singular phenetic performances there is the screamer, what shades of brands them are, I'll lay my head there ain't a man among 'em all from Champollion up to Sham the son of Noah, who can decipher the hieroglyphies on that pony's rump!"

Good heaven, thought Mr. L——. have I ventured all this way, on this great diplomatic expedition, to be entertained at the court of Texas by the American minister with disquisitions such as these.

Value of Cincinnati Property in 1845.

The western half of a lot, belonging to Mrs. Hall on Fifth street, east of Elm, was sold a few days since at 200 dollars per front foot, cash down. The property sold is 16½ feet front, by 90 feet deep. I understood that price was offered for the whole lot, but the owner declined selling more than the half, retaining the residue for her residence.

I learn also that the property at the north-east corner of Walnut and Front streets, has been leased to Mr. Merrill at 15 dollars per foot front, facing on Front street, being 6 per cent. per annum on 250 dollars per foot.

What is the world coming to?

One of the most ridiculous propositions in the world, is being treated seriously in the New York papers. It is gravely proposed to make a second story street in Broadway—*id est*, to erect iron pillars at the curb-stone, and on them build a covered railway for cars, as a substitute for the omnibuses that now vex that main artery of old Gotham. What nonsense! We agree heart and pen with the correspondent of the Evening Mirror, when he says:—We are walled in on all sides by private brick and mortar—mother earth is jammed down, suffocated and walked over by corporation stone; and that is enough. Leave New York "*open at the top!*" We have no smell of earth—no sight of green fields—nothing of God's make, as he made it, to look at, but the sky. Leave us the strip of blue, and the small slant of sunshine. Give us a chance to see the stars.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Usury Laws.

Mr. Cist:—As the subject of Usury Laws is up before our State Legislature, I will give you my views on this subject.

Competition is the soul of trade, giving life, vigor, and activity to its operation. By causing commodities where scarce to flow in, and where too abundant to flow out, it brings all things to their level of value, and becomes the great regulator of prices. Now the interest of money under a system of free competition, would in like manner regulate itself, and we should never see money continuing abundant in one part of the country at 5 per cent, and scarce in another at 10, any more than we should see flour remaining at $10 per barrel in New Orleans, when it could be had for $5 in Cincinnati.

Usury laws paralyze the trade in money; they destroy competition, and discourage investments. The law of Ohio taxes money at interest, and allows but 6 per cent. to be recovered. The market value of money in this city, ranges from 9 to 12 per cent. and were these rates recoverable, competition would soon bring them down. But the law enables a dishonest man who contracts to pay 12 per cent. first, to defraud the lender out of one half the interest, and then force him to lose the other half in lawyers' fees for collecting. Under these discouragements, Eastern capitalists have refused to lend their money here, and even our own citizens have sought investments in other States, where the law allows the recovery of 10 per cent. Thus capital, ever sensitive, flies from persecution to seek a dwelling place of greater security.

A bill is now before the Ohio Legislature, which, if it becomes a law, will enable any man who may borrow at more than 7 per cent. not only to cheat the lender out of the whole interest, but to subject him to a pecuniary penalty besides.

The law offers a handsome premium for the encouragement of knavery. The honest man gains nothing by it, for he makes it a rule to fulfil his contracts.

As the interest is limited, one man cannot offer a higher rate than another, and the competition will be, not in the rate, but in the strength of the security. Men of great wealth will be accepted, and persons of moderate means rejected. Thus the poor man who cannot give as good security as his wealthy neighbor, and who is prevented by the law from over-bidding him in the rate of interest, and thereby obtaining the preference, is forced to sacrifice his property, and his more fortunate neighbor becomes the purchaser.

If the bill passes, all who have money lent at more than seven per cent. will demand immediate payment. Mortgages will be foreclosed, judgemnts and executions will sweep over the land, and half the State will be up at Sheriff's sale. Buying property at such sales will then become more profitable than money lending.

It is the duty of Government to *enforce the performance* of contracts, instead of *offering a reward for their violation.* The general principles of law, justice, and morality, alike demand their fulfilment when made in good faith, where there is neither fraud nor imposition, nor any undue advantage taken of the weakness or credulity of the contracting party. O.

Early Steamboats in the West.—No. 2.

I continue my list of early steamboats, in the order of their being built.

The next boat was the Franklin, of 150 tons, built at Pittsburgh by *Shiras & Cromwell*; engine by George Evans, left that place in December, 1816, was sold at New Orleans, and then put in the New Orleans and St. Louis trade, being the first steamboat that ever made her appearance at St. Louis. Was sunk at St. Genevieve in 1819, while under command of Captain Reed, and on her way to that place.

The Constitution, originally the Oliver Evans, of 75 tons, was the next, and was built by *George Evans*, on his patent; left Pittsburgh also in December 1816 for New Orleans. In April 1817, she burst one of her boilers, near Point Couper, by which eleven persons, principally passengers, lost their lives. This was the first steamboat accident involving the sacrifice of life in the Western waters.

The twelfth in order was the Harriet of 40 tons built at Pittsburgh; owned and constructed by *J. Armstrong*, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania.—She left Pittsburgh in October 1816 for New Orleans; crossed the falls in March 1817, and was the first vessel on the Tennessee river plying between New Orleans and the Muscle Shoals.

The Kentucky of 80 tons was the 14th. She was built at Frankfort Ky. for the Louisville trade, and was owned by *Hanson & Boswell.*

Next was the Pike, of only 25 tons, long, and still a favorite steamboat name. She was built by *J. Prentiss*, of Henderson Ky., plied first between St. Louis and Louisville, afterwards in the Red river trade was lost on a sawyer, in March 1818.

The next was the Gov. Shelby, of 120 tons, built at Louisville by Messrs. *Gray, Gwathmey and Gretsinger.*—Bolton & Watt's engine,—for the Louisville trade.

Next was the New Orleans, of 300 tons, built at Pittsburgh in 1817, by *Fulton & Living-*

ston, for the Natchez trade. Near Baton Rouge, she was sunk and raised again and sunk in N. Orleans in February 1819, about two months after her sinking near Baton Rouge.

The next was the GEORGE MADISON, of 200 tons, built at Pittsburgh in 1818, by Messrs. *Voorhees, Mitchell, Rodgers & Todd*, of Frankfort Ky., for the Louisville trade.

The OHIO, built at New Albany Ind. in 1818, by Messrs. *Shreve & Blair*, for the Louisville trade comes next. This boat of 443 tons was the largest built—up to this period.

Next was the NAPOLEON, of 332 tons, built at Shippingport in 1818, by Messrs. *Shreve, Miller, & Breckenridge*, of Louisville, for that trade.

The next, and the twentieth in order, was the VOLCANO, of 250 tons, built at New Albany in 1818, by *John & Robeson DeHart*, for the Louisville trade.

The GEN. JACKSON, of 200 tons was the next, being built in Pittsburgh in 1818, and owned by *R. Whiting & Gen. Carroll*, of Tennessee, for the Nashville trade.

We come at length to the EAGLE, of 70 tons, as the first boat built at Cincinnati. She was owned by *James Berthoud & Son*, of Shippingport Ky., for the Louisville trade. She was built in 1818.

Next was the HECLA, also of 70 tons, built at Cincinnati in 1818; owned by *Honore and Barbaroux*, of Louisville, and employed in that trade.

The HENDERSON, of 85 tons, built the same year at Cincinnati came next. She was owned by Messrs. *Bowens*, of Henderson Ky.; built for the Henderson and Louisville trade.

The JOHNSON, of 90 tons, built at Wheeling in 1818, by George White, and owned by Messrs. *J. & R. Johnson*, of Kentucky; for the Louisville trade, was the next.

The CINCINNATI, of 120 tons, built at Cincinnati in 1818, and owned by Messrs. *Pennywitt & Burns*, of Cincinnati, and Messrs. *Paxson & Co.* of New Albany, is the 26th on the list; built for the Louisville trade.

The next was the EXCHANGE, of 200 tons, built at Louisville in 1819, owned by *David Edwards*, of Jefferson County Ky., for the Louisville trade.

The LOUISIANA, of 45 tons, was the next; she was built at New Orleans in 1818, and owned by *C. Duplissis* of that City, for the Natchez trade.

Next was the JAMES ROSE, of 330 tons, built at Pittsburgh in 1818, and owned by *Whiting & Stackpole*, of that place. This boat made in 1819 the quickest trip then known, being only 16 days from New Orleans to Shippingport, with a cargo of 200 tons.

The FRANKFORT, of 320 tons, built at Pittsburgh in 1818, was the 30th. She was owned by *Voorhees & Mitchell*, of Frankfort Ky.; built for the Louisville trade.

The TAMERLANE, of 320 tons, built at Pittsburgh in 1818, for the Louisville trade was next; and was owned by Messrs. *Boggs & Co.*, N. York.

The CEDAR BRANCH, built at Pittsburgh in 1818, and for the same trade, was owned in Maysville Ky.

The last I name is the EXPERIMENT, of 40 tons, built in Cincinnati, in 1818, which was the next and the first one owned entirely in this city.

It seems that thirty-two boats had to be built, before we could furnish capital and enterprise to own one.

Twistification.

There are *black sheep* in every flock. Not long since, I gave some specimens of Quaker ingenuity in disposing of difficulties. By way of balance, I will state an incident which occurred in a Scotch Irish neighborhood in the West, which I am reminded of in this hog-killing region and period.

A dealer in hogs of this description of people, called on a countryman of his, who was putting up pork some years since, to engage a lot of hogs. The pork packer, after ascertaining the probable weight, and arranging the other features of the bargain, inquired, are they mast or *corn-fed* hogs?" "On ay", replied the contractor, "they are a' corn fed. Sorra the ane else." The contract was closed accordingly; the hogs in due time delivered, and paid for, and it was not discovered until some time after, that they were nothing but mast-fed animals. The packer was of course greatly incensed at the imposition, and when his countryman made his appearance again in town, reproached him bitterly, and asked him how he dared tell him such a lie. "Sorra the lee I tauld ye; I said they were *awcorn*-fed hogs, and so they were. Diel the haet else, they ha fed on but *awcorns*.

I knew some years since an individual in Western Pennsylvania, who possessed this twistifying talent in high perfection. His business, as far as he had one, was that of miller, or more accurately miller's man, and his name was *John Lock*. Many amusing stories of his faculty of *shifting* have been told me of this worthy. I recollect but one.

In that part of the country, a dry season during the summer, is apt to occasion great difficulties in grinding, most of the mills being run by water power. At such periods, the mills in a given neighborhood are beset with crowds gathered from a great distance, as far sometimes as twenty miles. Here every person who brings a grist has to wait his turn, and in this state of things, the careless and improvident are sometimes put to great straits for the purpose of keeping their families in meal or flour. Lock being

out of flour and meal, had put a bag of grain one Monday morning on a horse,, and was riding on it to mill, when he passed an acquaintance. "Going to Slippery Rock mill, I suppose" he observed. This was twelve miles off. "No," said Lock, "I am going to Ziegler's." This was a short mile. "More fool you for that," retorted his friend. "I have had a bag there a week, and don't expect it ground till Thursday." "Well," said Lock, "I know *I* shan't wait till Thursday. for I mean to stay and see mine ground." His acquaintance simply laughed at him, and they parted. In about an hour or two however, Lock made his reappearance with the grist.—This excited great curiosity in the village in which he lived, to know how he contrived to get his turn before it was due. He had the telling the story himself, which seemed to do him as much good, if not more, than the time he had gained with the grist.

At the mill he had found Ziegler himself, with *Mike* his miller. "Mr. Ziegler" said Lock, "I am badly off for meal, and have brought you a bag of corn to grind." Ferry well John, but it here, nnd you shall haf your durn. You know de rule." "Yes." said John, "I have tended mill long enough to know it. But I can't go by rules, and you won't ask me when I tell you my case. *Next Saturday a week will be twelve days* since my family have had a bite of bread about the house." "By sure," said honest Ziegler,"dat ish doo bat," the tears filling in his eyes. "Here Mike but dis pack in te hobber, und let Lock off as soon as bossible." As this was Monday morning, the reader can calculate for himself how long Lock's family had been without bread, and so could Ziegler have done, had he not been put off his guard, by Lock's distressed face.

The Vote on the 24th inst.

On reference to the Mayor's proclamation in this day's "ADVERTISER," it will be seen that the project of purchasing a lot for city purposes has at length assumed a distinct and tangible shape. One thing I would desire to point out to the voters who are opposed to the purchase of ground for public buildings. They will of course vote *nay*, but let them not neglect to add, "Shires'," "Jones'," "Starr's," or "College," as their preference may be, so that in case the project of purchasing finds a majority to approve it, their vote then will not be lost. This they have the right to do, and it will serve to secure a fuller vote and a more satisfactory result.

As regards the lot itself, there seems to be a great diversity of opinion. Those who are governed by centrality of position merely, will of course prefer the Starr property, while those who desire a scite and building of a description which shall be sufficiently spacious for all time to come, will naturally prefer Shires'.

Relics of the Past.

Captain John Armstrong, to Gen'l James Wilkinson.

FORT HAMILTON, 27th April, 1792.

DEAR GENERAL:—

My letter of last evening, sent by express, carrying the despatches from Fort Jefferson, I hope arrived safe. If the building ordered to be erected here, should not be finished as soon as you expected, permit me to observe, the fault is not mine. Carpenters were sent forward without tools to work with, or the necessary means of hauling timber. Every exertion in my power has been called forth to complete the business in question. I expect one of the buildings will be finished early next week—which when completed, will contain the provisions already sent forward. Additional ones must be made, and I dread the consequence, as my small command will not enable me to furnish a sufficient party to cover the workmen from the enemy, should they appear in force. When the oxen arrive, I shall proceed to the completion of this business, and use all the industry and precaution in my power. I hope the Steel Carpenters and Armorers tools will be sent forward, as without them your orders cannot be carried into execution. You must be tired of the repeated applications made for them. What is become of my former express? I fear he did not reach you.

I feel for the party under Maj. Shaumburgh. Should those Indians, mentioned in Capt. Shays letter, meet him, his party must be cut off. This is an important suggestion. I wish you might think proper to furnish two good woods-men for this post, who might carry dispatches without confining themselves to the road. I have no such characters in my command.

MARRIAGES.

IN this city, Feb'y 11th, Mr. Daniel J. Morrell, of New York, to Susanna L. daughter of Mr. Powell Stackhouse.

On Thursday, 13th inst, at Pleasant Hill, by the Rev. J. C. White, W. T. Colburn, of this city, to Miss S. E. Thomas, of Pleasant Hill.

On 13th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, Mr. Edward D. Brannegan to Miss Elizabeth Luck.

On the 13th inst, by the Rev. S. W. Lynd, Mr. Clement Dare to Miss Rebecca Jane Penton.

On the 13th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Brooks, Edmond Pendleton, Esq., of Buchanan, Va., to Cornelia M. Morgan of this city.

DEATHS.

IN this city, on Saturday the 8th inst, Miss. Sarah Agnes Kendall.

In Springfied, on Sunday. Feb'y 9th, Samuel Ayres, Sen., of this city.

In this city, on Wednesday 12th inst, Mr. John Robertson.

On same day, Ephraim Robins, Esq.

On Saturday, 15th inst, Mrs. Harriet D. Jordan.

On Sunday, 16th inst, Mr. George C. Saunders.

On same day, Charles Telford, son of M. R. and Elizabeth W. Taylor.

Indian Warfare--Lewis Wetzel.--No. 2.

The next incident in the history of Lewis was his attaching himself to a body of scouts, which set out in pursuit of Indians. A party of the savages in the spring of 1787 had crossed the Ohio river at what was called the Mingo Bottom, three miles below the present town of Steubenville. Here they killed a family, but as they did not penetrate into the country, and retreated for some reason or other immediately, they made their escape with impunity. This inroad took the settlers by surprize; the Indians not having crossed the Ohio in that neighborhood for the previous twelve or eighteen months, and filled them in their unprotected state with fearful apprehensions.

A subscription was drawn up, headed by those who were in easy circumstances, for the purpose of stimulating the young and active, which pledged more than one hundred dollars as a bounty to the scout who would bring in the first Indian scalp. Maj. M'Mahan, who frequently led the hardy frontier men in those perilous times, soon raised a company of about twenty men, among whom was Lewis Wetzel. They crossed the Ohio, and pursued the Indian trail with unerring tact, till they came to the Muskingum river. There the advance or spies, discovered a party of Indians far superior to their own in number, encamped on the bank of the river. As the Indians had not yet discovered the white men, Major M'Mahan retreated with his party to the top of the hill, where they might consult about their future operations.—The conclusion of the conference was, "that discretion was the better part of valour"; and a hasty retreat was prudently resolved on. While the party were consulting on the propriety of attacking the Indians, Lewis Wetzel sat on a log, with his gun laid across his lap, and his tomahawk in his hand; he took no part in the council. As soon as the resolution was adopted to retreat, it was without delay put in execution, and the party set off, leaving Lewis sitting on a log. Major M'Mahan called to him, and enquired if he was going with them. Lewis answered, "that he was not; that he came out to hunt Indians; they were now found, and he was not going home like a fool, with his finger in his mouth. He would take an Indian scalp or lose his own before he went home."—Arguments were without avail. His stubborn unyielding disposition being such, that he never submitted himself to the control or advice of others, they were compelled to leave him, a solitary being, in the midst of the thick forest, surrounded by vigilant enemies. Notwithstanding that this solitary individual appeared to rush into danger with the fury of a madman, in his disposition was displayed the cunning of a fox as well as the boldness of a lion.

As soon as his friends had left him, he picked up his blanket, shouldered his rifle, and struck off into a different part of the country, in hope that fortune would place in his way some lone Indian. He kept aloof from the large streams, where large parties of the enemy generally encamped. He prowled through the woods with a noiseless tread, and the keen glance of the eagle, that day and the next evening, when he discovered a smoke curling up from among the bushes. He crept softly to the fire, and found two blankets and a small copper kettle in the camp. He instantly concluded that this was the camp of only two Indians, and that he could kill them both. He concealed himself in the thick brush, but in such a position that he could see the number and motions of the enemy. About sunset, one of the Indians came in and made up the fire, and went to cooking his supper. Shortly after, the other came in, they ate their supper; after which they began to sing, and amuse themselves by telling comic stories, at which they would burst into a roar of laughter. Singing, and telling amusing stories, was the common practice of the white and red men when lying in their hunting camps.

These poor fellows, when enjoying themselves in the utmost glee, little dreamed that the grim monster, death, in the shape of Lewis Wetzel, was about stealing a march upon them. Lewis kept a keen watch on their movements. About 9 or 10 o'clock at night, one of the Indians wrapped his blanket around him, shouldered his rifle, took a chunk of fire in his hand, and left the camp doubtless with the intention of going to watch a deer lick. The fire and smoke would serve to keep off the gnats and musketoes. It is a remarkable fact, that deer are not alarmed at seeing fire, from the circumstance of seeing it so frequently in the fall and winter seasons, when the leaves and grass are dry, and the woods on fire. The absence of the Indian was the cause of vexation and disappointment to our hero, whose trap was so happily set, that he considered his game secure. He still indulged the hope, that the Indian might return to camp before day. In this he was disappointed. There were birds in the woods who chirped and chattered just before break of day; and like the cock, gave notice to the woodsman that day would soon appear. Lewis heard the wooded songsters begin their morning carol, and determined to delay no longer the work of death for the return of the Indian. He walked to the camp with a noiseless step, and found his victim buried in profound slumber, lying upon his side. He drew his butcher knife, and with all his force, impelled by revenge, he sent the blade

through his heart. He said the Indian gave a short quiver, and a convulsive motion, and laid still in his final sleep. He then scalped him, and set off for home. He arrived at the Mingo Bottom only one day after his unsuccessful companions.

He claimed, and as he deserved, received the promised reward.

The Weather--East and West.

An industrious correspondent of the Philadelphia Enquirer, publishes some interesting observations concerning the weather, and the quantity of rain that has fallen in Philadelphia, since the year 1835.

Years.	Rain during some portion of 24 hours,	Rain, the whole or very near the whole of the *day*.	Total No. of days on which rain fell during the year,	Snow, including very slight overcast, falls thereof,	Cloudy days without storming, including days only partially	Total of cloudy days.	Total number of clear days in the term "*clear*." The ordinary acceptation of
1835	54	29	83	10	41	134	231
1836	73	27	100	23	32	155	211
1837	73	15	88	30	56	174	191
1838	81	15	96	20	38	154	211
1839	107	14	121	25	76	222	143
1840	76	40	116	27	84	227	139
1841	89	49	138	32	74	244	121
1842	94	44	138	20	51	209	156
1843	86	34	120	32	93	225	140
1844	104	29	133	22	53	208	158

From this it appears that thenumber of cloudy and stormy days has considerably increased in Philadelphia, although frem the following table, it seem that the quantity of rain has scarcely increased at all.

In	1830	there fell	45 inches.
	1831	do	43 do
	1832	do	39 do
	1833	do	48 do
	1834	do	34 do
	1835	do	39 do
	1836	do	42 do
	1837	do	39 do
	1838	do	45 do
	1839	do	43 do
	1840	do	49 do
	1841	do	55 do
	1842	do	48 do
	1843	do	49 do
	1844	do	46 do

It may be instructive to compare with this, our Cincinnati weather during the same period. I find on reference to meteorological tables kept by Dr. J. Ray, from Jan. 1, 1835 to Dec. 1, 1840, that the average for those six years was clear and fair days 146. Variable days, 114. Cloudy and rainy days, 105. The greatest number of clear or fair days in any one year was 164, and the least 127. The greatest number of cloudy and rainy was 116, and the least 100, every year during the same series. Average depth of rain 44. 92 inches.

It wonld appear by this statement, that while there are more rainy days, in a given period in Cincinnati than in Philadelphia, the quantity of rain falling appears to be about the same.

There is a *natural philosophy* among the Pennsylvania Germans, that on an average of years, there is just so much rain, so much dry weather, so much heat, and so much cold in the course of a year. It follows, if you do not get it this year, you have either had it the last, or will have it the next. I confess myself a believer in this philosophy, every day adding evidence to me in its behalf.—

The Anthracite Coal of Pennsylvania.

Statistics appears to many readers, a dry business, and such they undoubtedly are, when they do not set the faculties of the reader at work figuring out results. To state that 1,631,669 tons of coal have been mined the last year, in Pennsylvania out of the Anthracite field alone without reference to Bituminous coal regions, makes very little distinct impression upon unreflecting minds, who, it is with regret I say it, constitute the mass of newspaper readers. But if we compare, combine and reflect upon this subject, it dilates to vast importance. If we calculate the value of the coal which sells at Philadelphia at $6 per ton, and in New York at 6,50 per ton, we perceive that it produces as an average over twelve millions of dollars annually to the great state in which it is mined. And when we ascertain as we readily may, that the annual produce of the Gold and Silver mines of Peru and Mexico, twenty-two millions of dollars, does not exceed the value of the anthracite and bituminous coal mined each year in Pennsylvia, it serves to give a lively idea of the wealth beneath her soil. For coal is but one item of her mineral resources, limestone, iron, salt and marble abounding in that State.

But it is not the equality in value of the coal of Pennsylvania, with the gold and silver mines of Peru and Mexico, which constitute the more important and interesting features of the subject.

Let us reflect on the amount of industry which this prodigious quantity of mineral fuel puts into employment, for the getting it into market, and actual use. I am not aware of the price of coal at the anthracite mines; but it is easy to perceive, that a large share of its value in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, must be made up in the cost of transportation, and repeated handling of an article so bulky and heavy. As regards the bituminous coal of the west, one half the cost arises from this source of expense. But if we allow but ten millions dollars on this score, to be divided between the laborers, freigh-

ters, wagoners, and coal merchants, it will easily be seen that it is an interest which sustains to double the extent, the industry of a country compared with that of the Peruvian and Mexican mines, in the products of which much value lies in small space, and whose worth is almost as great at the mouth of the mine as when coined into specie.

Bartlett's Commercial College.

We have Colleges in Cincinnati of various descriptions. There are the rival CINCINNATI and WOODWARD Colleges "teaching the young *idlers* how to *shool;* there are the rival medical Colleges, the OHIO *regular*, on Sixth Street, and the BOTANICO MEDICAL or *Steam*, at the Bazaar, and we have the Law College of Judge Walker, which without making as much disturbance in the community as some of the rest, is doing much to prepare young law students thoroughly for their arduous and responsible profession.—But it may be news to some of my subscribers, as it certainly will be to three-fourths of the citizens at large, that we have also a COMMERCIAL COLLEGE where young accountants are regularly, systematically, and thoroughly trained to the theory and practice of book-keeping, and having passed through the course are examined, and if found duly proficient, receive regular *diplomas.* This is the Commercial college of R. M. Bartlett, at the corner of Main and Fourth streets.

This establishment fell under my notice in my explorations a few weeks since, and I have been led to examine its operations for the purpose of ascertaining whether any system of teaching book-keeping can accomplish what they all profess, to prepare young men for taking charge actually of a set of books, and mastering the whole subject of keeping accounts. I must confess, I have shared largely in the popular notion, that though you may learn all you can from systems of book-keeping, you must begin again when you enter a counting house to keep the books.

What I have seen here and have learned from young men who have been educated by Mr. Bartlett, has satisfied me that this is an unjust prejudice, although it is undoubtedly true, that the system of teaching under most professors of the science has laid a foundation for it. I will give the statistical part of the subject first, for the purpose of rendering apparent, as well as sustaining, the conclusions to which I have come respecting this commercial college.

Mr. R. M. Bartlett, I have learned, has been engaged in this business for the last twelve years, eight years of which he has been established in Cincinnati. During that period twelve hundred students have gone through the collegiate course, averaging one hundred to each year. From eight to ten weeks serve for a young man of ordinary capacity to become familiar, theoretically & practically, with the system he teaches. A share of the young men who study here, find employment in this city as book-keepers, but many of them are persons who reside abroad, and come here to qualify themselves for employment at home. Others again, after going through the course here, are sought out by application to Mr. B. for situations elsewhere. Not a few are now keeping books in Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Louisville, Natchez, New Orleans, and Mobile, who studied with Mr. Bartlett. Indeed, individuals from his college are now in heavy houses in Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

The system of Mr. B. is both analytical and synthetical. It is the taking to pieces, as a study, a complicated but exact machine, to contemplate and learn the relation of the several parts to each other and to the machine, and the putting it together to make it operate accurately, and without embarrassment. With this view the student is required to give a reason for every thing he does, to take up an every day transaction and put it through the books to its final close, to shew why one given entry is accurate or any other one incorrect, in short under the severest drilling to render it apparent that he has mastered the theory of Book-keeping as well as reduced it to practice.

I have conversed with several young men who have been taught here, and have now charge of books in various counting rooms here of pork merchants, wholesale dry goods and grocery stores, auction houses, &c, and their testimony is clear, uniform and ample, that they have acquired with Mr. Bartlett, not only the correct system of keeping accounts, but have become prepared to apply it to any set of books which they found opened in the various establishments in which they took desks.

One of these at the age of sixteen was found competent to take charge of the whole counting house operations, and has conducted them to the satisfaction of his employers for several years since. He is yet hardly of legal age, and performs now, what was formerly the work of two persons in the counting room.

Mr. Bartlett is not only engaged in qualifying those whom he has taught from the commencement of their studies, but has frequently been called on to take individuals through their courses who have wasted time and money under incompetent, or merely theoretical teachers.

In another column of this day's "Advertiser" will be found certificates from members of firms, or the book-keepers in the various business houses of Cincinnati, which fully corroborate many of the positions I have taken in this article.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CINCINNATI January 31, 1845,

Mr. Cist:

As this is the season for pork cutting it seems an appropriate time to add my contribution to the pork stories which you have lately published.

I remember a case of contracting for pork, which I am disposed to believe from the great similarity in the features of both cases was the truer version of the incidents related by a correspondent in your paper of the 22d inst. At any rate I will tell it as it occurred, and your readers may determine that point for themselves.

In the early days of our pork business, a certain produce dealer, to whom I was the next door neighbor, made a contract with a dealer in hogs from the country, for the sale at a given rate, and dolivery at Rossville, of a lot of hogs from one to five hundred. The dealer was to receive twenty dollars extra for driving them into Hamilton across the Miami from Rossville. The price of pork rose, and when the period of delivery approached, my friend and neighbor received notice to despatch a person to take charge of the *drove*, on the day named in the contract, as it would be in Hamilton punctually by the time, and added, "Don't forget to send the twenty dollars." Accordingly, he despatched a young man in his employ to engage hands to bring in the *drove*. The Clerk reached Hamilton that night, and while taking breakfast at the Hotel, was called to the door to see the contractor, who had just arrived and was inquiring for him. "So you have brought the hogs, I suppose, where are they?" "In the yard," replied the drover, to which they accordingly repaired.--- Here in one corner of the fence lay a dignified porker, "solitary and alone" in his glory, being the impersonation of this important contract.--- "Where is the drove," at length asked the impatient clerk, after reconnoitering the yard in all directions. "There," said the other "and tired enough *he* is---where is my twenty dollars?" "Go to —— with your twenty dollars," profanely exclaimed the clerk, who by this time, discovered he had been sent on a fool's errand; adding, "and take your infernal *drove* with you." "Well" said the drover, very coolly, "you need not take him if you don't wish to. I only wanted to keep my engagement, and found it easier to deliver one than five hundred hogs." The young man I believe, consulted a lawyer on the spot, but obtained no encouragement in the case. If I remember right they compromised the matter by ten dollars being paid for the delivery into Hamilton, of the drove.

I had good reason to know something about this business, the article of agreement having been left in my custody; in those days people not taking the trouble usually, of making copies of an agreement. This contract occupied three sides of a folio sheet, the merchant having drawn it up himself, and made every thing perfectly safe, except the number of the hogs. R.

Human Nature.

When Columbus applied for assistance from the Spanish Crown, to his immortal enterprise—the discovery of America—the attempt was stigmatised as chimerical—when he returned successful, its beneficial results were disputed—and when these became so apparent as to silence all cavil, it was alleged that any one might have made it. These to be sure were the objections of his enemies.

When Fulton proposed to ascend the North River, by steam power, it was first pronounced *visionary*, when accomplished, it could not be *again done*, and when repeatedly done, it could *never* become of any *practical use*. These, wonderful to say, were the cavils and objections of *friends*. Fulton in this respect, fared worse than Columbus.

While the late experiments of *John Starr & J. Milton Sanders*, in our own city respecting the electro magnetic light were progressing, the great body of those who spoke with me on the subject treated it as a humbug. "It had been tried in France and England, and had ended in smoke. So it would here." Well, the young men succeeded, as I suppose. What next! It was ascertained by the very same class of cavilers, that Professor Faraday had discovered it long before, and one of them referred me to the page of one of his publications, in proof. I disdained even to look for it. One of my New York exchanges, I observe, has made the discovery also that it has been *long known* in England.

What a wonderful tissue of inconsistencies is man. "The *wisest*, *brightest*, *meanest* thing of earth,"

The Miami Settlements.

Judge Goforth, from whose registers I am favored with copies of extracts, of such incidents as were deemed worthy of transcription, was one of the framers and signers of the original constitution of the State of New York, and an early settler of the west, having reached Columbia on the Little Miami, early in 1790. He was shortly after appointed a justice of the peace for the county of Hamilton, being the first appointed magistrate in that county, and afterwards made one of the Judges of the Territorial Court of the N. W. Territory, being commissioned to that office by *President Washington.*

Extracts from memorandums made by Judge Goforth, in his day book.

1789.
Sep.26 left New York—
Oct. 6 arrived at Norfolk—12th left Norfolk and arrived at Richmond, on 23d. Capitol at Richmond 110 feet long, exclusive of the portico and 80 feet wide.
Nov. 5 left Richmond, and arrived at Norfolk on the
8th. In my passage down I had the curiosity—passing James Island in the day time—to see that settlement—being the first made by the English in North America—now reduced to two farms and part of a steeple being the only remains of the first church and first brick building in North America. Passed thence to Baltimore and Hagarstown and
Dec15 arrived at Mageos on the Monongahela
" 18 left to go down the Ohio, floated down about 4 miles, got ou Braddock's lower ford—
" 19 passed Fort Pitt and the Allegheny
" 20 got ashore with the ice 30 miles from Fort Pitt.
1790.
Jan. 2 left our camp and put down the Ohio and on the
8th arrived at Limestone and thence to Washington which is in 38 degrees some minutes North, and had at that time 119 houses.
" 12th left Washington* on the 12th and arrived on
" 18th at Miami.§
1790.
Jan.23 the first four horses were stolen—by the Indians—
Apl. 4 two of Mills' men were killed.
" 5 a bark canoe passed the town and 5 more horses were stolen.
" 16 Baily and party, returned from pursuing after the Indians.
May 3 Met in the shade to worship.
" 11 A cat fish was taken—four feet long 8 inches between the eyes and weighed 58 pounds.
Judge Symmes arrived on the 2nd of February 1789, as he informed Major Stites, at his own post.
Apl 21 traded with the first Indian,
" 28 Capt. Samondawat—an Indian arrived and traded.
Aug 3 Named the Fort "Miami."
5 Col Henry Lee arrived and 53 volunteers
27 Went to North Bend with Col. Lee.

* This was Washington, the County Town of Mason County, Kentucky, which it seems had 119 houses before a single dwelling was built in Cincinnati. It probably has no more than 400 houses at this time.

§ Columbia, on the Little Miami.

Sep 3 Capt. Flinn retook the horses.
" 25 Major Stites old Mr. Bealer and myself took the depth of the Ohio River when we found there was 57 feet water in the channel, and that the river was 55 feet lower at that time than it was at that uncommonly high fresh last winter. The water at the high flood was 112 feet.‡
Oct 9 Mr. White set out for the Tiber.
Aug16 Major Doughty went down the River.
1789.
Dec28 Gen'l Harmar past this post down the River.
1790.
Jan 2 The Governor past this post down the River.
" 3 rec'd a line desiring my attendance with others,
4 Attended his Excellency when the Civil and Military officers were nominated.
6 The officers were sworn in.
13 Doctor David Jones preached,
18 Doctor Gano and Thomas Sloo came here
20 the church was constituted—Baptist church at Columbia—
21 Three persons were baptised.
24 called a church meeting and took unanimous to call the Rev'd Stephen Gano to the pastoral charge of the church at Columbia.
Apl 15 General Harmar went on the Campaign past this post,
19 The Gov. went up the River.
Aug30 Worked at clearing the Minister's lot.
2 Mr. Sargent left this post to go up the River together with Judge Turner,
Sep 12 The Mason county militia past this post on their way to Head quarters.
19 200 Militia from Pennsylvania past this post on their way to Cincinnati.
23 the Governor went down to Cincinnati.
25 Major Doughty and Judge Turner also,
30 The main body of the troops marched.
1791.
Jan 2 began to thaw
Mch 1 Indians fired at Lt. Baily's boat
" " Mr. Abel Cook was found dead in the Round Bottom
" 4 Mrs. Bowman was fired at in the night through a crack in the house.
Mch22 Mr. Strong returned from up the River had 24 men killed and wounded on the 19th March.
27 Mr. Plasket arrived—the 24 in the morning fought the Indians just after day

‡ This seems an unaccountable mistake. The flood of 1832 was but 64 feet above low-water, and the highest flood ever known at the settlement of the country was but 12 feet higher.

break, about 8 miles above Scioto—this the same battle mentioned in Hubbles narrative—

July 7 Col Spencer's son taken prisoner

" 14 Francis Beadles Jonathan Coleman a soldier killed

1792.

Jan 7 In the evening Samuel Welch was taken

Nov 2 "last Monday night met at my house to consult on the expediency of founding an Academy—Rev. John Smith, Major Gano Mr. Dunlavy"—afterwards Judge of the Court of Common Pleas—and myself—Wednesday night met at Mr. Reily's school house—Mr. Reily then the teacher was for many years clerk of Butler Common Pleas and Supreme Court—"to digest matters respecting the Academy, the night being bad, and but few people attending post-poned till next night which was 1st of Nov. met at Mr. Reily's to appoint a committee."

Dec 6 Fell a snow 7 inches on a level

1793.

Sep 24 The first and fourth Sub-Legions march under Gen'l Wayne. The 27th or rather the 30th the Army march.

Marching Orders in Early Times.

The following were given as marching orders to the first military force ever detached to the west. They are very characteristic of the period, and the men who administered public affairs at that date. Nothing can exceed the beauty and clearness of the manuscript.

Harris's ferry on the Susquehanna, referred to in these orders, is the Harrisburg of the present day.

Gen. Henry Knox to Captain John Armstrong.

SIR:

Your company having been mustered and inspected, and being prepared for marching for the frontiers, you are to commence your march accordingly for Fort Pitt.

Your route will be from hence, to Lancaster, Harris's ferry, on the Susquehannah, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Bedford to Fort Pitt.

You will draw provisions at Lancaster, at Carlisle and Shippensburg from Major Smith or his agent—at Fort Pitt from the contractors.

You will pursue your march with all diligence, consistently with the health of your men.

You will keep a regular journal noticing the weather and distances of each day's march, a copy of which you are to transmit to the war office, and also of the time of your arrival at Fort Pitt.

On your arrival at that place, you will receive further orders from your superior officer.

The expences incident to the march, such as straw, ferriages, and fuel, are to be paid for, and regular accounts and vouchers are to be obtained for every payment. You have furnished you on this account the sum of ———Fifty——— dollars for which you are held accountable.

Every officer commanding a detachment of the troops of the United States, or levies, while on the march to the frontiers, will be held responsible, that the conduct of his detachment shall be conformably to the most perfect good order and discipline.

The civil authority is to be held in the highest respect. The inhabitants on the route are to be treated with civility and decency. Any offence against this order is to be punished upon the spot.

No property of any sort is to be taken without a fair purchase and payment.

The troops are to be encamped every evening, and the officers are always to encamp with their companies.

Given at the war office of the U. States, this 26th day of April, 1791.

H. KNOX,
Secretary of War.

Territorial Marriage License.

Arthur St. Clair, Governor of the Territory of the United States, North-west of the Ohio. To all persons who shall see these presents, greeting: Whereas it has signified to me that Stephen Wood and Catharine Freeman, are desirous to be joined together in wedlock, and have requested that the publication of the bans of matrimony by law required, may be dispensed with, and no reason appearing why their request should not be complied with, permission is hereby given, and I do authorize and empower any of the persons by law empowered, to perform the marriage ceremony in cases where publication of the bans has been made, to join together as man and wife, the said Stephen Wood and Catharine Freeman, any want of publication as aforesaid notwithstanding.

In witness whereof the said Governor has hereunto set his hand and seal at Cincinnati, the 24th February, A. D. 1796.

A. ST. CLAIR.

Portable Flour Mills.

A visit to Messrs. STEWART & KIMBALL'S machine shop on Second street west of Elm, has put me in possession of some statistics, of general interest, as I suppose.

In this establishment is carried on a great variety of business, and I should judge it to be a remarkable example of what may be accomplished by the energies of twenty-two hands, the number employed within its enclosure. Messrs. *Stewart & Kimball* manufacture here, Carding, spinning, shearing and napping machines, Fuller's stoves and screws, Power looms, Portable

Flour mills, Burton's patent pumps, patent planeing machines, with a variety of articles of minor consequence. These 22 hands produce an annual manufactured value of 29,700 dollars, of which the carding machines and portable mills form four fifths.

Every part of the establishment is worthy of inspection. But I propose to notice the Portable mills only, for the present.

This is an invention, equally simple and ingenious. It proposes to perform in a small compass, with less expense, greater safety and equal efficiency, the work of a merchant mill. If it does not accomplish all this, it is nevertheless a remarkable improvement.

The mill is a square frame with four stout pillars, on which the mill stones, which are of burr blocks, cemented as usual, rest. The whole apparatus forming a cube of about four feet. The upper mill stone is enclosed in a *cast iron case* of suitable weight, which supercedes the usual iron bands, and gives all the power in an equable and steady motion, which is derived in the larger class of mill stones by extra thickness, or height thus rendering them top heavy and producing an inequality of pressure and motion which is obviated here.

The mill stones are 2 to 2 1-2 inches diameter. Owing to the casing referred to, there is at once the proper degree of pressure, and at the same time, elasticity, which furnishes the perfection of grinding; avoiding on the one hand, the irregular motion of a top heavy upper stone, and on the other, the evil of friction and want of spring which results from the old fashioned plan of fastening down the upper mill stone by screws in Portable mills, to say nothing of the greater liability of getting out of order. These mill stones can be run with greater velocity than the large ones, compatibly with safety, the 2 feet making 240, and the 2½ feet 200 revolutions per minute.

The power necessary to drive one of these mills, is not more than that of three horses, or the equivalent water or steam power, with these they will grind 14 to 16 bushels per hour, which is as good a performance as a merchant mill; the quality of the flour being superfine, and passing inspection as such in our markets.

One of the mills is in operation across the Ohio, another at Woods' cotton mills, at Brookville, and a third has been put up lately at the saw mill just over Mill creek, being placed there to accommodate the Storrs and Delhi farmers. These employ respectively, horse, water, and steam power. I cite these locations, because the great mass of these mills go to the west and south-west. Of this article alone, this establishment turns out 80 annually at from 125 to 150 dollars each.

How capricious are all measures of value. In the days when the early pioneers ground all their corn by hand, and were obliged to dispense with the luxury of wheat, from inability to reduce it to flour, one of these Portable mills, would even at its present low price, have bought all Cincinnati, from the canal North, and Sycamore street west.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Usury Laws, No. 2.

MR. CIST:—

Let us, for illustration, trace the probable effects of limiting the price of other things than money. Suppose that under pretence of moderating the profits of insurers, and preventing people from paying too high premiums, it were decreed that one per cent. and no more, should be demanded. In this case a large proportion of property would remain uninsured—the premium allowed not being sufficient to cover the risk. Now, the charge for insurance varies from ½ to 6 per cent. or more. So, in lending money, one man may be perfectly safe, while the risk alone in lending to another, may amount to more than ten per cent. Is it not fair and just that the lender should be paid for that risk? Restrict the price of Eastern Exchange by law to one per cent. and the moment it happens to be worth more in other markets, no exchange can be had.

Let it be assumed that four dollars per barrel is quite enough, under any circumstances, for flour; and that, as demanding a higher price is taking an undue advantage of the necessitous, let it be prohibited under the severest penalties.

Let the prices of other articles of prime necessity be limited in like manner, and the moment they happen to be worth a much higher price in other places, where free trade prevails, they will leave the country, and the poor will suffer for want of food.

Now, under the operation of usury laws, when money becomes scarce, and continues for a length of time to be worth much more than the legal rate, capitalists refuse to lend. They can make more profitable investments in the purchase of property. Money cannot be obtained—commercial embarrassment begins—the Banks can do nothing—the pressure increases—gloom and despondency prevail—numerous failures follow in rapid succession, and a general feeling of distrust and alarm prevails throughout the whole community. Under these circumstances, men cling to their money. They hug it close and will not let it go.

It is believed that under a system of free trade in money, these evils would be either prevented, or greatly mitigated. Money would fluctuate in

price like other things; but like other things could always be had at its market price. A man wants to buy the use of money as he buys the use of a horse—paying the full price for it—and lending would no longer be considered an accommodation.

Why are Bank discounts at 6 per cent. called favors? Why is this selling of money at that price considered a great accommodation? For this simple reason, that 6 per cent. is generally less than the market value, and the difference is a gratuity to the borrower. The merchant, on the contrary, in selling goods at their market value, considers *himself* the favored party, and the money-lender, unrestricted in price, would be placed on the same footing—and the *borrower* would be courted for his patronage. O.

Col. Polk.

Much has been said of the *avalanche* of office seekers, which it was reported, had beset for office the President, since his election. We have all heard statements that such had been the influx of visitors on this errand to Columbia, Tenn.; that they had eaten out the place and neighborhood, and that Col. P. had been obliged to take up lodgings in Nashville, to escape his besiegers. All this is untrue.

I have it from *unquestionable* authority, that since it has been ascertained that Mr. P. was elected President, the whole number of applications for this purpose direct and indirect, did not exceed twelve. Of these, three occurred after his departure from Columbia. One at Nashville, one at Louisville, and one at Cincinnati. This modesty on the part of political aspirants, is honorable equally to President Polk and themselves.

It is an act of justice to the two gentlemen, who, as may have been noticed at the reception of Col. P. in this city, whispered something deeply interesting to themselves in the President's ear, to say that neither of them is the applicant from Cincinnati. *Who can he be?*

OBITUARY.

Departed this life on Wednesday, the 29th of January, ult., Capt. Archibald Woodruff, in the 72d year of his age.

The deceased was born in Elizabethtown, N. Jersey, December 25th, 1773, being an immediate descendant of those of the same name who were active patriots in the war of the Revolution, and assisted in converting the British colonies into independent States. The same ardent attachment to liberty, and the same love of country which characterized his ancestors, glowed as fervently in the bosom of the deceased.

His life was one of checquered fortune. He was by profession, a printer, and subsequently a joint proprietor and editor of one of the oldest daily newspapers in the city of New York. Afterwards, about the year 1810, he engaged extensively in the shipping business, from the port of Philadelphia, which afforded him excellent opportunities for visiting most of the kingdoms of Europe, as well as parts of Asia and Africa; and being curious to obtain an intimate knowledge of men and things, he treasured up, by the aid of a most retentive memory, a fund of information highly instructive and entertaining. After a prosperous course of business, he was unlawfully captured by virtue of the famed "Milan Decrees" under the authority of Napoleon Buonaparte, in the year 1813, and compelled, together with one of his sons, to undergo the painful task of witnessing his valuable vessel and cargo consumed by fire on the high seas, off the coast of France, and to suffer illegal imprisonment within the walls of her dungeons. After an absence of three years from home, and the expenditure of nearly half his fortune, he succeeded in obtaining indemnity from the French government for about 45 per cent. of his claim.

Subsequently he resided in Philadelphia, until the year 1819, when he removed, with his family to Cincinnati, where he has resided until his decease. He was endowed with an extraordinary constitution, having undergone greater exposure by sea and land than ordinarily falls to the lot of man. Whenever he had the means, he was liberal to a fault. His friendships were ardent. His enterprises often exceeded his ability to complete them, but were founded upon sound and intelligent principles. He was a pleasant and interesting writer and sometimes courted the Muses with effect. Some of his nearest relations were among the first settlers of the Miamt Valley, and assisted in making the location and survey of Cincinnati. He became early impressed with the growing importance of this city, and had the satisfaction of witnessing its population increase from 3,000 to about 70,000, and the promise of her future greatness. He has left us in a ripe old age, respected by all who knew him.

Some wag says that the only borrowed article he ever returned promptly, was a kiss from a pretty girl's lips. Of course he returned it *on the spot.*

MARRIAGES.

ON Sunday, Feb. 16th, by Isaac Jones, Esq., Mr. Samuel C. Turner, of Cincinnati, to Mary Ann, daughter of Gen. Stephen D. Williamson, of Anderson Township.

On Monday, 18th inst, by the Rev. Dr. Brisbane, Mr. E. G. Dyer to Miss Margaret Ferer, both of Columbus, O.

DEATHS.

ON Wednesday, Feb. 19th, Dr. E. W. Olney.

On Thursday, 20th inst, Mrs. Sarah Cameron, wife of Mr. Robert Cameron.

On Friday, 21st inst, Oliver P. Ruffin, son of the late Major William Ruffin.

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY.

CINCINNATI, MARCH, 1845.

Indian Warfare--Lewis Wetzel No. 4.

On his way down, Wetzel landed at Point Pleasant, and following his usual humor, when he had no work among Indians on the carpet, ranged the town for a few days with as much unconcern as if he were on his own farm. Lieutenant Kingsbury, attached to Harmar's own command, happened to be at the mouth of Kanawha at the time, and scouting about, while ignorant of Wetzel's presence, met him,—unexpectedly to both parties. Lewis, being generally on the *qui vive*, saw Kingsbury first, and halted with great firmness in the path, leaving to the Lieutenant to decide his own course of procedure, feeling himself prepared and ready, whatever that might be. Kingsbury, a brave man himself, had too much good feeling toward such a gallant spirit as Wetzel, to attempt his injury, if it were even safe to do so. He contented himself with saying, "*Get out of my sight, you Indian killer!*" And Lewis, who was implacable to the savage only, retired slowly and watchfully, as a lion draws off, measuring his steps in the presence of the hunters, being as willing to avoid unnecessarily danger as to seek it, when duty called him to act. He regained his canoe and put off for Limestone, at which place, and Washington the county town, he established his head quarters for some time. Here he engaged on hunting parties, or went out with the scouts after Indians. When not actually engaged in such service, he filled up his leisure hours at shooting matches. foot racing, or wrestling with other hunters. Maj. Fowler who knew him well during this period, described him to me as a general favorite, no less from his personal qualities than for his services.

While engaged in these occupations at Maysville, Lieutenant Lawler of the regular army, who was going down the Ohio to Fort Washington, in what was called a Kentucky boat, full of soldiers, landed at Maysville, and found Wetzel sitting in one of the taverns. Returning to the boat, he ordered out a file of soldiers seized Wetzel and dragged him on board of the boat, and without a moment's, delay pushed off, and that same night delivered him to General Harmar at Cincinnati, by whom the prisoner was again put into irons. preparatory to 29istrial, and consequent condemnation, for what Lewis disdained to deny or conceal, the killing of the Indian at Marietta. But Harmar, like St. Clair, although acquainted with the routine of military service, was destitute of the practical good sense, always indispensible in frontier settlements, in which such severe measures were more likely to rouse the settlers to flame than to intimidate them, and soon found the country around him in arms. The story of Wetzel's captivity, captured and liable to punishment for shooting an Indian merely—spread through the settlements like wild fire, kindling the passions of the frontier men to a high pitch of fury. Petitions for the release of Wetzel came in to Gen. Harmar from all quarters, and all classes of society. To these at first, he paid little attention. At length the settlements along the Ohio, and some even of the back counties began to embody in military array to release the prisoner *vi et armis*. Representations were made to Judge Symmes, which induced him to issue a writ of *habeas corpus* in the case. John Clawson and other hunters of Columbia, who had gone down to attend his trial, went security for Wetzel's good behaviour, and being discharged, he was escorted with great triumph to Columbia and treated at that place to his supper &c. Judge Foster who gave me these last particulars described him at this period—August 26th, 1789—as about 26 years of age, about 5 ft. 9 inches high. He was full breasted, very broad across the shoulders, his arms were large, skin darker than the other brothers, his face heavily pitted with the small pox—his hair of which he was very careful, reached when combed out, to the calves of the legs; his eyes remarkably black, and when excited, sparkling with such a vindictive glance as to indicate plainly it was hardly safe to provoke him to wrath. He was taciturn in mixed company, although the fiddle of the party among his social friends and acquaintances. His morals and habits compared with those of his general associates, and the tone of society in the west of that day, were quite exemplary.

One more of Lewis Wetzel's tragedies, and I am done.

He set off alone, (as was frequently his custom) on an Indian hunt. It was late in the fall of the year, when the Indians were generally scattered in small parties on their hunting grounds. He proceeded somewhere on the waters of the Muskingum river, and found a camp where four Indians had fixed their quarters for a winter hunt. The Indians, unsuspicious of any enemies prowling about them so late in the season, were completely off their guard, keeping neither watch nor sentinels. Wetzel at first hesitated about the propriety of attacking such overwhelming numbers. After some reflection, he concluded to trust to his usual good fortune, and began to meditate upon his plan of attack.

He concluded their first sleep would be the fittest time for him to commence the work of death. About midnight, he thought their senses would be most profoundly wrapped in sleep. He determined to walk to the camp, with his rifle in one hand, and his tomahawk in the other. If any of them should happen to be awake. he could shoot one, and then run off in the darkness of the night, and make his escape; should they be all asleep, he would make the onset with his trusty scalping-knife and tomahawk. Now, reader, imagine that you see him gliding through the darkness with the silent, noiseless motion of an unearthly spirit, seeking mischief, and the keen glance of the fabled Argus, and then you can imagine to your mind Wetzel's silent and stealthy approach upon his sleeping victims.—With calm intrepidity he stood a moment, reflecting on the best plan to make the desperate assault. He set his rifle against a tree, determined to use only his knife and tomahawk; as these would not miss their aim, if properly handled with a well strung arm. What a thrilling, horrible sight! See him leaning forward, with cool self-possession, and eager vengeance, as if he had been the minister of death; he stands a moment, then wielding his towahawk, with the first blow leaves one of them in death's eternal sleep. As quick as lightning, and with tremendous yells, he applies the tomahawk to the second Indian's head, and sent him off, the land of spirits. As the third was rising, confounded and confused with the unexpected attack, at two blows he fell lifeless to the ground. The fourth darted off, naked as he was, into the woods.—Wetzel pursued him some distance, but he finally made his escape. This successful enterprise places our hero, for "deeds of noble daring" without a rival. From the pursuit he returned to the camp, scalped the three Indians, and then returned home. What Ossian said of some of his heroes, might with equal propriety be said of Wetzel—the western "clouds were hung around with ghosts." When he came home, he was asked what luck he had on his expedition? He replied, "Not very good; that he had treed four Indians, and one got away from him; that he had taken but three scalps, after all his pains and fatigue."

Caricatures of the West.

One of the correspondents of the New York Evening Mirror, has presented that periodical with sketches of western customs and modes of life, worked up into a story put into the mouth of Judge Douglass of Illinois, as a specimen of his electioneering among his constituents in the Sucker State. It is just such a view of the West as we find given of the United States generally in the English magazines and journals. I was sorry to see it copied into the Cincinnati Gazette without comment. I have both resided and traveled in Illinois and Missouri, and feel free to pronounce the whole statement, false, and I do not believe Judge D. ever gave it currency. No young *lady* in America, in the wildest part of the frontiers ever manifested the deficiency of respect due to her sex and herself, which that narrative implies. The picture has been drawn by some scribbler who knows nothing of the West.

Washington Fashions.

I do not know that I have told you the *short hand* way of visiting, people have here, and especially the great people. When a new Congressman arrives, he will be astonished at the number of cards he will find on the parlor table for him during a day. The first thought is, well, I have had a great many calls to day. The next, I must have been in when some of them came, and why did not the servants call me? These thoughts will first suggest themselves to a stranger. But upon inquiring, he will find no man has been at his house at all. This is accounted for on the *short hand* principle of visiting, which is this: A man sits in his room writing a letter, as I now am; and, whilst he is at work at home, a negro boy is out leaving his cards to such as he pleases to send them. By and by the compliment is returned, and thus great men visit and are visited without losing time. When one visits another in person and finds him absent, he leaves his card with p. p. in one corner (proper person.) This leaves the inference that he called on business. But the social visits are all made by a negro boy with cards.

As a take off to this cold formality, the Western new members have carried the joke still further; and have large cards with the picture of a splendid dinner table, groaning under the weight of turkies, quails, oysters, pies, wines, &c. &c. engraved upon them. These they send about, and they take admirably well, and rumor says, in former days, this western fashion was introduced into the most fashionable circles of N. Y. Thus, if A sends B a card for a visit, B sends back his for a dinner. This, you see, is saving expense as well as time. Yesterday and to-day, some improvements have been made.—Night before last, at a large party, a lady of excellent talent, worth and beauty, was heard to say she was fond of riding in cabs. So, up to this hour, honorable gentlemen are sending her their cards with the picture of a beautiful cab and horse upon it. To each she sends back her card, which is as much as to say, "I fancy myself riding in a cab with you."

One more observation of the fashions here.—By every man's plate is a glass bowl, about the size of those we eat pudding and milk out of when at home. In each of these, there is about a tumbler of water and a bit of lemon, about the size to make a good whiskey punch. Now what are these for? For nothing but to wet your fingers and lips with, so as to keep them clean and give them a good flavor. Some of our plain republicans will say this is worse than the cards. Not long since, a gentleman, unacquainted with the custom, took his bowl and began to drink; and, not finding it palatable, he called out, "Waiter, curse your lemonade, put some sugar in it." The negro laughed, his neighbors laughed, and finally the whole table was in a roar, and he cleared for the bar-room.

The proportion of New Englanders in the Legislature, though small, is larger than their proportion of countrymen among the constituents. New Englanders representing in all cases but one, the New England settled counties. and some five or six counties besides. The members of the Legislature, from other States of the Union, bear about the same proportion in that body, which the emigrants from those States bear respectively to the whole community. One member of German birth is no adequate representation of the large body of naturalized Germans in Ohio. Still the Legislature is as fairly a representation of the various elements of society in this State, as they are of the community i other respects.

Monument of Dr. Webster.

A monument has been erected at New-Haven, to the memory of Dr. Webster. It consists of a lofty shaft of Quincy granite, and rests on a massive block of the same material. Its cost was 400 dollars. The only inscription on the column is "Webster."

One of the New Haven students, fearful the Lexicographer should be mistaken for the statesman, wrote in pencil after the name *Webster*—not the *Godlike*; him of the *Ark*, not him of the *Lion's den*.

Parlor Organs.

I have already referred to this delightful instrument of music, and to the fact that they are manufactured by Mr. J. Koehnke of our city, in a style of unrivalled beauty and melody. There is one just finished at his establishment intended for Thomas J. Strait, Esq., of Mount Auburn. which is a splendid specimen of the art, well worthy the inspection of those who have any relish for the "concord of sweet sounds." My examination of it a few days since, brings to my recollection what Mr Strait told me in conversation, some twelve months since:

"I was on a visit to Vermont, a few weeks since," said he, "and intended to buy a parlor Organ, which I was told were made in the Eastern cities, first rate articles. I called at the shops in Boston and New York, to see what they could show me. They all fell short of what I supposed a first rate article of parlor Organs ought to be, and I concluded not to buy one; and for the rest of my visit Eastward, and for some time after my return to Cincinnati, dismissed the subject from my thoughts. One day, however, while calling on business, just beyond the corporation line, I heard the sound of an Organ, which I followed to a shanty from which it proceeded, and there I found a German playing on an Organ which he had just finished. I fell into conversation with him, and examined his work, and from what I saw and heard, was satisfied that he could build me the Organ I wanted, and I gave him an order accordingly, for I meant to give him a chance."

The Organ is now finished, and for beauty of construction and finish, and for melodious givings forth, may defy the severest scrutiny. If there be a lover of music among my subscribers, let him visit it before it is taken home to the owner's residence.

Dogs.

The Marietta Intelligencer quotes with approbation, a law enacted in 1662 in the colony of Massachusetts, "that every dog that comes to the meeting after the present day, either of Lord's day, or Lecture day, except it be those dogs that pays for a dog-whipper, the owner of those dogs shall pay six-pence for every time they come to the meeting that doth not pay the dog-whipper." The names of twenty-six men are recorded as agreeing to pay to the Dog-whipper. Five years afterwards another law was enacted of a similar kind. "It was ordered that every dog that comes into the meeting house in time of service shall pay a six-pence for every time he comes."

Dogs create trouble of various kinds in a house of worship. I recollect an example.

Brother ——— of the Baptist church many years since, had a fine terrier named *Cato*, who regularly accompanied the family to church, ensconcing himself quietly beneath the seat in time of public service. Whatsoever was the weather, rain or sunshine, intensely warm, or severely cold, Cato never absented himself; in this respect setting an example of punctuality, which the family to which he belonged was far from following. During one period indeed; when a preacher not as acceptable as his predecessor officiated for some months, Brother ——— absented himself totally. Not so Cato. As soon as he heard the bell, he would spring up, looking wistfully at the family to see who were going. If he found none of them preparing to set out, he trotted off alone, followed the crowd and couched himself in a most exemplary attitude under the pew seat, where he lay without stirring a limb until the services were through, when he would trot out with the congregation, some of whom were illnatured enough to hint that Cato was a better Christian than his master. So much indeed was said on the subject in and out of the church that Brother ——— was at last compelled to remove his membership to another society, for the purpose of removing the scandal.

Poor Cato! I knew him well, he was an extraordinary dog, and his sagacity surpassed any thing I ever saw of the canine species.

Montes, the Hero of the Bull Fights.

Montes is a native of Chiclana, near Cadiz.—He is a man of forty to forty-five years of age, a little above the middle height, of grave aspect and deportment, deliberate in his movements, and of a pale olive complexion. There is nothing remarkable about him, except the quickness and mobility of his eyes. He appears more supple and active than robust, and owes his success as a bull-fighter to his coolness, correct eye, and knowledge of the art, rather than to any muscular strength. As soon as Montes sees a bull, he can judge the character of the beast; whether its attack will be straight forward or accompanied by stratagem; whether it is slow or rapid in its motions; whether its sight is good or otherwise. Thanks to this sort of intuitive perception, he is always ready for an appropriate mode of defence. Nevertheless, as he pushes his temerity to fool-hardiness, he has been often wounded in the course of his career; to one of which accidents a scar upon his cheek bears testimony. Several times he has been carried out of the circus grievously hurt.

The day I saw him, his costume was of the most elegant and costly description, composed of silk of an apple green color, magnificently embroidered with silver. He is very rich, and only continues to frequent the bull-ring from taste and love of excitement, for he has amassed more than fifty thousand dollars: a large sum, if we consider the great expenses which the *Matadores* are put to in dress, and in travelling from one town to another, accompanied by their quadrilla or assistant bull-fighters. One costume often costs fifteen hundred or two thousand francs.

Montes does not content himself, like most matadores, with killing the bull when the signel of death is given. He superintends and directs the combats, and goes to the assistance of those who are in danger. More than one *torero* has owed him his life. Once a bull had overturned a horse and a rider, and after goring the former in a frightful manner, was making violent efforts to get at the latter, who was sheltered under the body of his steed—Montes seized the ferocious beast by the tail, and turned him round three or four times, amidst the frantic applause of the spectators, thus giving time to extricate the fallen man. Sometimes he plants himself in front of the bull, with crossed arms, and fixes his eyes upon those of the animal, which stops suddenly subjugated by the keen and steadfast gaze. Then comes the torrent of applause, shouts, vociferations, screams of delight; a sort of delirium seems to seize the fifteen thousand spectators, who stamp and dance upon their benches in a state of the wildest excitement; every handkerchief is waved, every hat is thrown into the air; while Montes, the only collected person amongst this mad multitude, enjoys his triumph in silence, and bows slightly, with the air of a man capable of much greater things. For such applause as that, I can understand a man's risking his life every minute of the day. It is worth while. Oh! ye golden throated singers, ye fairy footed dancers, ye emperors and poets, who flatter yourselves that you have excited popular enthusiasm, you never heard Montes applauded by a crowded circus.

Occasionally it happens that the spectators themselves beg him to perform some of his feats of address. A pretty girl will call out to him, "Vamos! Senor Montes, vamos, Paquirro" [which is his christian name;] "you who are so gallant, do something for a lady's sake; *una cosilla*, some trifling matter." Then Montes puts his foot on the bull's head, and jumps over him; or else shakes his cloak in the animal's face, by a rapid movement envelopes himself in it so far as to form the most graceful drapery, and then by a spring on one side, avoids the rush of the irritated brute.

In spite of Montes's popularity, he received on the day on which I saw him, at Malaga, rather a rough proof of the impartiality of a Spanish public, and of the extent to which it pushes its love of fair play towards beasts as well as men.

A magnificent black bull was turned into the arena, and from the manner in which he made his entrance, the connoisseurs augured great things for him. He united all the qualities desirable in a fighting bull; his horns were long and sharp, his legs small and nervous, promising great activity; his large dewlap, and symmetrical form indicated vast strength. Without a moment's delay he rushed upon the nearest *picador*, and knocked him over, killing his horse with a blow; he then went to the second, whom he treated in like manner, and whom they had scarcely time to lift over the barrier and get out of harm's way.

In less than a quarter of an hour he had killed seven horses; the chulos or footmen were intimidated, and shook their scarlet cloaks at a respectful distance, keeping near the palisades and jumping over as soon as the bull showed signs of approaching them. Montes himself seemed disconcerted, and had once even placed his foot on the sort of ledge which is nailed to the barriers at the height of two feet from the ground, to assist the bull-fighters in leaping over. The spectators shouted with delight, and paid the bull the most flattering compliments. Presently, a new exploit of the animal raised their enthusiasm to the very highest pitch.

The two picadores or horsemen were disabled, but a third appeared, and lowering the point of his lance awaited the bull, which attacked him furiously; and without allowing itself to be turned aside by a thrust in the shoulder, put its head under the horse's belly, with one jerk threw his fore feet on the top of the barrier, and with a second raising his hind quarter, threw him and his rider over the wall into the corridor or passage, between the first and second barriers.

Such a feat as this was unheard of, and it was rewarded by thunders of *bravos*. The bull remained master of the field of battle, which he paraded in triumph, amusing himself for want of better adversaries, with tossing about the carcasses of the dead horses. He had killed them all; the circus-stable was empty. The *banderilleros* remained sitting upon the barriers, not daring to come down and harrass the bull with their banderillas or darts. The spectators, impatient at this inaction, shouted out "*Las banderillas! Las banderillas!*" and "*Fuego al Alcalde!*" —to the fire with the Alcade; because he did not give the order to attack. At last on a sign from the Governor of the town, a banderillero advanced, planted a couple of darts in the neck of the bull, and ran off as fast as he could, but scarcely quick enough, for his arm was grazed, and the sleeve of his jacket rent by the beast's horn. Then, in spite of the hooting of the spectators, the Alcade ordered Montes to despatch the bull, although in opposition to the laws of

tauromachia, which require the bull to have received four pair of banderillas before he is left to the sword of the *matador*.

Montes, instead of advancing as usual into the middle of the arena, placed himself at about twenty paces from the barrier, so as to be near a refuge in case of accident; he looked very pale, and without indulging in any of those little bits of display, the sort of coquetry of courage, which have procured him the admiration of all Spain, he unfolded his scarlet *muleta* and shook it at the bull, who at once rushed at him and almost as instantly fell, as if struck by a thunderbolt. One convulsive bound, and the huge animal was dead.

The sword had entered the forehead and pierced the brain—a thrust which is forbidden by the regulations of the bull-ring. The matador ought to pass his arm between the horns of the beast and stab him in the nape of the neck; that being the most dangerous way for the man, and consequently giving the bull a better chance.

Soon as it was ascertained how the bull had been killed, a storm of indignation burst from the spectators; such a hurricane of abuse and hisses as I had never before witnessed. Butcher, assassin, brigand, thief, executioner, were the mildest terms employed. "To the galleys with Montes! To the fire with Montes! To the dogs with him!" But words were soon not enough. Fans, hats, sticks, fragments torn from the benches, water-jars, every available missile in short was hurled into the ring. As to Montes, his face was perfectly green with rage, and I noticed that he bit his lips till they bled; although he endeavored to appear unmoved, and remained leaning with an air of affected grace upon his sword, from the point of which he had wiped the blood in the sand of the arena.

So frail a thing is popularity. No one would have thought it possible before that day, that so great a favorite and consummate bull-fighter as Montes, would have been punished thus severely for an infraction of a rule, which was doubtless rendered absolutely necessary by the agility, vigor, and extraordinary fury of the animal with which he had to contend. There was another bull to be killed, but it was the Jose Parra, second matador, who despatched it, its death passing almost unnoticed in the midst of the tumult and indignation of the spectators. The fight over, Montes got into a *calesin* with his *quadrilla*, and left the town, shaking the dust from his feet, and swearing by all the saints that he would never return to Malaga.

Profile Likeness of Powers.

We are indebted to NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, Esq., of Cincinnati, who is now in this city, for a beautifully engraved profile likeness of HIRAM POWERS, the great American sculptor. Accompanying it we received the following note:

"MESSRS. EDITORS:—Aware of the interest you have taken in the success of our countrymen Powers, in Italy, I send you his profile, taken in pencil, by P. S. Symmes, Esq., an amateur artist in Cincinnati, a few days before Powers left for Italy. The engraving is by Caston, one of the most promising engravers of Paris. The likeness is admirable, and by comparing it with the profile engravings of Canova, you will discover a strong resemblance. The patronage some of your citizens have extended to Powers, may render his likeness a subject of interest. Yours, truly,

N. LONGWORTH.

St. Charles Hotel, January 18th, 1845."

We thank Mr. L. very sincerely for this beautiful present, and shall cherish it accordingly. We never saw the great sculptor, who is now considered the greatest of his day, but the likeness bears all the marks of genius and energy which characterize Powers. The broad brow, the large, glowing eye, the finely chiselled nose, and the compressed, sharply cut lips are replete with intellect and the fire of genius. No one could mistake the likeness for any other than a man of mind, a lover of the pure and beautiful in nature and art. The brilliant success which Hiram Powers has achieved in Italy, gratifying as it is to his countrymen generally, must be peculiarly so to Mr. Longworth. One of his best and earliest friends, that gentleman saw and appreciated, years ago, the talent which was slumbering in the bosom of the young artist. When confidence, advice and friendship were valuable, because most needed, Mr. L. took Powers by the hand, and proved a friend indeed. Mr. L. has lived to see his humble friend mounting, eagle-like, to the highest niche in the temple of fame, the "observed of all observers," and an honor to the land which gave him birth.—*N. O. Tropic.*

Western Lard.

It is matter of great surprise to me why the St. Louis merchants do not ship their mast fed, and otherwise inferior lard to the Cincinnati market. It commands here always 20 or 25 pr. cent higher prices on its face, but I suppose the difference would be still greater if we compute the leakage of an article like this liquified in the hold of a steamboat under the temperature of such a place.

I know one lard oil manufacturer alone, whose capacity of producing lard oil if a sufficient supply were afforded him, would require for his year's business 2,000,000 lbs, lard. Most of the inferior lards which are sent from Missouri and Illinois east, and converted into soaps, would pay much better prices if sent to Cincinnati, sold and to the lard oil factories.

MARRIAGES.

AT New Albany, on February 18th, by the Rev. Mr. Saunders, A. M, JOHN LOWRY, of Cincinnati, to Miss EMILY MORECRAFT, of New Albany.

In this city, on Thursday the 27th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Walker, Mr. WILLIAM GILMAN, to Miss BULAH ANN STEARNES.

On Sunday, March 2d, by the Rev. John F. Wright, Mr. PAUL F. HAHN to Miss ALICE MANSELL.

DEATHS.

IN this city, Tuesday, Feb. 25th, DENTON DUNN, in the 49th year of his age.

On Wednesday 26th inst, B. FRANKLIN WOOD, aged 23 years.

Same day, Mrs. CORNELIA WIGGINS, wife of Samuel Wiggins.

On Thursday 27th ult., Dr. SAMUEL ADAMS, aged 78 years.

Same day, EDWARD FELIX ASSELINEAU, in the 3rd year of his age.

On Monday, March 3rd, CHARLOTTE E. WOOD, aged 37 years, formerly of Hartford, Ct.

Same day, Mr. JAMES WILDEY, aged 38 years, late librarian of the Young Mens' Librarian Association

Same day, Mr. SIRAH B. LAYMAN,

Harmar's Campaign.

Having gathered a variety of papers, which shed light on the various campaigns of Harmar, St. Clair and Wayne, I feel it a duty imposed on me by that circumstance to compile a fuller and more accurate narrative of those events than I have thus far seen in print. Nor need it at all appear strange, under the existing state of society and condition of things, that much of what is already on record should abound in errors. That both Harmar and St. Clair should mistake the locations of the battle they fought, and that many statements founded on conjecture, should pass current for years in the community to an extent which even yet serves to confuse the truth of history. These things are all easily accounted for, by the wilderness character of the untrodden West, the scattered state of the settlements in the Miami country, the little communication between the respective parts, and the utter absence of newspapers.

I commence with HARMAR'S campaign. A column would hardly serve to point out the errors in dates, places, and facts generally, in print, upon this subject. The best mode of correction is to compile the narrative anew, availing myself of unpublished manuscript notes of Capt. John Armstrong, who commanded a company of the United States regulars attached to Harmar's army during that campaign, and whose escape with life in the first battle was so remarkable.

The western frontiers had been for some years say from 1782 to 1788, in a very disturbed state by reciprocal aggressions, of Indians and whites. There does not appear, in the history of those days, however, any systematic and general movement of the Indians for the extirpation of the whites, as was alleged to be the object of their great confederacy of 1782, which dividing into two parties broke, one, upon the upper Ohio settlements, the other on the various Kentucky stations, carrying massacre and captivity so extensively along their course. The irregular and precarious mode of living among the savages forbade the accomplishment of such design, if it had even been their settled purpose; the subsistence of themselves and families being principally derived from the chase, a species of provision which did not permit the laying up extensive and permanent stores, if even their improvident mode of living had permitted the effort. But when they found the settlers entrenching themselves in fort after fort, circumscribing their range and cutting them entirely off from their favorite hunting grounds south of the Ohio, there can be no doubt that a determined hostility sprung up in the minds of the savage, which all the exertions of the American government failed to allay, and soon rendered it apparent that the two races could not live together in amity, where it was the policy of the one to reclaim the country from the hunter, and of the other to keep it a wilderness.

After treaty upon treaty had been made and broken,—and the frontiers had been suffering through this whole period from the tomahawk and the scalping knife, the government, then just going into operation, detached a force of 320 regular troops, enlisted in New Jersey and Pennsylvania for the protection of the frontiers, and devolved the command on Josiah Harmar, who had borne arms as a colonel with credit, during the late revolutionary struggle. A force of 1133 drafted militia from Pennsylvania and Kentucky, was also placed under his orders. The regulars consisted of two battalions, commanded respectively by Majors Wyllys and Doughty, and a company of artillery under Captain Ferguson with three brass pieces of ordnance. Col. Hardin of Ky, was in command of the Militia, in which Cols. Trotter and Paul, Majors Hall and McMillan held subordinate commands. The orders to General Harmar were to march on to the Indian towns adjacent to the lakes, and inflict on them such signal chastisement as should protect the settlements from future depredations.

The whole plan had been devised by Washington himself, who well understood the subject, having prior to the revolution as is well known, learnt much practically of the Indian character, as well as the condition of the west, although it is not easy to conceive why he should have selected such men as Harmar and St. Clair, who were destitute of the training he had himself acquired, and which could have been found on the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Kentucky, in many distinguished Indian fighters, ready for use. The force of circumstances probably biased his judgment, as it served to effect appointments equally exceptionable during the war of 1812, such as those of Hull, Dearborn, Bloomfield and Chandler, men who had outlived their energies, if ever qualified practically for the weighty trust devolving on them.

On the 29th December, 1789, Gen. Harmar arrived at Cincinnati. He had been stationed for some months prior to this at the mouth of Muskingum, waiting at that post for militia force and military supplies from the upper country, and the completion of Fort Washington—which Major Doughty with 146 men from Fort Harmar had been detached to construct. From this period to the 30th September, 1790, he was employed in making every thing ready for the expedition, and on that day all his preparations being made, he started with the regulars, the militia under Col. Hardin having already set out.

Punk—great man—Delaware chief."

The army burned all the houses at the different villages, and destroyed about twenty thousand bushels corn, which they discovered in various places where it had been hid by the Indians, a large quantity having been found buried in holes dug for that purpose. In this destruction a variety of property belonging to French traders, was involved. On the 18th, the main body of the troops was moved to Chillicothe, the principal town of the Shawnese, Gen. Harmar having previously detached a party of 180 militia, and 30 regulars in pursuit of the Indians who appeared to have retired westward, across the St. Joseph after the destruction by themselves of the Omee town, Capt. John Armstrong commanding the regulars, and Col. Trotter of the Kentucky militia the entire force. They found and cut off a few Indian stragglers, but did not overtake the main body, being recalled to camp by signal late in the evening. Next morning the same detachment was ordered out anew, and being placed under the command of Col. Hardin, pursued the same route in search of the savages. Finding himself in their neighborhood, he detached Captain Faulkner of the Pennsylvania militia, to form on his left, which he did at such a distance, as to render his company of no service in the approaching engagement. Hardin's command moved forward to what they discovered to be the encampment of the enemy, which was flanked by a morass on each side as well as by one in front, which was crossed with great promptness by the troops, now reduced to less than two hundred, who before they had time to form, received a galling and unexpected fire from a large body of savages. The militia immediately broke and fled, nor could all the exertions of the officers rally them; fifty two of the dispersing being killed in a few minutes. The enemy pursued until major Fountain who had been sent to hunt up Faulkner and his company, returning with them compelled them to retire, and the survivors of the detachment arrived safe in camp.

The regulars under Armstrong bore the brunt of this affair. One sergeant and twenty-one privates being killed on the battle ground, and while endeavoring to maintain their position, were thrown in disorder by the militia running through their lines, flinging away their arms without even fireing a shot. The Indians killed in this affair nearly one hundred men.

As regards the force of the savages, Captain Armstrong who was under no temptation to underrate their number, speaks of them as about one hundred in force. Their strength has been stated, but as I think, without any data by Marshall, in his life of Washington at 700. The real strength of the Indians was in a well chosen position, and in the cowardice of the militia, who formed numerically, the principal force opposed to them. This destructive contest was fought near the spot where the Goshen State road now crosses Eel river, about 12 miles west of Fort Wayne. Capt. Armstrong broke through the pursuing Indians and plunged in the deepest of the morasses referred to, where he remained to his chin all night in water, with his head concealed by a tussock of high grass. Here he was compelled to listen to the nocturnal orgies of the Indians, dancing and yelling around the dead bodies of his brave soldiers. As day approached they retired to rest, and Armstrong chilled to the last degree, extricated himself from the swamp, but found himself obliged to kindle a fire in a ravine into which he crawled, having his tinder box, watch and compass still on his person. By the aid of the fire, he recovered his feeling, and the use of his limbs, and at last reached the camp in safety. For some years after, bayonets were found upon this spot in numbers, and bullets have been cut out of the neighboring trees in such quantities as to attest the desperate character of this engagement.

On the 21st the army left Chillicothe on their return to Fort Washington, marching 8 miles, when the scouts, who had been scouring the country, came in and reported that the Indians had re-occupied the "Omee" village, lying in the junction of the St. Joseph and Maumee rivers. Harmar, anxious to efface the stigma resting on the American arms in the affair of the 19th, detached Col. Hardin with orders to surprize the savages, and bring on an engagement. The party under his orders consisted of 300 militia of which three companies were mounted men, with 60 regulars under command of Major Wyllys.

Col. Hardin arrived at the Omee town early on the morning of the 22d. His force had been divided into two parties, the left division of which was to have formed down the St. Mary's and cross at the ford, after which they were to rest until day light, and cross the St. Joseph, and commence an attack on the Indians in front who had encamped out, near the ruins of their town. The right division under Hardin and Wyllys were to proceed to "Harmar's" ford, on the Maumee, where they were to remain until M'Millan's party had reached the river, and commenced the attack which was to be the signal for them to cross the Maumee and attack the Indians in the rear. Owing to the treachery or ignorance of the guides, however, M'Millan's force lost its way in the thickets through which they had to pass, and although travelling all night, did not reach the ford until day light.—As soon as the Indians, who had been encamping about the ruins of their town, discovered

His orders of march and encampment with notes of his progress I shall publish in next number of the "Advertiser" as a separate statement. It is an original article from the pen of an eye witness. The first day's advance was seven miles, and the encampment for the night, was on a branch of Mill creek, course north-east. Eight miles more were made the second day, on a general course of north-west, the army encamping on another branch of Mill creek. On the third day a march of fifteen miles was made, the course generally north, and the encampment on the waters of Muddy creek, a tributary of the Little Miami, within one mile of Col. Hardin's command. The next morning, Col. Hardin, with the militia were overtaken and passed, and halting at Turtle creek one mile further on, the whole army encamped for the night.

On the 14th Oct. the army reached and crossed the Little Miami, on a north-east course moved up it one mile to a branch called Sugar or Caesars creek, near Waynesville, where they encamped, having accomplished nine miles that day. Next day a march of ten miles, still on a north-east course, brought the army to Glade creek, near where Xenia now stands. On the 6th it reached Chillicothe, an old Indian village, now Oldtown, & crossed again the Little Miami, keeping a north-east course, making nine miles that day. Next day the troops crossed Mad river, then called the Pickaway fork of Great Miami, and made nine miles; their course for the first time becoming west of north. On the 8th, pursuing a north-west course, they crossed Honey creek and made seven miles more. On the next day, they followed the same course, and marching ten miles encamped within two miles of the Great Miami. Next day the army crossed the Miami, keeping still a north-west course, and made ten miles more. On the 11th, by a course west of north it passed the ruins of a French trading station, marked on Hutchens' map as the *Tawixtwes*—(Twigtwees.) Encamped after making eleven miles. Next day the army kept a course west of north-west, near Loramie's creek, and across the head waters of the Auglaize. Here they found the remains of a considerable village, some of the houses being still standing; fourteen miles made this day.—On the 13th, marched ten miles, keeping west of north-west, and encamped, being joined by a reinforcement from Cincinnati, with ammunition. Next day, the 14th, Col. Hardin was detached with one company of regulars and six hundred militia, in advance of the main body, and being charged with the destruction of the towns in the forks of the Maumee. On the arrival of this advance party they found the towns abandoned by the Indians, and the principal one burnt. The main body marching on the 14th ten miles, and on the 15th eight more, both days on a north-west course. Next day made nine miles same course, and on the 17th crossing the Maumee river to the Indian village, formed a junction again with Hardin at the Omee (*au Miami Fr.*) village. This was the same town burnt and abandoned by the savages.

At this point of the narrative there is considerable obscurity with names and places which I must explore as I best can. The Indians had seven villages, it seems, clustering about the junction of the St. Mary's and St. Joseph rivers, which, as is well known, form the river Maumee. These were, 1st, the Miami village, so called, after the tribe of that name, corruptly and by contraction *Omee* from *Au Miami*, the designation given it by the French traders, who were here resident in great force. This lay in the fork of the St. Joseph and Maumee. 2nd, a village of the Miamics of 30 houses, Ke Kiogue, now Ft. Wayne—in the fork of the St. Mary's and Maumee. 3d, Chillicothe, a name signifying "town" being a village of the Shawnees, down the Maumee on its north bank and of 58 houses. Opposite this was another of the same tribe of 18 houses. The Delawares had their villages, two on the St. Marys, about three miles from its mouth and opposite each other, with 45 houses together, and the other consisting of 36 houses, on the east side of the St. Joseph's, two or three miles from its mouth.

The day of Harmar's junction with Hardin, two Indians were discovered by a scouting party, as they were crossing a prairie; the scouts, pursued them and shot one; the other made his escape. A young man named Johnson, seeing the Indian was not dead, attempted to shoot him again, but his pistol not making fire, the Indian raised his rifle and shot Johnson through the body, which proved fatal. This night the Indians succeeded in driving through the lines between fifty and one hundred horses, and bore them off, to the no small mortification of the whites.

The same day, October 17th, was employed in searching in the hazel thickets for hidden treasure. Much corn was found buried in the earth. On the evening of this day, Captain M'Clure and a Mr. M'Clary fell upon a stratagem peculiar to backwoodsmen. They conveyed a horse a short distance down the river undiscovered, fettered him, unstrapped the bell, and concealed themselves with their rifles. An Indian, attracted by the sound of the bell, came cautiously up, and began to untie him, when M'Clure shot him. The report of the gun alarmed the camp, and brought many of the troops to the place. A young man taken prisoner at Loramies was brought to see the Indian just killed, and pronounced him to be "Captain

Hardin's men, they began to rally for the fight, the alarm spreading, and the Indians rushing in Col. Hardin, discovering that unless he crossed immediately he would be compelled to do it in the face of superior numbers, and expecting every moment to hear the report of M'Millan's men in his rear, gave the order to cross, and by the time two thirds of his force had passed over the battle began. A severe engagement ensued; the desperation of the savages in the contest surpassed any thing previously known, and the greater part throwing down their arms rushed on the bayonets, tomahawk in hand, thus rendering every thing useless but the rifles of the militia, and carrying rapid destruction every where in their advance. While this attack was going on, the rifles of the remaining Indians were fatally employed picking out the officers. Majors Fountain and Wyllys, both valuable officers, fell directly after the battle began, the former pierced with eighteen bullets. Fifty-one of Wyllys' regulars shared his fate, and the other divisions also suffered severely in both killed and wounded.

Major McMillan came up with his force while the battle was raging, but could not turn its tide, although he succeeded in enabling the discomfited troops to retire, which they did in comparatively good order.

The militia behaved well on this memorable day, and received the thanks of Gen. Harmar for their good conduct. What the carnage in this battle was, may be inferred from the return of 180 killed and wounded, not more than half of those engaged in it escaping unhurt. There is no doubt as respects the second battle, whatever was the fact in the first, that the savages outnumbered as well as overpowered Hardin's forces, and the disparity was rendered still greater, by the plan of night attack, which separated M'Millan from the main body when his aid was most needed.

It is alleged by some historians, that the American troops were not defeated, as was proven by their regular retreat, a disorderly flight being the usual concomitant of defeat. But the fact that our troops were obliged to leave the remains of the brave soldiers who fell on that occasion, to become scalped and lie unburied, and their bones bleaching on the ground until Wayne's visit, four years afterwards obtained, them decent burial, scouts the idea.

An affecting incident occurred at the place of crossing the river. A young Indian and his father and brother were crossing, when the ball of a white man passed through his body: he fell. The old man, seeing his boy fall, dropped his rifle, and attempted to raise his fallen son, in order to carry him beyond the reach of the white men, when the other son also fell by his side. He drew them both to the shore, then sat down between them, and with fearless, Roman composure, awaited the approach of the pursuing foe, who came up and killed him also.

If there be any generalship, in thus sending out detachment after detachment to be cut up in detail, then General Harmar deserves that distinction. He put the best face on the matter which the nature of the case permitted, and issued the following orders on the 22nd October, the day of the second battle.

Camp, 8 miles from the ruins of the Maumee towns, 1790.

"The general is exceedingly pleased with the behavior of the militia in the action of this morning. They have laid very many of the enemy dead upon the spot. Although our loss is great, still it is inconsiderable in comparison to the slaughter among the savages. Every account agrees that, upwards of one hundred warriors fell in the battle; it is not more than man for man, and we can afford them two for one. The resolution and firm determined conduct of the militia this morning has effectually retrieved their character in the opinion of the General.—He knows they can and will fight."

It is easy to judge, by the preceeding narrative and orders, what kind of fitness Harmar possesses for the service to which he was called. A general who encamps in the neighborhood of the enemy, with a force large enough to exterminate him, and contents himself with sending out detachments to be destroyed successively, where no adequate reason exists, why the whole force should not have been brought into action, deserves not the name of a military man. Harmar kept two thirds or three fourths of his troops eight miles from the battle ground inactive, and of as little service as if he had left them at Fort Washington. He appeared to be fully consoled for the loss of the brave officers and soldiers who fell by the savage tomahawk and rifle, by the reflection expressed in the general orders that the American troops could afford to lose twice as many men as the Indians. My unfavorable judgment on this subject is supported by that of the actors of that campaign, who still survive.

The celebrated Indian Chief, *Little Turtle*, commanded the savages in both battles, with Col. Hardin and his troops, as he did afterwards in St. Clair's defeat, as well as bore a conspicuous part in the battle with Gen. Wayne at the Fallen Timbers.

Harmer returned by easy marches to Fort Washington, where he arrived on the 3d November, and which he left soon afterwards for Philadelphia, being succeeded in his military command by St. Clair. He resided in comparative obscurity for some years, on the banks of the

Schuylkill, and died about 1803. I was present at the funeral, which was conducted with great military pomp, his horse being dressed in mourning, and his sword and pistols laid upon his coffin, which was borne on a bier, hearses not being in use in those days.

Revolutionary Recollections.

PLAIN, WOOD COUNTY, April 2d, 1842.

J. FRAZER, Esq.:—

Yours of the 18th of March came to hand the 8th of April. My dear sir, when my pension paper was made out, I was in a very low state of health, having been confined to my room, and most of my time to my bed, for about four months. I am now very low, unable to write but a few lines at a time; but fearing I should not be able to make any communication a few days hence, I thought perhaps a short description of Danbury in Connecticut, would be acceptable. But I am so worn out in body and mind, to do justice to the subject, cannot be expected. However, it has been the will of God, who orders the events of war, and of peace, to prolong my life beyond all who were engaged in the sanguinary contest. O, what millions of the aged, and those who had well entered the varied professional business for life, have gone to their final and invisible abode, since the event, about which I write. But *my appointed time* must be near at hand.

In order to destroy the public stores of Danbury, the British, in the forepart May, 1777, landed about 800 men, with two field-pieces, at a place called Compo; and being aided by a tory party, they were directed along an unfrequented route, and mostly through woods, about 15 miles to the village of Danbury, without alarming the people: but how it went like an electrical shock to every quarter. Altho' many of our young men were then in the army, there soon collected a formidable company of yeomanry. The enemy having effected their design in part, in destroying about 1000 bbls. of pork and flour, and after setting the village on fire, began their retreat on a large road leading to White Plains. As they were entering the village of Ridgfield, General Wooster, with a party of Yankee farmers, directly from the place, fell upon their rear with an alarming effect. They left, it was said, about thirty on the ground. I saw a man stripping some of the dead next morning as they lay on the road. General Wooster received a mortal wound.

They began now to feel themselves in some danger, and took the most direct course to reach their shipping. However, night came on, and they were obliged to encamp, about ten miles from the place of landing. The party I was in, commanded by Lieut. Hall, an officer of the army, attacked their rear guard just as they began to descend a very stony road into a valley at Wilton meeting-house, from which there were roads in several directions. There was a wall fence on each side of the road, which made them overshoot our men. We soon rushed forward within about eight rods of them, and opened our fire; they stood about three rounds, and ran down the hill. We had five men wounded, one of them mortally. Here the firing ceased for a few moments, and we stood looking to see what course they would take from the Church. They entered with a rolling column into a road leading up a pretty steep ascent, well fenced with wall and bushes on both sides—in about 30 or 40 rods, there was a right-angle completely covered with the fence and bushes. Here General Arnold with a small regular force, with a six-pound piece, had taken a stand. As soon as the enemy had well entered the road, Arnold gave them a shot, that spoke loudly—they were prodigiously startled, and shifted their course with a quick step into a road leading to Compo bridge: but Arnold got the bridge and obliged them to ford with some disadvantage. Here the contest became more severe, and their situation more perilous: but about the setting of the sun, they landed from their shipping two or three hundred fresh troops, which, under the advantage of the night, enabled them to reembark, having suffered the loss of about forty men.

Some things amusing, happen in perilous circumstances. A little before the party overtook their rear, in passing by a farm house, a stout looking fellow set his gun leaning on a pig house, and jumped in to catch some fowls—there were two stout resolute Yankee girls looking out at a window, who saw the fellow jump in, and his gun standing outside; they sprang out, seized his gun, and told him positively, that if he attempted to leave the pen, they would kill him on the spot. They kept him in the pig pen until some of our party released them, and took the fellow into their custody and marched him the other way. The road was strewed in several places with articles of plunder, which they were obliged to throw by.

It seemed to be an object of the enemy, to destroy all they could, even where they had not time to burn. Furniture, for example, as much broken and injured, as their hearty retreat would admit of.

After this severe check, they quit landing parties for plunder in Connecticut.

I think it more probable, this will be my last, than that I shall live, or be able to write again. The invisible realities of another world appear to be near. Here I have lived nearly 86 years; have done much to be accounted for, at

the judgment day, when all will stand before the Judgment Seat of Jesus Christ.

Accept, my dear sir, the sincere regards of your aged friend.

JOSEPH BADGER.

August 12, 1842.

Extracts from Judge Goforth's Docket.

1790.

Feby. 2. "Took the oath of allegiance to the United States of America, and the oath of office as a Justice of the Peace, for the County of Hamilton."

Feby. 4. Joseph Gerard took the oath of allegiance to the United States of America, and was qualified as Constable.

Aug. 12. 1790. I received a visit from Esqr. Wells and Mr. Sedam, an officer in the Army who spent most of the day with me, and towards evening as they were going away and I was walking with them to the boat, Esq. Wells introduced a conversation with me respecting the pernicious practice of retailing spirituous liquors to the troops, and informed me that General Harmar wished me to write to Cochran and some others, in order to prevent such mischiefs as were taking place. I observed to the gentleman, that we had more effectual ground to go upon, and that by virtue of a statute of the Territory, a special session might be called, and wished Esq. Wells to meet me on the forepart of the 14th of August for that purpose, at Cincinnati.

Aug. 14. On Saturday 14th, I arrived at Cincinnati with Esq. Gano—waited upon Esq. McMillan who was in a low state of health, but gave me encouragement that he would be able to sit in session. I immediately despatched a messenger to inform Esq. Wells of my arrival, and another to carry the following letter to General Harmar.

Dear Sir: —

It has been intimated to me that the persons sanctioned in May term last, to keep public houses of entertainment for the accommodation of strangers and travelers, have abused that indulgence in a way that must eventually be detrimental to the public service, by debauching the troops under your command with spirituous liquors. I have, therefore, convened a special session on the occasion, which are now met and ready to proceed on that business, and would therefore, thank General Harmar to be so kind as to furnish the session with such evidence as may be an effectual clue to go into a thorough investigation of the matter; and as the session are now convened, your compliance as speedily as may be with conveniency to yourself, will greatly oblige,

Sir, your most obedient
humble servant,
WILLIAM GOFORTH.

Hon. Gen. Harmar.

Cincinnati, 14th Aug. 1790.

The court being opened, present William Goforth, William Wells, William McMillan, John S. Gano.

Captain Ferguson, Captain Pratt, Captain Strong, and several other officers appeared agreeable to Gen. Harmar's orders, and informed the court, that in consequence of the troops being debauched by spirituous liquors, punishment had become frequent in the army, and that the men were sickening fast, and that the sickness in the opinion of the Doctors was in a great degree, brought on by excessive hard drinking, and the officers complained of three houses which had retailed to the troops, to wit: Thomas Cochran, Matthew Winton and John Scott. These charges were supported by evidence, and Thomas Cochran, and Matthew Winton, each with a security were bound by their recognizance at the next general quarter sessions of the peace, to be holden at Cincinnati, for the county of Hamilton on the first Tuesday in November next, in the sum of two hundred dollars, and in the mean time to refrain from retailing spirituous liquors to the troops without a written permission from their officers. And John Scott, in the sum of thirty dollars. The Court being adjourned without day.

Chair Factories.

It is not easy in every respect to point out the reasons, why Cincinnati mechanics should excel most others, in cheapness or in quality, in any given article of manufacture, and yet, our superiority over other places is at times, forcibly impressed on me, by what I see almost every day in the factories of this place. I believe the general fact to be that men prepare themselves to better advantage and more thoroughly for carrying on business of this description here, than elsewhere, as a general rule.

Where, for instance, out of Cincinnati, could a building six stories, basement included—as large too as 28 feet by 100 feet—be found, devoted to carrying on the manufacture of chairs. Think what immense space such sized floors must afford for the various operations, particularly as the work is all blocked out in the country, and the sawing and turning all done before the chairs reach the factory. Notwithstanding this, every foot of space throughout the building, not occupied as gangways, is taken up by the manufactured article, in its various stages of fin-

ishing, framing, fitting, veneering, polishing, caning, painting, and varnishing, and by the workmen employed in the establishment.

The factory to which I refer is that of Mr. John Geyer on East Fourth street. A few chair factories in the United States may turn out more work, but nowhere in our republic, are operations in this line so extensively carried on, within the limits of the establishment itself, or conducted so systematically. I hold it a sound axiom in political economy, that our banking facilities and business patronage should be bestowed upon those manufacturing products in which the raw material bought elsewhere, bears the lightest proportion to the cost of labor, in the aggregate value. There are industrial pursuits in Cincinnati, in which the raw material forms 85 per cent. of the manufactured article; as there are others in which almost the entire value of the product, is created by the skill or labor of the artificer. Apply this rule to the manufacture of chairs, and we shall find it a valuable department of productive industry; fifteen per cent being the full proportion of the raw materials.

There are five important establishments in this line of business in Cincinnati; John Geyer, Wm. H. Ross, Jno. Pfaff, Jonathan Mullen, and Robt. Mitchell & Co., besides twelve or fifteen operating on a smaller scale, and in fact in a different line, making low-priced and plain chairs only. In these five establishments, there are one hundred and twenty-five hands employed in the various processes: in the others, perhaps seventy-five more. The aggregate sales of chairs, settees &c. in Cincinnati, for the year 1844 were 120,000 dollars, being a greatly increased extent of goods sold, although at a less price than the sales of 1840, which amounted to 131,000 dollars. The present prices of chairs under the influence of increased skill, improved facilities for manufacture, fall in raw materials and the reduction of business generally to a cash basis, being but two thirds of those of 1840.—Within that period the increase of hands has been at least fifty per cent. Under these circumstances there is no place in the United States where chairs are sold on as favorable terms.

Our market is the entire south and south-west. We also sell extensively to points in the west which manufacture chairs, but fail in competing with us, in some instances in quality, in others in price. It is a striking illustration of the progress of this city in population & wealth, to state that fully one third of the chairs made here are for home use and sale, and that fact leads us to look forward to the period rapidly approaching, when the largest share in this and kindred fabrics will be wanted where made. It is the capacity of large cities to furnish important home markets after they reach a certain stage of existence which builds them up so rapidly; the home consumption of London for example, being of four times the importance of its foreign export.

There is another interesting feature in our chair manufacture, connected with it, since the last census. I allude to the establishment of Albro's *veneering* operations, and the rapidly increasing demand for this article in fancy chairs, which, in connection with what is required for cabinet work, furnishes a market extensively for his veneers, both of foreign and domestic woods of the finer qualities.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Usury Laws. No. 3.

Mr. Cist:

If a law were proposed, professedly giving to the wealthy a monopoly of any desirable commodity in general request, driving from the market nine-tenths of the community, in order that the very rich—the favored few—might obtain the article at a low price, while the less wealthy, constituting the great mass of the community were excluded from the dealing in it under heavy penalties, and thereby subjected to the most serious inconveniences, the law would provoke one universal clamor of bitter indignation throughout the whole country, and its infamous advocates would be held up to the merited destitution of their fellow citizens.

Now, usury laws with their penalties, have a decided tendency to give to the rich a monopoly in borrowing. By shutting out competition, the opulent obtain money at a low rate, while the poor are either prevented from borrowing at all, or compelled to pay the lender an extra price to cover the risk of the law. Thus, while the John Jacob Astors of the land obtain money at 5 per cent. smaller men are often compelled to pay 25. O.

Usury Laws, No. 4.

The term usury, derived from the latin *usura*, had originally nothing invidious in its signification. It was the only word used to express what we now mean by "*interest.*" All rates, great or small, were called usury, as the word *rent* is used to denote a consideration given for the use of houses and lands.

In the age of ignorance and despotism, all interest was prohibited under the heaviest penalties. Taking the *least* compensation for the use of *money*, was denounced in the strongest terms. Governments declared it a crime against man. Religion pronounced it an offence against Heaven. The unthinking multitude in these benighted days, regarded usury with religious horror,

The fact that money lending was at this time chiefly in the hands of the Jews, tended greatly to augment the prejudice. It was considered a *Jewish* practice, and the Jews in this intolerant age were regarded as an impious race, accursed of earth and Heaven, and by way of serving the cause of religion, were often plundered and massacred by thousands.

In 1546, under the 8th Henry, usury was, for the first time in England, taken under the protection of the law, and limited to ten per cent.

But so deeply rooted were the prejudices against it among all classes—so effectually had they been taught from their infancy to regard it as an abomination, that the law giving sanction to it, called forth loud murmurs of discontent throughout the whole nation. They became so clamorous in the succeeding reign, that the law was abolished, and the former penalties revived.

Under the reign of Elizabeth, usury was restored; not by the old name—not as *usury*, but "*interest*," which term was now used for the first time. Thus by the substitution of a mere word, the prejudices of men were reconciled.—The law set forth that any rate not exceeding ten per cent. was allowable as *interest*, but that any thing beyond that was usury, which in the preamble to the law was denounced after the old fashion. So much for the magic power of a name.

The prejudice against usury, thus engendered in superstition, and supported by ignorance, is not altogether extinct even in the present day.

Political economists have again and again demonstrated in the clearest terms, the pernicious tendency of all laws restricting the commerce in money. Time after time have they exhibited in the strongest light, the utter fallacy of the grounds on which such laws have been supported.

But error is so wonderfully tenacious of life.—Detect it—drag it forth—strike at it—by well directed blows cripple it, repeat the blows until every mark of animation disappears, yet ere you are aware, the mis-shaped monster is on its legs again, glaring on you in all its original deformity. O.

Relics of the Past.

Among the many relics of pioneer times in Cincinnati, which are daily swept away in the onward march of improvement, an ancient building which has stood from almost the commencement of our city, at the corner of Butler and Front, has given way to afford space for a new Boiler Yard. The building was of frame, the foundations were of boat gunnels, and much of the other materials made from the plank and other timbers of a flatboat, in which the first settler came from Redstone, now Brownsville, Pa. On breaking up the building, hardly any of the timbers—being of white and red oak—were decayed. A part indeed was found so far hardened by age as almost to bid defiance to the axe. This ancient structure was put up by Mr. Hezekiah Flint, one of the 47, who by landing at Marietta, became the original settlers on the soil of Ohio, and deceased here, only two years since.

Powers and Kellogg.

The following passages are extracted from a letter lately received from Minor K. Kellogg, by his friends in the United States, which bears date Florence, December 8th, 1844.

"The statue of a Greek slave, by Mr. Powers, has been exhibited in my studio for the last eight days—previous to its departure for London. It is the property of John Grant, Esq. who will take the proper means to let it be seen to advantage in the great metropolis. The Grand Duke and Dutchess have paid their respects to the beautiful slave, and expressed their regret that she was about to leave Florence. The studio was visited by great numbers of the best people—both strangers and Florentines. Indeed the statue seems to attract the attention of all who take any pleasure in examining works of art; and it has become one of the principal attractions, if not the principal one to all who desire to see the best productions of modern sculptors. It is a source of pride to Americans, that their country has had the honor of giving to the world so great a genius as Powers, and an equal source of mortification that it has lacked either the taste, or the liberality, to take into its own possession so lovely a statue. It has fallen to the honor of an Englishman to appreciate and reward Mr. Powers' talents, and this is a source of unaffected delight to the English. Lord Ward has ordered a duplicate of it, and this will also find a home in an English mansion—notwitstanding the aversion of John. Bull to the *holding of slaves*."

"Powers is still engaged on the statue of Mr Calhoun. It will be a noble work. He has not yet commenced that of Franklin. He is now full of orders, principally from the English. He is well, indeed I think he is in better health than he has been since I have known him."

"The clouds have already passed and the sun of prosperity shines again upon me. I am *full* of commissions, but not so full of cash; still there is enough of the latter to keep me for the present—or, until the former shall have been completed. I have been *obliged* to receive orders for copies, a thing which I was in hopes would not befal me again. However, I am most thankful that this means of livelihood was with-

in my reach at a time of so great a pressure of poverty.

"I have determined that a bottle of champagne shall suffer on account of the news of Gov. Polk's election, and as I cannot kill it all myself, I have a neighbor who works in *clay*—Powers—who will join me in good wishes for the prosperity of our country under the Polk administration, and forever after. We have no politics among us here, and only make battle for our Republic against the unjust charges which the English are continually making on the subject of repudiation. They are determined to believe that we are all rascals and wish to cheat the world out of their money; there are very few who are generous or just enough to look upon our Government as any thing better than a band of pirates, who are disturbing the peace and happiness of the whole world."

Our Country One Hundred Years Ago.

I continue extracts from *B. Franklin's* Pennsylvania Gazette of 1749, nearly one hundred years since.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Edward Downs is removed from his house in Water street to his house in Front street, where Thomas Wells lately lived, and has to sell sundry sorts of European goods, and choice Cheshire Cheese, cheap for ready money."

"Dropt on Sunday, the 31st December last, between the drawbridge and the church, a fashionable silver stay hook, very neatly set with stones in the figure of a *true lover's* knot; whoever finds it, so that the owner may have it again, shall receive ten shillings reward, paid by Robert Warren."

"Ran away the 3d inst, from Samuel Swift of Bustletown, an Irish servant man, named Roger Flanagan, sandy complexion, short hair, and is used to *tumbling and antic tricks* &c. &c.

N. B. He will probably pass for a chimney sweeper."

Among dry goods articles, I find a string of goods almost impossible now to identify with modern fabrics. Paduasoy, values, poplin, none so pretties, tandems, pennistones, romals, pistol lawns, hairbines, yard wide garlix, gulix, holland starrits, tammies, camblettees, cushlas, dorsiteens, grassets, durants, ducapes, cheverets, baladine silk, brillions, grandurets, florettas, tabines, saggathies, chinconnes, Lemaners, cherryderries, silveretts, serpentines, paranellas, Paragons, horrations, &c." I presume the oldest survivor cannot tell what these articles were.

It appears by an advertisement of that date that 2 per cent was charged by the vessels sailing for London, on the amount of money remitted from Philadelphia to that city.

"Peter Knowlton, Free fan maker, from London, in Sassafras street, near the Moravian meeting, makes, mends, mounts and setts, wholesale and retail, all sorts of fans and fansticks, and *makes short fans longer*" by piecing I suppose. "He likewise cuts and sells corks of all kinds."

"The charter of the borough of Trenton, being surrendered, and the said surrender accepted by his Excellency, in the following words:

'By his excellency JONATHAN BELCHER, Esq.; Captain General and Governor in chief, in and over his majesty's province of Nova Caesarea, or New Jersey, and territories thereon depending in America, Chancellor and Vice Admiral in the same, &c.

Having perused and considered the within instrument of surrender of the charter for incorporating the town of Trenton, I do therefore in behalf of his most sacred majesty accept the same. Dated at the city of Burlington, in the said province, this ninth day of April, in the twenty-third year of his majesty's reign, 1750.

JONATHAN BELCHER.

Public notice therefore, is hereby given to all persons, to prevent their trouble and attendance upon the fairs, which will not be held as usual."

Force of Ridicule.

An application was lately made to the Legislature of Alabama, for a charter to a Botanico Medical College at Wetumpka, in that State. The Bill for that purpose had gone to its third reading with every prospect of its final passage, when a story told by one of the members, with great gravity and much comic effect, did for it what all the arguments of its apponents failed to accomplish, and gave it its *quietus*.

The Mobile Register gives the narrative thus:

"After Speaker Moore and others had made able speeches in support of the bill, Mr. Morrisett from Monroe, took the floor. You know him. He is an odd *genius*, and withal has good *horse sense*, (as his colleague, Mr. Howard, calls it,) and often speaks to the point and with effect. With an imperturbable gravity, he addressed the House in substance as follows:—"Mr. Speaker, I cannot support this bill, unless I am assured that a *distinguished* acquaintance of mine is made one of the *Professors*. He is what that College wishes to make for us—a *root doctor*, and will suit the place *exactly*. He became a doctor in two hours, and it only cost $20 to complete his education. He bought a book, sir, and read the chapter on fevers, and that was enough. He was sent for to see a sick woman—a *very sick* woman. With his book under his arm, off he went. Her husband and their son John were in the room with the sick woman. The Doctor felt of her wrist and looked in her mouth, and then took off his hat. 'Has you got,' addressing the husband, 'a sorrel sheep?' 'No, I never heard of such a thing in all my life.' 'Well, there *is* such things,' said the doctor very knowingly. 'Has you got then a sorrel horse?' 'Yes,' said

John, quickly, 'I rode him to mill to-day.' 'Well, he must be killed immediately' said the doctor, 'and some *soup* must be made and given to your wife.' The poor woman turned over in her bed. John began to object, and the husband was brought to a stand. Why, doctor, he is the only horse we've got, and he is worth $100, and will not some other soup do as well?' 'No, the book says so, and there is but two questions —will you kill your horse, or let your wife die? Nothing will save her but the soup of a sorrel sheep or a sorrel horse. If you don't believe me I will read it to you.' The doctor took up the book, turned to the chapter on fevers and read as follows:—'Good for fevers—sheep sorrel, or horse sorrel.' 'Why, doctor,' exclaimed husband, wife and son, 'you are mistaken, that don't mean a sorrel sheep, or a sorrel horse; but'—'Well, I know what I am about,' interrupted the doctor, 'that's the way we doctors read it, and we understands it.' Now,' said Mr. Morrisett, with an earnestness and gravity that were in striking contrast with the laughter of the House, 'unless the Hon. Speaker and the friends of this bill will assure me that my sorrel doctor will be one of the Professors, I must vote against the bill.' It is unnecessary to add, that after this blow, the bill never kicked. It was effectually killed.

Air Tight Preservers.

The manufacture of air-tight tin cases for preserving lobsters, oysters, turkeys, and almost any other article of food, is a great business at Eastport, Me. The mode of sealing them up, after the air has been exhausted by an air-pump, is kept a secret—no one being admitted to that part of the establishment.—*N. B. Bulletin.*

We will let out the secret and save the use of the air pump. The case or can containing the substance to be preserved, is set in a vessel of boiling water and made to boil. In this state, while the *steam* excludes *all* the air, (which an air-pump could not well do,) the operator instantly closes the orifice by soldering on a small tin button provided for the purpose. The can is of course removed from the boiling water at the instant of the soldering. Where meats are preserved, they are introduced into the cans before the head is soldered on. It is a small hole in the head which is finally closed while the contents are boiling.

In a similar way fruits may be preserved in bottles without sugar, for an indefinite time. Put them in with water, cause it to boil, and while boiling cork tightly, and then secure the cork with air-tight cement. Green corn, green peas, &c. &c., may be had in winter in absolute freshness and perfection by this process. Those who have never seen it will be surprised to be told that roast meats and soups may be had in perfection five years after their cooking. But such is the fact.—*Emancipator.*

The Hunting Shirt.

The Hunting Shirt, the emblem of the Revolution, is banished from the national military, but still lingers among the hunters and pioneers of the far West. The national costume, properly so called, was adopted in the outset of the Revolution, and was recommended by Washington to his army, in the most eventful period of the War of Independence. It was a favorite garb with many of the line, particularly the gallant Colonel Josiah Parker.

When Morgan's Riflemen, made prisoners at the assault in Quebec in 1775, were returning to the South to be exchanged, the British garrisons on the route beheld with wonder these sons of the mountain and the forest. Their hardy looks, their tall athletic forms, their marching always in Indian file, with the light and noiseless step peculiar to their pursuit of woodland game; but above all, to European eyes, their singular picturesque costume, the Hunting Shirt, with its fringes, the wampum belts, leggins and moccasins, richly worked with the Indian ornaments of beads and porcupine quills of brilliant and varied dyes, the tomahawk and knife; these, with the well known death-dealing of these matchless marksmen, created in the European military a degree of awe and respect for the Hunting Shirt, which lasted with the war of the Revolution.

Washington Fashions.

I do not know that I have told you the *short hand* way of visiting, people have here, and especially the great people. When a new Congressman arrives, he will be astonished at the number of cards he will find on the parlor table for him during a day. The first thought is, well, I have had a great many calls to day. The next, I must have been in when some of them came, and why did not the servants call me? These thoughts will first suggest themselves to a stranger. But upon inquiring, he will find no man has been at his house at all. This is accounted for on the *short hand* principle of visiting, which is this: A man sits in his room writing a letter, as I now am; and, whilst he is at work at home, a negro boy is out leaving his cards to such as he pleases to send them. By and by the compliment is returned, and thus great men visit and are visited without losing time. When one visits another in person and finds him absent, he leaves his card with p. p. in one corner (proper person.) This leaves the inference that he called on business. But the social visits are all made by a negro boy with cards.

As a take off to this cold formality, the Western new members have carried the joke still further; and have large cards with the picture of a splendid dinner table, groaning under the weight of turkies, quails, oysters, pies, wines, &c. &c. engraved upon them. These they send about, and they take admirably well, and rumor says, in former days, this western fashion was introduced into the most fashionable circles of N. Y. Thus, if A sends B a card for a visit, B sends back his for a dinner. This, you see, is saving expense as well as time. Yesterday and to-day, some improvements have been made.—Night before last, at a large party, a lady of excellent talent, worth and beauty, was heard to say she was fond of riding in cabs. So, up to this hour, honorable gentlemen are sending her their cards with the picture of a beautiful cab and horse upon it. To each she sends back her card, which is as much as to say, "I fancy myself riding in a cab with you."

One more observation of the fashions here.—By every man's plate is a glass bowl, about the size of those we eat pudding and milk out of when at home. In each of these, there is about a tumbler of water and a bit of lemon, about the size to make a good whiskey punch. Now what are these for? For nothing but to wet your fingers and lips with, so as to keep them clean and give them a good flavor. Some of our plain republicans will say this is worse than the cards.

Not long since, a gentleman, unacquainted with the custom, took his bowl and began to drink; and, not finding it palatable, he called out, "Waiter, curse your lemonade, put some sugar in it." The negro laughed, his neighbors laughed, and finally the whole table was in a roar, and he cleared for the bar-room.

Scene in a School Room.

'Class in history, step up. Are you ready on the questions?'

'Yeth 'ir.'

'Billy who was the first hunter?'

'Noah.'

'Why?'

'Cause he collected all the beasts and birds and fishes into the ark, so as to save 'em from being drowned.'

'Not exactly, but that will do for you. Harvy Diggs.'

'Yeth, 'ir.'

'Bring up your compositiou. What subject did I give you?"

'Here it ith, 'ir;' composition on wales and wale fisheries. Wales are a mountanious country in the continent of England. Wale fisheries principally go out from New Bedford and Nantucket round Cape Horner, which is crooked and hard to navigate; the people of Wales are called walemen. and toasted cheese are called Welsh rabbits, ar near as I can remember. There is no more about Wales except whale bones and'———

'Go to your seat, or I'll whale you! Silence! Begin writing class.'

'May I get a drink, thir?'

'No.'

'Well, I swow I can't writo any, cause my mouth is so dry.'

The British Pharmocopoeia;

OR, FARMER'S FIRST LESSON IN CHEMISTRY.

A class has been formed at a place down in Hampshire—[*Punch* does not feel called upon to speak more explicitly]—for the study of Agricultural Chemistry. The plan of instruction is catechetical. The following lesson is founded on the responses, as reported to Punch by his own correspondent, delivered at one of its recent meetings. Mistakes, they say, afford often a valuable lesson. If so, it is hoped that the lesson subjoined will be of great value:—

"Chomistry is keepun" a doctor's shop. An atom is a mossel o' zummit; a bit o' dust or zand loike. The weight of an atom is the heft on un. Light is accordun as it med be; day-light, moon-light, or candle light. Heat is that are as comes out o' the vire."

To the question, "What are the phenomena of heat?" the reply was, "Dooan't 'zackly know what you manes, zur."]

"The effect of heat is, rooastun mate, bilin' 'taaters; burnin' your vingers if you gets too cloose to 't. Lightning is a thunderbolt fallin' out 'o the clouds; a thunderbolt is thing like a clinker. An acid is any sort o' zour stuff like vinegar or varjus. An alkali is a voreign-eerun name vor zummut or other, may be for a pig.—Potash is ashes from under pot. Soda is stuff as washerwomen uses. Ammonia is one o' them fine names as your gentlefolks gives their daaters. If you put zulphuric acid to lime, and makes zulphate o' lime, why, of course, if you adds it to wuts (oats.) you gets sulphate o' wuts. A simple body means a zimpleton, like Zilly Billy at the Poorus. The laws of Chemical Union is like the laws of any other Union, pretty strictish, and o' coorse every Chemical Union has got a Beadle. Chemical Affinity, Attraction, Cohesion, Composition, Decomposition, Analysis, Synthesis, is n parcel of outlandish gibberish. Justus Liebig is zome Vrenchman."

The foregoing statements, we imagine, exhibit some slight discrepancy with the views of Faraday; but as the agricultural mind expands, its ideas of chemical science will very likely become rather more accurate.

Powers the Sculptor.

We were favored by a friend, yesterday, with the perusal of a letter from Florence, Italy, of a late date which thus makes mention of our native sculptor, Powers:

"Powers is now in a fair way to place himself above want. Commissions are flowing in upon him from right quarters, and of the right kind. He has sold the statue of the Greek Slave to Mr. Grant, and it will go to London in a few weeks to be exhibited in a private manner to the best of society. He has already an order for a duplicate of it from Lord Ward, a very rich nobleman, and there is a talk of another from a person of rank in London. The statue is favorably known in the polite circles of Europe, and few think of passing through Florence without calling to look at "Power's Slave," and all who see it, speak of it in the most rapturous terms. My own opinion is, that Powers is the greatest living sculptor; but as I have always thought so much of his talents, I may be said to be prejudiced. There are others, nevertheless, who think the same thing, and *say* it, too. It is probable you will have a sight of the works next year, as he intends taking the "Eve," and a duplicate of the "Slave" to America for exhibition. I can promise you a treat in beholding them. Such works of art have never been seen in the New World, for they are not overshadowed, *even here*, by the fame of the Venus de Medicis in the Tribune.

Transcendentalism.

What has become of our "Cincinnati Dental Surgery College?" Or is the science to flourish here as almost every thing else does best, on its own responsibility.

After all that we hear of transcendental science in Germany or Boston, it is nothing there to *transcend dental science* in Cincinnati, Professors Kant, Emerson, and Brownson, cannot *in this respect*, hold candles to Professors Taylor, Cook, and Allen of our City.

DEATHS.

IN this city, on Saturday the 15th inst, JOHN NEWTON ELLIOT, aged 19 years.

On Sunday the 16th inst., WILLIAM T. TRUMAN, aged 36 years.

Same day, GEORGE W BOUTELL, aged 2 years.

Same day, SIMEON B. STURGESS, aged 43 years, of Consumption.

On Monday the 17th inst, ELIZABETH RAMSEY, in the sixth year of her age.

Same day, MARY A. H. RINGOLD, aged 5 years.

Relics of the War of 1812.

Joseph Carpenter, whose name is connected with the following documents, was the publisher of the WESTERN SPY & HAMILTON GAZETTE, the first regularly printed journal, issued in Cincinnati. He commenced its publication, May 28th, 1799. He commanded a company during the war of 1812, and after doing duty in that capacity during the campaign of 1813, under the immediate command of Genl. Harrison, he sunk under the severe privations and sufferings endured under a forced march from Fort St. Mary's, during mid winter, and was buried in this city, with appropriate military honors, and an unprecedented attendance of his fellow citizens at the grave.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 24th, 1816.

I do hereby certify that Captain Joseph Carpenter served under my command a six months tour of duty in the service of the United States, in the year 1813 and 1814, and died on his way from Fort Meigs to Urbana, before he was discharged from the service. And I do further certify, that the said Captain Carpenter commanded his company with high reputation as an officer, and rendered essential service to his country,—and the officer who inspected his company at Fort Winchester, reported to me that they were as well disciplined as any militia he ever saw in service. The muster rolls &c. in the war office, will be further evidence that the said Captain Joseph Carpenter, was in the service of the United States.

JOHN S. GANO, Major Gen'l,
Commanding 1st. Division Ohio Militia.

FT. WINCHESTER, Feb. 5, 1813.

DEAR SIR:—

Although I sent you a scrap a few days ago, informing you of my arrival at this place. Yet having an opportunity of conveyance as far as Ft. Meigs, which seldom occurs, and believing it would be satisfaction to you, frequently to hear from the numerous posts under your command, that *all's well*, has induced me to write again.

The Indian Chief of whom I informed you, came to this place, and after some difficulty proceeded on to Dayton, where I am told a great number from different tribes have gone. The total number of Indians in the neighborhood of this place, to whom I have issued flour, is a little upwards of one hundred, including men, women and children—more are daily expected.

As the time for which we were ordered out will soon expire, I beg leave to enquire, is any arrangement made or making to relieve us; the anxiety of the men to get home is such, that I fear, unless they arrive previous to that day, or a certainty of it in a day or two after, the garrison will be evacuated, (myself and two or three others excepted)—and there are a very considerable quantity of stores at this place. I am very anxious to hear from you on this subject. I had flattered myself that I should be able to persuade *many* of them to stay a short time, after the expiration of six months, but I fear, I am almost sure I have deceived myself in that respect. You know yourself, sir, how militia have heretofore acted, and can judge from that how they will act in future. Genl. Harrison, with all his influence, added to the promise of additional pay, could induce them not to stay a day after their times expired, even though (as he called them) they were "*my own Kentuckians.*"

Capt. S. Vance of Cincinnati, is with us where he has spent several days, which has made the time pass off very pleasantly; he desires me to make you his compliments. He has sent out a supply of groceries and other articles, which we much needed, and has paid us four months, which enables us to live like nabobs.

Please remember me to Meek and Vance——and accept, sir, my warmest wishes for your welfare and happiness.

J. CARPENTER, Capt. &c.

GENL. JOHN S. GANO, Com'd O. Militia.

Relics of the Past.

Until within a few days, I was not aware that any enumeration of the buildings in Cincinnati prior to 1815 had been made. The following documents brought me from New Orleans serve to shew that the buildings had been counted at an earlier date, and as seems probable by the statistics of population during the census taking of 1810. There exists no stronger evidence of changes here within 35 years, than the fact that in a community of 388 houses; there were 230 spinning wheels, which, if the number of those buildings were reduced to dwelling houses, would nearly furnish a spinning wheel for each family. *Where are these wheels?* I doubt if there be one in employment, or even existence. *Spinning wheels* are turned to *spinning jennys*, and *woolen yarn* to *street yarn.*—Indeed there are more pianos in Cincinnati now than there were spinning wheels in 1810, without much being gained to the community by the change, even if we look to the poetry and pictorial bearing alone of the subject, the spinning wheel giving a grace and picturesque outline and effect to female loveliness, which no piano can impart.

But to the documents. This appears to be written out on a card being one of several cards to be used in schools in those primitive days when "geographys" were scarce. These cards or tablets were made out by a schoolmas-

ter who once resided here, of the name of Dow, a brother of the famous *Lorenzo*, and equally full of eccentricities. He removed afterwards to New Orleans, in which city he died lately.—The cards were sent to this place as objects of local interest, and are published as such.

Cincinnati.

Cincinnati is a flourishing post town in the State of Ohio. It stands on the North Bank of the Ohio river, opposite the mouth of Licking river, 2½ miles South West of Fort Washington; and about 8 miles westerly of Columbia. Both these towns lie between Great and Little Miami rivers. Cincinnati contained about 300 houses in 1810. It is 80 miles North of Frankfort; 90 North West of Lexington, and 770 West by South of Philadelphia. Some persons, a short time since in digging a well, on the hill, in this town, at the depth of 90 feet came to the stump of a tree, the roots of which were so sound that they had to be cut away with an axe: at 94 feet, they came to another, which still bore evident marks of the axe; and on its top, there appeared as if some iron tool had been consumed by rust. Cincinnati lies in North Latitude 39 degrees 22, and West Longitude 86 degrees 44'

You all, well remember Master Thomas Fosdick, who used to live in New London. He is now in Cincinnati on the Ohio. Not long since, he sent a Schedule of the Census taken in that town. The following is a copy of it.

The number of

Frame houses,	242	
Log houses,	55	
Brick houses,	86	
Stone houses,	14	
Total	388	houses.

Number of looms 31—spinning wheels 230.
Woolen cloth made the year past, 755 yds.
Cotton cloth 2967 yds. Linen cloth 2098 yds.
Mixt cloth 685 yds, Total 6480 yds.

Inhabitants under 10 years	387	males
	365	females
Over ten and under 16	167	males
	142	females
Over 16 and under 26	286	males
	241	females
Over 26 and under 45	297	males
	217	females
Over 45	106	males
	78	females
Whole number of males	1227	
Whole number of females	1043	
Whole number of Blacks	80	
Whole number of all	2340	

Salamander Safes.

Charles Urban of our City, who has been manufacturing Lever locks for some time past, at the corner of Western Row and Third streets, has lately added a new article to the existing variety in our Cincinnati manufactures, namely that of Iron Safes.

Iron safes are so well known among business men as well as familiarised, and indispensible to their use, that I deem it unnecessary to make a detailed description of these, farther than to say, that they are of the kind termed *Salamanders*, being made on the same principle as well as pattern, as the celebrated Wilder N. York Safes. Indeed Mr. Urban has workmen from that very establishment in his employ.

These Salamander safes are made of stout, wrought bar and plate iron, rivited together in the most substantial manner, and lined with a chemical preparation, which is a non-conductor of heat, and is indestructible by fire. The locks which are on the combination principle, not only defy picking, but cannot be opened, even by their own keys, unless in the owner or maker's own hands.

There is one circumstance respecting safes for mercantile use to which it is proper to advert. It is easy to put iron together in closet form, so as to resemble externally a safe, which at the same time, shall furnish not one particle of protection to its contents in case of fire. There is an article of that very description made in Pittsburgh, for sale in this city. The great fire of 1835 in New York tested this matter to its full extent, by the destruction of every safe except the *Salamander*. And still later at the fire which destroyed the Tribune office a few days ago, one of the Salamander safes in which were lodged, the books of accounts and papers of value in that establishment, maintained its trust with honor, while the forwarding mail books and other papers of less value, which were deposited in the ordinary safe, were found reduced to ashes.

The following testimony of the perfect indestructibility by fire of the composition with which these safes are lined is from Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, May 1843.

"A piece of the composition with which the safes are lined, about six inches square and two in thickness, was laid on a blacksmith's forge, and the full and constant force of the bellows applied to it for the space of about ten minutes, when it was found to have resisted the fire so effectually that we laid our naked hand on it, feeling only a gentle warmth. On turning it over, the part next to the fire did not retain heat enough to burn a card or light a paper; while a bar of iron in the forge about half the time was heated to whiteness. This experiment, simple as it is, must convince every one who may witness it, as it did us at the time, that a safe filled with three or four inches of this material could not be heated through at the burning of a store

in any possible situation in which it might be placed.

Some of our first merchants have witnessed similar experiments, and have expressed their entire confidence as to the security of this safe. With these facts in view, we cordially commend the article to the attention of merchants and bankers, and to the State and county authorities throughout the Union, who desire to render secure the valuable papers committed to their charge."

Mr. Urban, I learn, sells his safes at low prices compared with the Eastern article, the smallest size not costing more than 70 dollars.

The SALAMANDER SAFES are for sale, I perceive, at W. & R. P. Resor's, Main st.

Early Records.

Line of March and Encampment of Gen. Harmar's Army.

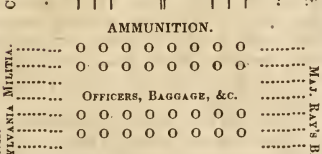
ORDER OF MARCH.

SPIES AND GUIDES.

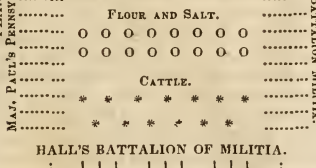
ADVANCE COMPANY.

PIONEERS.

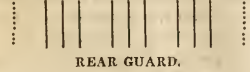
McMULLIN'S BATTALION OF MILITIA.



AMMUNITION.



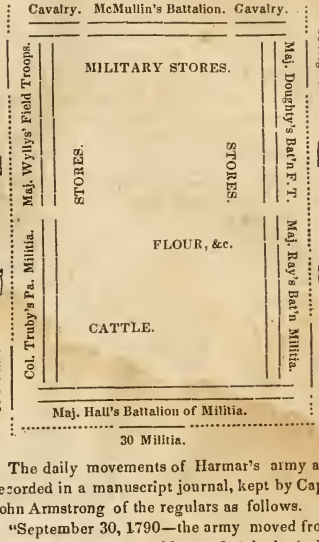
HALL'S BATTALION OF MILITIA.



REAR GUARD.

Order of Encampment.

FRONT GUARD.
of 30 Militia.



The daily movements of Harmar's army are recorded in a manuscript journal, kept by Capt. John Armstrong of the regulars as follows.

"September 30, 1790—the army moved from Fort Washington, at half past 10 o'clock, A. M. marched about seven miles, N. E. course—hilly, rich land. Encamped on a branch of Mill creek.

October 15th—took up the line of march at half past 8 o'clock—passed through a level rich country, watered by many small branches, waters of Mill Creek. At 2 o'clock halted one hour; and at 4 o'clock halted for the evening, on small branch of Mill Creek, having marched about eight miles: general course, a little to the westward of North.

October 2d—moved forty-five minutes after 7 o'clock; marched about ten miles a north west course. The first five miles of this day's march was over a dry ridge to a lick; then five miles through a low swampy country to a branch of the waters of the Little Miami, where we halted one hour; and forty-five minutes after 1 o'clock moved on for five miles a N. E., E. and S. E. course, and encamped in a rich and extensive bottom, on Muddy Creek a branch of the Little Miami. This day's march, fifteen miles, and one mile from Col. Hardin's command.

October 3d—the army at 8 o'clock, passed Col. Hardin's camp and halted at Turtle Creek, about ten yards wide, where we were joined by Col. Hardin's command. Here the line of march was formed—two miles.

October 4th—The army moved at half past 9 o'clock—passed through a rich country (some

places broken) a N. E. course, and at 3 o'clock crossed the Little Miami, about forty yards wide: moved up it one mile, a north course to a branch called Sugar Creek—encamped nine miles.

October 5th—the army moved from Sugar Creek forty-five minutes after nine o'clock; marched through a level country a N. E. course up the Little Miami, having it often in view. The latter part of this day's march, through low glades, or marshy land. Halted at 5 o'clock on Glade Creek, a very lively clear stream—ten miles.

October 6th—the army moved ten minutes after 9 o'clock. The first five miles the country was brushy and somewhat broken; reached Chillicothe, an old Indian village; re-crossed the Little Miami; at half past one o'clock halted one hour, and encamped at 4 o'clock on a branch—nine miles a N. E. course.

Oct. 7—the army moved at 10 o'clock; the country brushy four miles, and a little broken until we came on the waters of the Great Miami—passed through several low prairies, and crossed the Pickaway fork or Mad river, which is a clear lively stream, about forty yards wide; the bottom extensive and very rich. Encamped on a small branch one mile from the former; our course the first four miles north, then north-west—nine miles.

Oct. 8—The army at half past nine o'clock; passed over rich land, in some places a little broken; passed several ponds, and through one small prairie, a N. W. course—seven miles.

Oct. 9th—the army moved at half past nine o'clock; passed through a level rich country, well watered; course N. W.; halted half past 4 o'clock, two miles south of the Great Miami—ten miles.

Oct. 10th—the army moved forty-five minutes after nine o'clock; crossed the Great Miami; at the crossing there is a handsome high prairie on the S. E. side; the river about forty yards wide two miles further, a N. W. course, passed through a large prairie. Halted on a large branch of the Great Miami at half past three o'clock, the country level and rich; the general course, N. W.—ten miles.

Oct. 11—the army moved at half past nine o'clock; marched a north-west course, seven miles to a branch where French traders formerly had a number of trading houses; thence a N. course four miles, to a small branch, and encamped at 5 o'clock. The country we passed over is very rich and level—eleven miles.

Oct. 12th—the army moved at half past nine o'clock; our course a little to the west and north west; crossed a stream at seven miles and a half, running north-east, on which there are several old camps, and much deadened timber, which continues to the river Auglaize, about a mile. Here has been a considerable village, some houses still standing. This stream is a branch of the Omi [Maumee] river, and is about 20 yards wide. From this village to our encampment our course was a little to the north of west. Rich, level land—fourteen miles.

Oct. 13—the army moved at 10 o'clock; just before they marched, a prisoner was brought in, and Mr. Morgan from Fort Washington joined us; we marched to the west of north-west, four miles to a small stream, through low swampy land; then a course a little to the north of west, passing through several small prairies and open woods to an Indian village on a pretty stream.—Here we were joined by a detachment from Fort Washington, with ammunition—ten miles.

Oct. 14th—At half past ten in the morning, Col. Hardin was detached for the Miami village, with one company of regulars and six hundred Militia, and the army took up its line of march at 11 o'clock; a north-west course; four miles, a small branch—the country level—many places drowned lands in the winter season—ten miles.

Oct. 15th—the army moved at 8 o'clock, north west course two miles, a small branch; then north a little west, crossing a stream, three miles north-west course. The army halted at half past one o'clock, on a branch running west—eight miles.

Oct. 16th—the army moved at forty-five minutes after 8 o'clock, marched nine miles and halted, fifteen minutes after one o'clock.

Passed over a level country, not very rich.—Col. Hardin with his command took possession of the Miamitown yesterday, (15th) at 4 o'clock—the Indians having left it just before—nine miles.

Oct. 17th—the army moved at fifteen minutes after 8 o'clock, and at 1 o'clock crossed the Maumee river to the village. The river is about seventy yards wide; a fine transparent stream. The river St. Joseph, which forms the point on which the village stood, is about twenty yards wide; and when the waters are high, navigable a great way up it.

On the 18th, I was detached, with thirty men under the command of Col. Trotter. On the 19th Col. Hardin commanded in lieu of Colonel Trotter; attacked about one hundred Indians, fifteen miles west of the Miami village, and from the dastardly conduct of the militia, the troops were obliged to retreat—I lost one sergeant, and twenty-one out of thirty men of my command. The Indians on this occasion gained a complete victory, having killed in the whole, near one hundred men, which was about their own number. Many of the militia threw away their arms without firing a shot, ran through the federal troops & threw them in disorder. Many of the Indians must have been killed, as I saw

my men bayonet many of them. They fought and died hard."

On the morning of the 19th, the main body of the army under Gen. Harmar, having destroyed the Miami village, moved about two miles to a Shawnee village called Chillicothe, where on the 20th, the General published the following order.

"Camp, at Chillicothe, one of the Shawnee towns on the Omee [Maumee] river, October 20th 1790.

The party under the command of Captain Strong, is ordered to burn and destroy every house and wigwam in this village, together with all the corn, &c., which he can collect. A party of one hundred men, (militia) properly officered, under command of Col. Hardin, is to burn and destroy effectually this afternoon, the Pickaway town with all the corn, &c. which he can find in it and its vicinity.

The cause of the detachment being worsted yesterday, was entirely owing to the shameful, cowardly conduct of the Militia who ran away, and threw down their arms without firing scarcely a single gun. In returning to Fort Washington, if any officer or men shall presume to quit the ranks, or not to march in the form that they are ordered, the General will, most assuredly order the artillery to fire on them. He hopes the check they received yesterday will make them in future obedient to orders."

JOSIAH HARMAR,
Brig. Gen.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Hydrangea--Hydrangea Hortensea.

BY T. WINTER.

This is another of our universal favorite flowers, which is to be found in the humble dwelling of the poor, as well as the mansion of the wealthy aristocrat. This much esteemed flower was first introduced into the King of England's garden at Kew, about sixty years since, and was imported from China by Sir J. Banks. The flower of this perennial rooted plant in its primitive state, is of azure blue, but cultivation has wrought a change in their colour. It does not fall to our lot to see them of their natural color, which necessarily incapacitates us to judge correctly, if their culture be in reality an improvement or not. The circumstances of its turning blue so seldom makes one of that cast truly desirable. The first I have seen in this country. was at Mr. Jackson's establishment several years since, and no doubt the composition he used, was what is usually found in the ravines in the woods, the free country air combined had the desirable effect in causing his plants to appear so magnificent; this is not attainable with us in this city, consequently no one need expect to raise flowers of any description to compete with nurserymen in the country. I am inclined to believe that plants raised in the city, will do better with us than those procured from the country. I am more fully convinced of this as I have procured several plants at different times of Mr. Barnard, and with the greatest difficulty, could get them to live, as some would dwindle away and finally die; and I have heard others complain of the same thing. I do not mention this to injure nurserymen in the country, but would feel much pleased in being corrected if my theory be not correct,—I have tried several compositions to change the color of the hydrangea, but without effect. The hydrangea is one of the few that appears to thrive, even when no care is taken of them, still I would not advise or advocate such looseness in any person that has the least pretention to the culture of flowers. I recollect an anecdote of an nurseryman in London, that was celebrated for selling blue hydrangeas which commanded a great price for several years, but all at once his stock run out, he had none but pink colored ones. It appeared in the sequel, that he had purchased several loads of peat soil with which he potted his plants, little suspecting the effect the quality of soil would produce in his flowers. When the blooming season arrived he was agreeably surprised at the effect; this induced him to keep the balance expressly for that purpose, and so long as any of his soil lasted he could meet all demands. To his mortification he could not find the man he purchased of, neither could he get any soil to produce the same effect. consequently he was like Othello, "his occupation gone." I have no doubt, from the plant being succulent, that soil procured from marshy grounds, dried and sifted would be good. It is said that iron filings will turn the color of the flowers; if such be the case, why would not a yellow sandy loam of redish cast be good, which contains a certain portion of iron? This is easily to be obtained from the brick yards. Turf laid by for a year to rot is a good composition mixed with rotten leaves. In short the plant will grow in almost any soil, but the color is difficult to change.—The hydrangea is of easy culture, and will strike root at any time with the exception of when in a state of rest, this is from the time the leaf begins to drop until the buds swell in the spring. The best time to pot the plants, is the beginning of March, and instead of shaking the soil from the roots as with most plants; take a large knife and cut the roots off, leaving a ball in the centre containing the main body to the size of the large apple, then take your compost and fill the pot, placing the ball with the plant in the centre. I would not advise a large pot, as it would be better in the month of June to

shift the plant without disturbing the root into a pot larger. By adopting this plan your plant will become thrifty and bloom more beautifully with a larger head of flowers, a desideratum every way to lovers of good flowers. I would also recommend those plants from their possessing such a desire for water in the summer, to stand them in pans made on purpose, and fill them every day and keep them in the shade for the sun will make them flag. The beginning of October take the plants out of the pans and water them sparingly until the middle of November, then place them in a cellar, and water a little once in two weeks until March, when you may bring them forward to give air, and re-pot them, giving every encouragement to grow, but you must keep them away from the frost. The hydrangea is hardy and will stand out all the winter with a slight protection, but will flower better if kept in the house. Mr. Longworth has a great many planted round his house, and stands the winter with a slight protection, and after a mild winter will flower vigorously. This plant is injured more by the sun than by frost, but will be more judicious in avoiding either. In case your plant should get frosted in the spring through neglect put it in a box and exclude the light until the frost be well out of your plant, then no ill affect will result from it.

Health of Cincinnati.

I have already referred to the fact of the salubrity of Cincinnati as repeatedly illustrated, by ascertaining the proportion of survivors to a given list of names in any document of the past.—The following is a card of invitation to a Ball given at the *Columbian Inn*, where Neff and Brothers, and Thomas H. Minor & Co. are now wholesaling hardware and groceries.

INDEPENDENCE BALL.

The honor of Mrs. S———

COMPANY IS SOLICITED AT A BALL, TO BE HELD AT THE COLUMBIAN INN, ON FRIDAY EVENING NEXT, AT SEVEN O'CLOCK, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE BIRTH DAY OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

FRANCIS CARR,
P. A. SPRIGMAN,
N. LONGWORTH,
} MANAG'RS {
J. C. SHORT,
T. C. BARKER,
W. IRWIN, jr.

June 30.....1812.

Of these individuals, after the lapse of thirty three years, four out of six of the managers signing this card still survive. As the average age of the survivors is over sixty, this fact speaks well for the temperate habits of these individuals as well as the health of the city.

The Origin of the Indian Tribes.

In my youth, having an ambition to acquire an Indian dialect, I took a few lessons of the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder in the *Lenni Lennape* or Delaware Indian tongue, but was soon driven from my purpose by the abundance of compound words, extending some times, to fifteen or twenty syllables, which seemed a barrier to my eye, no labor could overcome. At that period, I thought this lingual feature peculiar to the aborigines of our country, and attributed it to the fact that their language was undiluted with foreign admixtures. In later life, making some acquaintance with the German, a language which owes less perhaps, to other tongues than any European one, I found the same characteristic. For example, here is a single noun: *Steuerverweigerungswerfassungmaessigbescheinung*, meaning a man who is constitutionally exempt from the payment of taxes, and for a member of a theatrical association, the name of *Marionettenschauspielhausegesellschaftsmitglied*. Also, *Constantinopolitanischerschnupftabacksdosenverkaeufer*, which stands for seller of a certain species of snuff boxes. Shall we infer from the above that the Indians and Germans have one common origin? If so, the *Dutch* are the *real natives*. I claim, at any rate, to have shed some light on the dark and doubtful question of Indian descent.

Another Pork Story.

MR. CIST:

By way of closing the pork season permit me to narrate a pork story, which I have not yet seen in your paper, although equally authentic with any which have appeared in its columns.

During the pork season a few years since JOHN HADLEY, of Wilmington, Ohio, well known in this market, contracted with a pork dealer in this city to supply him with 200,000 lbs. sides. One half of these, by special engagement, were to be delivered clear of the back bone, an extra price being paid accordingly; nothing was said of the residue, the purchaser of course expecting it would be cut as usual, part with the back bone and part without, as the bone might fall to the one or other side in dividing it. When the meat was delivered, that portion which commanded the extra price was found all right according to contract, but the other lot was made up, not as usual, half with and half without the back bone, but altogether of the other moiety left by the fulfilling of the first part of the contract. Hadley, by this *precious piece of finesse* cleared two or three hundred dollars, the purchaser submitting to the shave rather than carry the case into court.

Cincinnati Fifty Years Ago.

The man is still living, and in the full possession of his faculties, bodily and mental, who stood by surveying the first cellar-digging in Cincinnati. This was the cellar of the first brick house put up here, and which was built

by the late Elmore Williams, at the corner of Main and Fifth streets. As one half of the community in that day had never seen a cellar, being emigrants from the farming districts, and the other half were surveying a novelty in Cincinnati, it may readily be conceived, there was no scarcity of onlookers. My informant gives it as his judgment, that the west half of the WADE dwelling on Congress street is the oldest building now standing in Cincinnati, certainly the only one remaining of what were built when he first saw the place. Most of the houses were log cabins, and hardly better, so he phrases it, "than sugar camps at that." The city when he landed, had not five hundred inhabitants. He has lived to behold its increase to 75,000.—Where will the next fifty years find it? The difference between Cincinnati as it now is, and its appearance fifty years ago, will be as nothing compared with the contrast between its present appearance, and its condition fifty years hence.

The Ohio Legislature.

It is known to some persons but not to the community at large, that a list is made at Columbus annually, of the members of the State Legislature, giving their names, post office addresses at home, their birth places, age, years in the state, occupation, and their condition as married or single. By the table for 1844-5, it appears that of the 108 members of both branches which compose that body, 28 are natives of Ohio, 24 of Pennsylvania, 14 of New York, 8 of Virginia, 8 of Connecticut, 5 of Maryland, 5 of Kentucky, 2 of each, Maine, New Hampshire, and New Jersey; 1 of District of Columbia. 104 native Americaus. 2 natives of Irelaud, 1 of Wales, and 1 of Germany, make up the residue. 62 are farmers, 22 are attornies at law, 6 are merchants, 5 are physicians, 2 are preachers, 2 are millers, and 2 are carpenters; of the residue there is one tanner, one gunsmith, one mill wright, one blacksmith, one printer, one laboror, one inn keeper, one saddler, and one iron founder. The ages vary from 29 to 76, of those not born in the State, most of them have been 25 to 35 years residents, quite a number, four fifths of their lives. 100 are married men, 7 single, and 1 *engaged to be married.*

The proportion of New Englanders in the Legislature, though small, is larger than their proportion of countrymen among the constituents. New Englanders representing in all cases but one, the New England settled counties, and some five or six counties besides. The members of the Legislature, from other States of the Union, bear about the same proportion in that body, which the emigrants from those States bear respectively to the whole community. One member of German birth is no adequate representation of the large body of naturalized Germans in Ohio. Still the Legislature is as fairly a reptesentation of the various elements of society in this State, as they are of the community in other respects.

Want of Faith.

The defect of our times is the want of *faith*. We live in an age of reality. Every thing is to be accounted for and answered by return of post. The golden currency of enthusiasm has been called in. There is no reverence for any feature of truth behind the veil. Our temper resembles that of the Pundit who inquired of Henry Martyn whether, by embracing the Christian religion, he should behold the Deity in a visible shape. This eagerness to perceive every object without delay and impediment is a characteristic of minds which have not been accustomed to gaze at the luminary of truth, and might be rebuked by a Hebrew legend which we have read. 'You teach,' said the Emperor Trajan to a famous Rabbi, 'that your God is every where, and boast that he resides among your nation. I should like to see him.' 'God's presence is indeed, every where,' the Rabbi replied, 'but he cannot be seen, for no mortal eye can look upon His splendor.' The emperor had the obstinacy of power, and persisted in his demand. 'Well,' answered the Rabbi, 'suppose that we begin by endeavoring to gaze at one of His embassadors.' Trajan assented, and the Rabbi, leading him into the open air, for it was the noon of the day, bade him raise his eyes to the sun, then shining down upon the world in its meridian glory. The emperor made the attempt but relinquished it. 'I cannot,' he said, 'the light dazzles me.' 'If, then, said the triumphing Rabbi, 'thou art unable to endure the light of one of His creatures, how canst thou expect to behold the unclouded glory of the Creator?' It is a beautiful and touching parable, and teaches humility, not only in religion, but literature and life.

Collecting a Bill.

A gentleman who had gone from New York to Boston to collect some money due him there, was about returning when he found that one bill of $100 had been overlooked. His landlord, who knew the debtor, thought it a doubtful case; but added, that if collectable at all, a tall Yankee, then dunning a lodger in another part of the room, would annoy it out of the man.—Calling him up, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account.

"Wall Squire, 'taint much use trying, I gues. I know that critter. You might as well try to squeeze ile out of Bunker Hill Monument, as to try to collect a debt out of him. But, any how, what'll you give supposin' I do try?"

"Well, sir, the bill is $100. I'll give you—yes, I'll give you half, if you collect it."

"Agreed," replied the collector: "there's no harm in trying, any how."

"Some weeks after, the creditor happened to be in Boston, and in walking up Trenton street, he encountered his very enterprising friend.

"Look here!" said he, "I had considerable luck with that bill of your'n. You see, I stuck to him like a dog to a root, but the first week or two, it was'nt no use, not a bit. If he was home, he was short; if he was'nt home, I could get no satisfaction. By and by, says I, after going six-

teen times, I'll fix ye; so I sot down on the door step and sot all day and part of the evening, and I began airly next morning, and about ten o'clock he gin in. He paid me MY HALF, and I gin him up the note!"

Old Times.

At a late Temperance Celebration in Boston, the Rev, Mr. Skinner gave the following statement of the cost of an ordination in Woburn, Mass. We remember some of these festivities, when a meeting house was raised to the top of the flute, violin, and instruments of many strings, and occasionally a sackbut:

"To Mr. Jonathan Poole, Esq., for subsisting the Ministers, messengers and gentlemen, at the time of Mr. Jackson's ordination over the Congregational Church, 1729:

	£.	s.	d.
To 433 dinners, at 2s. 6d a dinner,	54	2	6
To suppers and breakfasts, 179,	3	18	0
To keeping 32 horses 4 days,	3	0	0
To 6½ barrels cider,	4	11	0
To 2 gallons of brandy and 2 gallons of rum,	1	16	0
To 25 gallons of wine,	9	10	0
To loaf sugar, lime juice and pipes,	1	15	0
	£83	12	6

The Quaker and the Lawyer.

"Friend Broadbrim," said a servant to a rich Quaker, who lived, no matter where, "we have no meat for dinner to-day."

'Why not,' asked the good Quaker.

'Because lawyer Foxcraft's dog stole it, and eat it.'

'Beware, Zephaniah, of bearing false witness against thy neighbor. Art thou sure it was friend Foxcraft's dog?'

'Yea, I saw it with my eyes, and it was Pinch-'em.'

'Upon what evil times have we fallen!' sighed the Quaker, as he wended his way to the lawyer's office. 'Friend Foxcraft,' said he, 'I want to ask thy opinion.'

The lawyer laid down his pen.

'Suppose, friend Foxcraft, that my dog had gone into my neighbor's pantry and stolen therefrom a leg of mutton, what ought I to do?'

'Pay for the mutton—nothing can be clearer.'

'Know, then, friend Foxcraft, that thy dog, Pinch'em, has stolen from my pantry a leg of mutton, of the value of four shillings and 'sixpence, which I paid for it in the market this morning.'

'Well, well, then it's my opinion that I must pay for it:' and having done so, the worthy friend turned to depart.

'Tarry a little,' cried the lawyer; 'thou owest me nine shillings for advice.'

'Then I must pay thee. I have touched pitcher, and been defiled.'

The Letter H in London.

The Humane petition of the letter H to the Inhabants of London and its Environs.—The memorial of your unfortunate petitioner *h*umbly showeth that, although conspicuous in *h*eraldry, and entitled to the first place in *h*onor, yet he has been by many of you most injuriously treated —spoiled in *h*ealth, driven from *h*ome, and refused a place, not H-only in your *h*ouses, but in every *h*ome, *h*ut or *h*amlet, within your control. You refuse your petitioner *h*elp, and cut *h*im off also from *h*ope, the last resource of the H-unfortunate. Your petitioner is one moment scorched in an H-oven, at the next frozen to death in an H-ice *h*ouse, and is tortured from one H-extremity to H-another. From the *h*ighest *h*ill you precipitate *h*im to the H-earth; you suspend *h*im in the H-air and plunge *h*im in the H-ocean. You relieve *h*im from *h*unger H-only by food which doctors *h*ave forbidden *h*im to approach, such as H-oysters, H-oranges, H-eels, H-apples, &c. &c. while you refuse that which they esteem proper, such as *h*ares, *h*ams, *h*errings, &c. Your petitioner deeply feeling these H-outrages, and the H-ignominy and H-irony to which he is subject, prays you will take him from H-exile and restore *h*im to *h*imself, discard *h*im from your H-eyes and restore *h*im to H-our *h*earts, and your petitioner as in duty bound, will H-ever feel most grateful.

Letter from Dr. W. Goforth.

FORT WASHINGTON, N. W. TER.
Sept. 3d, 1791.

"One of the Indian captives lately died at this place,—His Excellency Gov. St. Clair gave liberty to the rest to bury the corpse according to the custom of their nation; the mode is that the body be wrapped in a shroud, over which they put a blanket, a pair of moccasins on the feet, a seven days' ration by the side of the head, with other necessaries. The march from Fort Washington was very solemn; on their arrival at the grave, the corpse was let down, and the relatives immediately retired, an aged matron then descended into the grave, and placed the blanket according to rule, and fixed the provisions in such a manner as she thought would be handy and convenient to her departed friend; casting her eyes about to see if all was right, she found the deceased was barefoot, and inquired why they had omitted the moccasins? The white person who superintended the whole business, informed her that there were no good moccasins in the store, but by the way of amends they had put a sufficiency of leather into the knapsack to make two pairs, at the same time showing her the leather. With this she appeared satisfied, saying that her friend was well acquainted with making them."

"The county of Hamilton lies between the two Miami rivers. Just below the mouth of the Little Miami, is a garrison called Fort Miami; at a small distance below this garrison is the town of Columbia. About six miles from Columbia is the town of Cincinnati, which is the county seat of Hamilton, and here is erected *Fort Washington*, the head quarters of the Federal army. This Fort is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Ohio river. Seven miles below this, is a settlement of eighteen or twenty families called South Bend. About seven miles from this, also on the Ohio river, is the city of Miami, founded by the Hon. John Cleves Symmes. Twelve miles up the Great Miami is the settlement called Dunlap's Station; and twelve miles up the Little Miami, is a settlement called Covalt's Station. The number of militia in these places, according to the best accounts I have received, are—at Columbia, 200; Cincinnati, 150; South Bend, 20; City of Miami, 90; Dunlap's, 15, and at Covalt's, 20.

Bull Fighting in Buenos Ayres.

Cincinnati, March 14. 1846.

Mr. Cist:

I read the description in your last "Advertiser" of *Montes* and his bull fight with great interest, the more so having witnessed in South America, these spectacles so peculiar to Spaniards, both in the old and new worlds.—There are some things narrated in it, however, of which your readers cannot form an accurate idea from the narrative itself, such as the *banditeras* for instance, and a few inaccuracies like the unfair stroke at the bull who is represented as pierced in the forehead, which is well known to be the last place to strike a blow at a bull to advantage, and is invulnerable to a sword. It is not on the forehead but behind the horns, where his blow must have been struck.—*There* it would kill instantly.

As it may be interesting to your readers, as well as inspire confidence in the narrative to read a sketch on this subject, drawn up by one of ourselves, I subjoin a few recollections of what I have seen at *Buenos Ayres*, not many years since.

These sports are not now tolerated in any of the South American republics, and their exhibitions was rare, even at the period to which I shall allude. I believe they have also gone into disuse in Spain itself. But at the proclamation of peace between the *Brazilian empire* under the reign of *Don Pedro* and the *Argentine republic* in 1829, amidst the excitement of that period licence was obtained by the people of *Buenos Ayres*, to celebrate the event by a bull fight outside the city, where an enclosure in the approved mode was prepared by digging a ditch a foot wide, in which posts were inserted about 7 feet high, leaning outwards, to which strips of 2 inch plank about 3 inches broad, at perhaps 18 inches apart were fastened as every thing else is done in that country, with strips of hides, where nails or spikes would be employed here. These rails answer a double purpose, serving at the same time to secure the posts to their place, and to afford a species of ladder for the escape of the Toreadors or bull fighters when pressed too closely. The enclosure or circus forms thus an inverted cone in appearance. From the tops of these posts, the seats and boxes constructed for the spectators continue back 30 or 40 feet, rising to the extreme edge of the amphitheatre, some 25 feet, forming in this mode sufficient accommodations for 15,000 or 20,000 spectators. The arena itself is generally from 160 to 175 feet diameter. Its centre is made sufficiently hard and smooth for this particular sport.—Two *reals*, our 25 ct. piece is the charge for a seat, and the seats are usually filled to their utmost capacity, such is the passion of the Spaniards and their deseendants, for this their characteristic national amusement. The whole circle of boxes, and seats are protected from the rays of the sun by appropriate awnings.

The bull being now introduced to the audience through a small door on one side of the circle, raises his head and snuffs the air to ascertain into what new world he has been, as it were by magic, introduced for the first time, scrutinizing the spectators around. Suddenly his eye catches the *picador*, mounted on horse, who has stationed himself within 15 feet of his antagonist. He dashes at him with the speed of lightning, apparently determined to catch the horse on his horns. Notwithstanding the well known skill, and self-possession of the *picador* or pikeman, *Antonio Perez* in this case, such is the vigor and rapidity of the onset, that every one trembles a moment for his safety. With a slight, and at the same time graceful motion of his *picana*, or pike of some fifteen long, and a spike at the end, which gave it something the appearance of a boatman's setting pole, he presses the barbed end against the upper edge of the neck before the withers of the animal, for the purpose of giving a slight deviation in the forward course of the bull, applying at the same instant, spurs to his horse, who springs perhaps ten feet ahead, by which the bull misses the horse three feet or more. Those who know any thing of the habits of this animal will understand all this, in the fact that a bull when he directs his attack at any object, never alters his course, but closes his eyes and drives forward to his purpose, as directly as a bullet from the rifle. When the force of the rush was thus spent, the bull stopped, looking back to see how his adversary had escaped, and evidently enraged in finding his calculations of course and distance had been foiled. The next object that presented itself to his view was the *Toreador*, of which there are four to relieve each other, if necessary, as it sometimes is. This is a man on foot dressed in small clothes or breeches, buttoned below the knees, flesh colored silk stockings, pink slippers, wearing short blue jacket, and fancy colored cap, with a piece three quarters of a yard square of scarlet cloth in his hand, the far corner on the upper side attached to a cane, and the corner opposite held up by his left hand to the edge also of the cane holding it thus immediately in his front. When the bull is within some twenty feet of him, the animal makes his plunge. The *toreador* maintains his position without moving a limb until his opponent is within four feet of him, when he steps nimbly aside without moving the flag or scarlet cloth, which receives and of course yields to the plunge. As soon as the bull passes the object and finds he has missed his antagonist, he turns

around and discovers himself faced by another *toreador*. His purpose and execution take place in the same instant. He rushes to the onset, as though he would sweep his new opponent before him without the possibility of escape. The *toreador* eludes the blow as before, and as the bull passes he plants a *banderilla* in his back or side. This is a piece of wood about 30 inches long, two transverse pieces of 18 inches in length crossing each other at right angles to which are attached fireworks, so constructed as to ignite when the barb enters the flesh of the brute, and going off in quick succession, with reports louder than those of a musket. Between agony and affright the animal is soon rendered frantic. A second and a third *banderilla* were speedily fastened downwards into his back, and by this time, there was no escape for some of the *toreadores* from the fury of the bull, but by leaping the barricades. After the *picador* had sustained four distinct attacks from the animal, in which he acquitted himself with great address and coolness, his hat was called for by the audience, and filled with money, as a substantial token of applause.

"*Llamar el matador*." "Call in the bull slayer," was now the cry of the vast assemblage.—The *matador* promptly made his appearance being a man of middle stature, stoutly made, and in a dress resembling in some respects that of the *toreadores*, but of richer materials. He bore the rattan and flag in his left hand, and a two-edged sword in his right. The bull made a plunge at him to toss him in the air, which he met with a slight motion to the left about two feet, and made a thrust with the sword, which entered between the shoulder blade and the ribs, and passing it down in a lateral direction between two ribs, the bull rolled at his feet dead on the instant. His cap was called for, and passed around, and he received his reward amidst the shouts and applause of the delighted multitude.

As soon as this was done, three horsemen appear with *lassos* which are fastened to the horns of the vanquished brute, and he is dragged out at a gate opposite to that by which he entered, and while the spectators await the appearance of another bull, they are afforded an interval for conversation and criticism on the various incidents of the previous scene, or to take refreshments provided in the adjacent booths.

The next bull that entered the arena was one of a different character. All his desire appeared to be for escape. He made a direct bolt across the arena in an effort to jump the gate opposite to that by which he entered. This was perhaps 6 feet high. At the first bound he lands on top of it, and after a few struggles, has succeeded in clearing it; makes a lane through the alarmed crowd, who have been just engaged in promenading or riding in carriages or on horse, outside the amphitheatre. Fortunately, no person was hurt, the bull keeping on in a straight course, his only object being escape. Four horsemen provided with *lassos* are in rapid pursuit; he is secured and brought back into the ring amid the shouts of the people. "*Matarle el covarde*," "kill the coward," and he promptly meets the fate of his predecessor.

On the entrance of the third bull, a young man appeared in the arena in citizen's dress, evidently an amateur as well as a novice at the business. He was received by the spectators with shouts of "Bravo" "*tengas corage*," "have courage"." He behaved well, receiving and evading the first onset with great address. At the second, he appeared to hesitate as though he wished to leave the ring for a *banderilla*, the public having called out to him, "*banderilla, senor, banderilla*," and as he turned for the purpose, the bull made a bolt at him, catching him between the horns under his seat, and tossed him into the air, at least eight feet high, passing along beneath him. He fell to the ground, doubled up, and striking apparently on the shoulders, while the bull had passed to the other side of the circle, the *toreadores*, ran to his assistance and promptly led him out of the arena. He reappeared in about ten minutes equipped with a flag and a *banderilla* in his hand which he succeeded in planting in the back of the bull.—This second and successful movement was received with *vivas* and shouts of "*alcanzar su sombrero*," "hand your hat," which was passed round among the spectators and promptly filled with paper money, for other nations, besides the United States, have that species of currency, and the Argentine republic among the rest, although it seems to be an universal impression here, that the currency of all South America is gold and silver only.

In the course of a few days, which were devoted to this festival. I saw twenty-one bulls thus brought into that amphitheatre, of which number one only absolutely refused to fight. The combat with each usually lasted about fifteen to twenty minutes. The spectacle commences directly after dinner and lasts until evening, so as to embrace the cooler part of the day.

T.

Theological Debate.

One of those public debates which gather immense crowds wherever held, commenced in this city on Monday evening last, the 24th inst., at the *Second Advent Tabernacle* or *Millerite* Church, as it is popularly called. The debatants were Rev. N. L. Rice, of the Central Presbyterian and E. M. Pingree of the Universalist Church, and the proposition in debate, "Do the scriptures teach the ultimate holiness

and salvation of all men," which Mr. Pingree affiims and Mr. Rice denies.

The Tabernacle is 80 feet square, and although, from its sides being but nine or ten feet high, seems an awkward building, has proved admirably adapted to public speaking. It is at one extremity of the city, and more than a mile from the centre of Cincinnati business, but such was the excitement of the subject, and the reputation of the disputants, that by 7½ o'clock, the period of opening the discussion, the vast space was completely filled, numbers who had not seats, standing during the whole debate. And after the doors and windows had been blocked up with listeners, the roof was mounted and occupied by great numbers, to the danger, as I judge of the roof, which was not built of course with reference to this use of it. Profound order and decorum governed the debate which lasted nearly three hours. Judge Coffin, Wm. Green, and Henry Starr, Esqrs., are the moderators. The debatants treated each other with great courtesy, and the discussion itself, it is almost needless to add, was conducted with marked ability. It is expected to last during the evenings of eight days, and will no doubt, maintain to the last the interest it has already inspired.

The Egeria.

Years ago, and before the Cincinnati artists had built up a name for this city in the world of art, the favorite hope and purpose of some of our citizens was an *Academy of Fine Arts* here. Every new triumph of our young artists, gives fresh vigor to that hope and purpose, and I cannot doubt that our city, after sending her sons to the banks of the Arno and the Tiber, to study those beautiful visions of fancy, which have been embodied into form by a Praxiteles, a Lysippus, a Phidias, a Michael Angelo, and scores of names which will endure as long as the world lasts, and after furnishing New Orleans, Boston, New York and Philadelphia with artists in portrait and landscape painting of merit sufficient to supercede their own, will in less than ten years erect a temple of the Arts in which shall be enshrined from time to time, the various *chef d'oeuvres*, which our sons shall execute.

We have two busts from the classic chisel of Powers already in our city. One of Judge Burnet, the other a fancy piece belonging to Mr. N. Longworth. These would make an admirable commencement. Last Saturday, the *Egeria*, by Nathan F. Baker reached our city from Rome, a tribute of acknowledgement to Professor O. M. Mitchell for past kindness. This is a bust of the nymph, who was the presiding genius of the fountains and grottos in the vale of Italy, which bears her nature. Egeria, was the tutelary goddess or nymph, to Numa the Roman legislator, and such was her reputation for wisdom, that he consulted her on all occasions before he framed and published those institutions which he confered on the Romans. The statue in a recumbent posture at the fountain of Egeria, is a headless trunk. Whether it was designed to represent a male or female figure is matter of doubt, and I believe Mr. Baker to be the first artist who has embodied classic mythology in this case, and from the creation of his own fine fancy, given us in this western world, a specimen of the nymphs of antiquity. His full length statue, of this same subject, is in his studio at Rome nearly finished, and represents Egeria as a water nymph with the urn or pitcher of antiquity at her side. The Egeria, which has reached Cincinnati, as already stated, is a *bust* merely, and is designed and well calculated to give some idea of the statue itself. I am no artist, and cannot speak of this charming specimen of art by rules, but it pleases me greatly, and I believe it will gratify all who have taste for beauty, in any of its varied forms.

The Egeria, is at the dwelling house of Mr. J. Baker, at the corner of Walnut and Fourth sts. where it will remain a few days, for the inspection of the public. It will, I am persuaded, fulfil all the expectations raised by the sculptor's earlier performances, before he left home. I understand from Mr. Baker, that he will be happy to afford his fellow citizens, the opportunity of calling at his dwelling to see this bust.

Heroes of Tippecanoe.

After the battle of Tippecanoe, and in the anticipation of the war with Great Britain, impending at the time, the 4th Reg't. U. S. troops marched from Vincennes Ind., via: Louisville, and Frankfort to Newport, Kentucky, where they arrived on the 1st day of June, 1812. The remnant of that corps adjudged fit for service in the Northern Campaign, amounting to above 300 men, crossed the Ohio for the frontiers, and on their arrival at Cincinnati, the commanding officer, Lt. Col. Miller received the following address. While crossing, they were saluted with discharges from an artillery company stationed on the river bank, which were acknowledged by the music of the regiment, and when they ascended the bank, a general shout and three cheers expressed the sense entertained by our citizens of their soldierly behavior in that battle, when their cool collected conduct, saved the body of the American troops, by giving them time to form in efficient order for defence, against the tremendous onset of their savage assailants. On Main street near 5th; a triumphal arch had been erected, decorated with floral or-

naments, and enscribed, "To the heroes of Tippecanoe." Here they were again saluted by artillery; and having marched about five miles out to encamp, they were there supplied with bread, beef and whiskey; as a contribution from the citizens, and the next morning proceeded on their march to the lines.

To Lieut. Col. Miller:
Commanding the Fourth Regiment of the U. S. Army.

Sir:

The citizens of Cincinnati, impressed with a sense of the important service performed by the brave regiment (under the command of Col. Boyd at the battle of Tippecanoe) since their departure from us the last summer; sensible too of the great fatigues and privations which must have been experienced, most cordially salute you and each of the officers and soldiers under your command, on your return with your regiment, covered with glory. We cannot suffer you to pass us without presenting this tribute of our respect to the BRAVE. Your memories will live so long as we live, and will never be effaced from the annals of the western world.

As you pass to the northward at the call of your country, we are confident it will be but to gather fresh laurels. Our sons! will be by your side, composing the Militia of this State, destined on that service, and now encamped at the general rendezvous. Teach them the art to *conquer*—we will vouch for their *spirit*. On your tried and brave troops, much reliance is placed, and we confidently expect to hear a good account of the expedition.

Accept for yourself, and for the officers and soldiers under your command, this small tribute of respect, from the inhabitants of Cincinnati, and their warmest wishes for your personal welfare, as well as for that of every individual, of the heroes whom you lead.

Cincinnati, June 3, 1812.

A Lady's Age.

One of these *hidden mysteries* of nature which baffle human calculations and scrutiny, is that intangible, unascertainable fact, *a lady's age*.—When a lady gets beyond twenty-five, she becomes what the French call of "a certain age," which I would correct by the phrase "an *uncertain* age, for I defy a census taker, or even a chancery examination, which is said to be the most searching process in nature to ascertain the exact number of years in the case.

Take the following example:

"In the course of the memorable trial of Lord Baltimore, at Kingston, in March, 1768, his lordship cross-examined the prosecutrix, Sarah Woodcock, when the following questions and answers occurred:

Lord Baltimore.—How old are you?

Sarah Woodcock.—I am twenty-seven.

Baltimore.—Will you swear you are no older?

Sarah.—I will swear that I am twenty-eight.

Baltimore.—Will you swear that you are no older?

Sarah.—I will swear that I am that.

Baltimore.—Will you swear that you are no older.

Sarah.—I do not know that I need to tell. I am twenty-nine, and that is my age: I cannot exactly tell.

Baltimore.—To the best of your belief, how old are you?

Sarah.—I believe I am thirty next July; I cannot be sure of that, whether I am or not."

I will add my own experience in the discharge of my duties as Census taker in 1840.

In the prosecution of my employment I called on a lady in the higher walks of society, considerably beyond the meridian of life, and made the usual enquiries. 'How old is Mr. D——,' the husband. 'Sixty-one.' 'And your oldest son.' 'Twenty-seven.' 'And the next.' 'Twenty one.' 'And what shall I put you down?' 'I do not know my age exactly, but it is about thirty.' 'Did I understand you, madam, to say that your eldest son was twenty-seven?' 'Yes.' 'You must surely then be more than thirty.' She saw the *fix*.' 'Well sir,' replied she quite pettishly, 'I told you I did not know exactly, it may be thirty-one or thirty-two; I am positive it is no more.' It was obviously useless to press the subject any longer.

How extensively this feeling operated may be judged by my returns of the Fifth Ward, to which I refer as a sample. Under fourteen years of age, and over twenty-five, forming two classes, there were two hundred and seventy-six males more than females, although in the intermediate class from fourteen to twenty-five, there was an excess of one hundred and seven females over the number of males.

At one house where I called, and was acquainted, I found the entire family, the parents excepted, in the parlor. Before I had time to announce my business, the oldest daughter exclaimed, "I know what you have come for, but you shant get a word out of me about *my* age, I am determined." "Well, says I, I'll bet you a big apple on that." "Done," said she. taking her seat very triumphantly. Instead of asking her the question she expected, I asked and put down in the proper column the age of the parents, and then inquired, how many boys are there under five? between five and ten? and then—girls between five and ten? between ten and fifteen? After recording the ages as given me thus far in the proper columns—and now, said I, Jane

and Eliza I suppose, are between fifteen and twenty? Yes, said she, drawing a long breath. And you I suppose are 20? Yes. Another long breath. Very well, I observed, you are not thirty I know, and I have now got all I want out of you. I guessed when I began you would not find the operation as severe as pulling teeth, which you thought it next thing to! A charming smile paid me for my politeness, and we parted the best of friends.

Grindstone Sales.

I copy the following from the Boston Times.

"There is a certain merchant in one of our neighboring towns, a hardware dealer, who is a very shrewd and thrifty trader. Not long ago he had occasion to take into his employ a new clerk. The young man having been with him but about a week, was not thoroughly versed in his duty, when one day a person called for an article which the merchant did not happen to have in his store. The boy knew this, and therefore when the question was asked, have you got so and so, he replied in the negative, and the customer passed out. Whereupon the merchant took his assistant "to do," in the following words:

"Henry, never tell a person you have not got what they call for, but bring them, if you have not got the article they require, the next nearest thing to it that you have got. Ten to one they will take it."

Henry was a good boy, and always did as his employer instructed him. The next day a person, a stranger in the town, called in and asked if they had any cheese for sale. Now the boy could not say no; that was contrary to his directions. After scratching his head for a moment, a thought struck him, and proceeding to the back part of the store, he rolled out a moderate sized *grindstone*, as the thing *next nearest* to a cheese! Now, singular enough, though the man had called for a cheese, he was in want also of a grindstone, and this one suiting his fancy, he took it! Nothing was said by the employer until the customer had got the stone in his cart and driven off. Then stepping up to Henry, he said, you may see my boy how well the principle works! You have done well, and I will present you with a new suit of clothes as an encouragement for your promptness."

Henry sported a new "fit" the next Sunday."

This reminds me of a story, I have heard told of Michael Gundacker, who figured in Lancaster as a storekeeper, some forty or fifty years since. He was a very illiterate man, having sprung from very obscure beginnings, and as he could hardly write, and employed no clerk until late in life, was accustomed to make his charges in various hieroglyphics, intelligible to no one but himself. One day in settling with a customer, who had a running account, and reading off the items, he called out, "a cheese 13 shillings—2,40 cts.—I never bought a cheese in my life, said the other. By sure you dit. The customer again denied it flatly, and a quarrel might have ensued, had not Gundacker suggested "may pe it wash a grindstone." By George! said the customer, I recollect I had a grindstone of you about that time. Dat ish it, grunted Mike, unt I forgot to put a hole in de mittle."

Ship Building at Marietta.

The frequent inquiries that have recently been made as to the number and tonnage of vessels built at this place in olden time, have induced us to copy the following memorandum, which we prepared and published four years ago.

1800.	Names.	Ton.	Builder	Owner.
Brig	ST. CLAIR	110	S. Devol.	C.Green & Co.
1801.				[& Co.
Ship	MUSKINGUM	220	J. Devol.	B. I. Gilman
Brig	ELIZA GREEN	126	J. Devol.	C. Green.
1802.				
Brig	DOMINIC	100	S. Crispen.	D. Woodridge.
Schr.	INDIANA	75	G. Shreve.	E. W. Tupper.
Brig	MARIETTA	150	J. Whitney.	Abner Lord.
Brig	MARY AVERY	150	D. Schalinger	Gunn & Avery.
1803.				
Schr.	WHITNEY	75	J. Whitney.	Abner Lord.
Schr.	McGRATH	75	J. Whitney.	Abner Lord.
Brig	ORLANDO	150	J. Baker.	E. W. Tupper.
1804.				
Ship	TEMPERANCE	230	J. Whitney.	Abner Lord.
Brig	OHIO	150	Devol & Mc Farland.	Mills & Frazer.
1805.				
Brig	PERSEVERANCE	160	J. Whitney.	B. I. GILMAN.
1806.				[& Co.
Ship	RUFUS KING	300	J. Whitney.	B. I. Gilman
Ship	J. ATKINSON	320	W. McGrath.	A. Lord.
Ship	TUSCORORA	320	W. McGrath.	M. Jones.
Brig	SOPH. GREEN	100	A. Miller.	C. Green.
Two	Gun Boats	75	J. Barker.	E. W. Tupper.
1807.				
Ship	FRANCIS	350	J. Whitney.	B. I. Gilman.
Snip	ROB'T. HALL	300	J. Whitney.	B. I. Gilman.
Brig	RUF. PUTNAM	300	W. McGrath.	A. Lord.
Brig	COLLATTA	140	W. McGrath.	A. Lord.
1808.				
Schr.	BELL	100	J. Whitney.	D. Woodbridge. B. I. Gilman &
1809.				
Schr.	ADVENTURER	60	J. Whitney.	J. Whitney.
1812.				
Sch.	MARIA	75	J. Whitney.	B. I. Gilman.

7 Ships; 11 Brigs; 6 Schooners; 2 Gun Boats.

There were then no facilities for towing vessels to the ocean, and no canal to enable them to pass the falls. Two of the ships built in 1806 were injured in passing the falls, and at about the same time one had to lay by several months before she could pass them, on account of low water. These facts very much disheartened those engaged in the enterprise, and finally the embargo preceeding the war put an end to it.—The barque MUSKINGUM—250 tons burden—is the first fruit of the resumed enterprise,—which we trust may be prosecuted with success.

STEAMBOATS have been built here and in Harmar, every year since 1821. The total number built since that time is thirty-eight. Their aggregate burden is 6285 tons.—*Mar. Intel.*

Our Municipal Elections.

There will be ample room for choice, doubtless, for the citizens of Cincinnati, in selecting candidates to fill the various local offices at the Spring elections. Four regularly nominated sets of tickets will be offered by as many parties. The whigs, democrats, native Americans, and liberty parties, besides volunteers who will nominate themselves beyond all doubt. If my voice could be heard in the din of the approaching battle, I should plead for my *ism* which is Anti-hucksterism. Let no man receive a vote

for councilman who is friendly to the licensing hucksters to sell butter, eggs or poultry.

Many people appear puzzled as to the propriety of giving or withholding these licences. A few remarks will, I think, set these doubts at rest.

The articles to which I have referred, injure in flavor, if not in soundness, by keeping. If then, a class of people be permitted to exist, who can offer the same article for a week or more for sale, under circumstances which render them independent of their customers, the equality of dealing, which has existed heretofore between the country producer and the city consumer is destroyed. While the farmer was compelled, as it were, to sell what the purchaser was compelled to buy during the day in which the article was brought into market, a proper state of things existed. But if the huckster anticipates the purchaser, and compels him to buy of him at second hand, stale or spoiled, or re-manufactured provisions, all the ends of a public market are defeated, the more so, because, we cannot even go to grocery stores to buy of responsible men, those articles which are now monopolised by the hucksters.

Another simple principle on this subject, will commend itself to the judgment of all. If we must buy of hucksters what we formerly bought direct from persons attending market, are we not compelled to supply the means of living to a useless class, the expenses of maintaining whose families are clearly and distinctly paid out of our pockets, besides large sums on the score of profits.

There are some hundred and fifty hucksters and the expense of supporting these with their families, will average to men of small property, a sum equal to their county taxes. What must it be accordingly, to renters?

I hope these fellows will be swept from our markets, and their apologists and patrons from the Council board.

The Wise Men of the East.

Innumerable are the stories "going the grand rounds" of the American press, in which the ignorance of the West is set forth in bold relief. I am aware that the sun rises in the east metaphorically as well as literally, and we must expect most light where it first appears. But there are dark spots *east* as well as *west*, of which the following are instances. There is this difference however in the cases. What is said of the west is usually given without specifications of individuals referred to, or the testimony on which it rests, while here we have the names of persons, and the authority which states the facts.

"The reporter of the *Boston Courier* says, that Dr. GARDNER, Chairman of the Committee on Education, in the Senate, informed that body that LOUIS PHILLIPPE, was the son of Napoleon. At another time, while debating certain resolutions on Agriculture, which he had introduced, he asserted that the duty on *soft soap* was fifty cents a pound. Several gentlemen corrected him, saying it was fifty cents a barrel. Dr. Gardner would not stay corrected, but read from the tariff the provision, fifty cts. per bbl. "Now," said the Doctor, "if *bbl.* does not mean *pound*, I will thank some gentleman to tell me what it does mean!"

☞ A correspondent of the Boston Atlas says that Manly B. Townsend, formerly Senator in Maine, was so much of an ass that upon his reaching the Capitol, he could not distinguish between the State House and the United States Arsenal, but actually went into the latter building and claimed his seat, and upon signing the papers presented to him by the commander, found himself regularly enlisted for seven years in the United States Army!

Building in Cincinnati.

Statistics are like other things which go the rounds, accumulating like a rolling ball of snow in their progress.

Not long since, I obtained at our brickyards the amount of bricks manufactured in 1844 for the consumption of Cincinnati. It was given me carefully, and I believe accurately, amounting to 80,000,000. As I had been accused,—anonymously however—of overrating the number of buildings put up annually here, I was not only careful to ascertain as correctly as possible the quantity of brick made here, but hesitated to publish the result, so largely exceeding the product of former years. On deducting however, what was judged to be the consumption of brick for paving side walks, building foundations, cisterns &c, and dividing the surplus by the number of buildings erected, it appeared to me to be about reasonable, and I published it accordingly.

I have since seen 225,000,000 bricks given in one, and 350,000,000 in another of our city papers as the manufacture and consumption of 1844. The most amusing feature in these statements being, that this last was made in the same print which gave currency to the charge against me of exaggeration in the number of the houses built in Cincinnati during the same period.—Making due deductions for other purposes of ten per cent., the quantity last alluded to, would suffice for 4500 buildings estimating each to require on an average seventy thousand bricks—a high average—or 5250, if we allow sixty thousand bricks to a house, which I deem a fair average. Many of our erections being houses of moderate size, requiring not more than from thirty to fifty thousand bricks to a building.

Military Order.

During the troubles which grew out of the conflicting claims of Connecticut and Pennsylvania to land title as well as sovereignty to that part of Pennsylvania, lying between the 41st and 42nd degree north latitude, a state of lawless violence existed, of which the following document illustrates a slight portion merely.

The order is endorsed, "these people disarmed, and their arms depositedin the State Magazine." Such documents as these are valuable, as materials to form what does not yet exist, a full and accurate history of the State of Pennsylvania.

SIR:

In consequence of reports, that a number of the Connecticut claimants at Abram's Plains appeared under arms, and ordered a number of the good and peaceable citizens of this State, from their settlements, and are preventing others from settling on their lands, to the great terror of these persons.

You will therefore proceed with fifteen men to Abram's Plains, and disarm all the Connecticut settlers in that neighborhood until further inquiry can be made into their conduct.

Should they behave peaceably, and discover a good disposition to the interests of this State, and its citizens, every security is to be given to their persons and prosperity. But in case of opposition, your own prudence must direct your measures, avoiding if possible the effusion of blood.

I am your ob't. serv't.,

J. MOORE.

CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG.

Fort Dickinson, May 11, 1784.

Relics of the Past.

Lieutenant Jno. Armstrong to Col. J. Harmar.

FORT PITT, March 12, 1784.

SIR:

A Mr. Leith, a man in David Duncan's employ, arrived at this place on the 6th June, from an Indian town on the Muskingum, twenty miles above the Tuscaraway, one hundred and forty from the mouth of the river. The accounts brought by him were as follows. The Delawares came to his camp, observed that several parties were gone to war—that he belonged to that family, and that if he would come and live with them he & his property should be safe. That a party consisting of 100 warriors who had marched against the settlement of Kentucky—had brought off several scalps. with the loss of a principal Chief, called the Black Wolf, and five of his party, who were killed by a party of whites, who pursued them. That a large party were then preparing to revenge the loss of their brethren. Mr. Leith and Mr. Robbins, a partner of D. Duncan's, on consultation, thought best to consult Duncan respecting the removal of their property, which was by the latter directed to be brought to this place. Mr. Leith set out immediately for his camp; when he arrived there the friendly Indians were much alarmed for the safety of Leith and Robbins. As a Mr. Dawson and McClane who had, during the late war, lived and traded among the Indians under British protection, had been plundered of a cargo of goods which they took from Wheeling on this river some time since, and had arrived atY oung Woman's Creek, four of the men in their employ were killed. The Delawares and Wyandots took charge of Mr. Duncan's property, and directed Lieth and Robbins to proceed to the commanding officers, and give the necessary information. They arrived at McIntosh some time yesterday, and this day Mr. Leith arrived at this place; the former, it is said, proceeds to the Salt Licks on Beaver, in order to bring off some traders that are at that place.

Inclosed you have a letter from Capt. Hart to Major Wyllys, which in his absence, I was directed to open. It is now reduced to a certainty that an Indian war is inevitable.

I would wish to observe, that some of the inhabitants of this State have contracted with some persons at Detroit to furnish large supplies of bacon and flour; and that in a few days, [not less than seventeen thousand weight will be transported for that place, as much of it is already purchased and packed. In the present situation of affairs the suffering provision to go to that country, appears impolitic, but neither the civil or military are authorized to prevent a traffic of this kind.

Your ob't servant,

JNO. ARMSTRONG.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16th, 1786.

SIR:

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your several letters. Mr. Nicholson's intelligence I observe bodes no good, and we may expect some disturbance with the Indians unless the commissioners at the Miami exert their persuasive talents to prevent it. I am very anxious to hear the result of that treaty.—As to the circumstance of citizens and soldiers intermixing in the garrison, it is in my opinion unmilitary, nevertheless I would have you not to proceed so hastily in removing them. The good will of the inhabitants is an object worthy your attention to gain. Many abuses I make no doubt, have been committed respecting the public property, previous to the corps taking charge of them, but must observe that, report should be made to Major Wyllys, the senior officer, who will certainly pay attention thereto. We are now recruiting, and I expect to leave this city about the middle of next month for

the westward. I shall again proceed to New York in the course of a few days, and hope to be able to bring along with me what I am sure must be very acceptable to both officers and men, viz: a little *ready money*. The hooks and lines I shall purchase and bring with me. I thank you for the different intelligences you have transmitted me respecting the Indians. I wish you to have my bedding aired as I am fearful many articles will spoil, being so long from the sun. Be pleased to present my compliments to all acquaintance.

I am sir, with esteem,
your very humble servant.
JOS. HARMAR.

Lt. Jno. Armstrong.

Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

We are indebted to a friend for a duodecimo volume of 112 pages containing a "brief account of the society of the Friendly sons of St. Patrick, with biographical notices of some of the members and extracts from the minutes." Prepared and published by order of the Hibernian Society.

This is one of those volumes that occasionally spring up in our way, to shew how much, *patriotism and public good owe to social intercourse.*— The Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, was organized in the city of Philadelphia, in the year 1771, for social and convivial objects, of natives, or descendants of natives of Ireland.— The liberty of electing 10 honorary members, without the qualification of Irish descent, was reserved. In the list of members are found the names of many distinguished men of that period. The author of the volume gives a brief biographical sketch of the members ordinary, and it would seem that nearly every one was subsequently found playing an important part in the revolutionary war, which commenced a few years after the organization of the society. In the course of the revolutionary war, many distinguished officers were admitted to membership on the ground of the Irish blood in their veins. Gen. Washington was proposed, but when they would have selected him, it was found that he was not of Irish descent, by either father or mother. Here was a dilemma, which it took an Irishman to escape from. Instead of hunting up distant possibilities of relationship, a member proposed, and it was unanimously agreed to *adopt* Gen. Washington as a son of St. Patrick. Paternity was never more honored or enviable.

General Washington replied to the letter of the President; George Campbell, Esq., father of our esteemed townsman of that name; that he accepted with singular pleasure the ensign of so worthy a fraternity as that of the sons of St. Patrick in this city—a society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked. And the *country's father accepted of a splendid dinner on the occasion, and gave a dinner in return* at the city tavern.

Very many of the society were officers and members of the first Troop, at its formation, and there seems to be a hint, that that "ancient and honorable corps" owes its existence to the sons of St. Patrick; or at least, that the credit of its origin is to be divided between that society and the fine old "Hunting Club."

We cannot forbear to notice one anecdote set forth. In 1780. General Washington was compelled to appeal to individuals for aid in order to avoid the establishment of a bank, for the supply of the army with provisions. ☞ *The sum of £300,000 was needed, and of this the members of the society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick* subscribed as follows:

Robert Morris, £10,000; Blair McClenachan, £10,000; Wm. Bingham, £2,000; J. M. Nesbit & Co., £5,000; Richard Peters, £5,000; Samuel Meredith, £5,000; James Mease, £5,000; Thos. Barclay, £5,000; Hugh Shell, £5,000; John Dunlap, £5,000; John Nixon, £5,000; Geo. Campbell, £2,000; John Mease, £4,000; Bunner, Murray, & Co, £6,000; John Patton £2,000; Benj. Fuller, £2,000; George Meade & Co, £2,000; Jno. Donaldson, £2,000; Henry Hill. 5,000; Kean & Nichols. £4,000; James Caldwell, £2,000; Samuel Caldwell, £1,000; John Shee, £1,000; Sharp Delany. £1,000; Tench Francis, £5,000.

Old Times.

At a late Temperance Celebration in Boston, the Rev, Mr. Skinner gave the following statement of the cost of an ordination in Woburn, Mass. We remember some of these festivities, when a meeting house was raised to the top of the flute, violin, and instruments of many strings, and occasionally a sackbut:

"To Mr. Jonathan Poole, Esq., for subsisting the Ministers, messengers and gentlemen, at the time of Mr. Jackson's ordination over the Congregational Church, 1729:

	£.	s.	d.
To 433 dinners, at 2s. 6d a dinner,	54	2	6
To suppers and breakfasts, 179,	8	18	0
To keeping 32 horses 4 days,	3	0	0
To 6½ barrels cider,	4	11	0
To 2 gallons of brandy and 2 gallons of rum,	1	16	0
To 25 gallons of wine,	9	10	0
To loaf sugar, lime juice and pipes,	1	15	0
	£83	12	6

MARRIAGES.

ON Monday 17th inst., by Elder James Challen, Mr. William Hudson to Miss Margaret A. Harton.

18th, by Rev. Dr. Brooke, Dr. J. F. White to Miss Harriet Wade.

Same date, by Rev. J. H. Perkins, Mr. P. Andrew to Miss M. E. Oberdorf.

20th, by Rev. G. W. Maley. Mr. Jacob S. Fountain to Miss Ethelinda B. Cook, all of this City.

DEATHS.

Tuesday 18th, Caroline Walker, daughter of Wright jr., and Matilda W. Smith, in the fifth year of her age.

Same date, Alice E., daughter of James and M. L. Hall, in the fifth year of her age.

20th, Wm. Baxter, aged 67, of Consumption.

21st, Miss Mary A. Corry, eldest daughter of Mrs. Elanor Corry.

22nd, N. L. Cole, umbrella dealer.

Same day, Z. Thayer, tobacconist.

23rd, Albert Hopper, one of our oldest settlers

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY.

CINCINNATI, APRIL, 1845.

Our Early Settlers.

How would it impress the stranger, who without any distinct knowledge of its early history, beholds Cincinnati, a flourishing city of eleven thousand buildings, and seventy-five thousand inhabitants, to learn that all this is the creation of little more than half a century. and how would that impression be rendered more vivid, if he were told as he might be with truth, that the individuals are still living in the neighborhood, who killed Buffalo and Bear for the supply of the first body of settlers who landed here and who ranged and hunted through Cincinnati when there was not even a cow path in the forest. Still more that persons are living, engaged in chopping wood and tilling the soil who did these things, and one of them Major Fowler of whom I have spoken heretofore, is as able to pick a squirrel off a tree at a hundred yards now as he did when the whole country north of the Ohio was an unbroken forest.

Among the individuals. that I am raking up from the dead, as it were, I have just made the acquaintance of Mr. E. E. Williams, the particulars of whose long and eventful life I shall compile from his own lips for the Advertiser. Mr. W. is 75 years of age, and as is the case also with Major Fowler who is 81, can even yet walk some of our city dandies to death. His mind is equally vigorous with his body. Mr. W. is one of three, if not more, still living, who participated with Daniel Boone, Kenton and others in the border warfare which Kentucky waged with the relentless savage. Of course, he was comparatively a boy at the time, but in those days as soon as a youth could steady a rifle to his shoulder, he was expected to perform a man's duty.

Mr. Williams was originally the owner of all that valuable property at the corner of Main and Front streets, facing 100 feet on front and 200 on Main street, extending from Worthington Shillito & Co's. grocery store south to Front, and thence Place Traber & Co's. store, west to Main street, and became so under these circumstances. The lot in question was taken up by *Henry Lindsey*, who after holding it a year or more. disposed of it to a young man for a job of work, whose name Mr. Williams has forgot.—The second owner, having a desire to revisit his former home in New Jersey, and being unwilling to trust himself through the wilderness without a horse, begged Mr. Williams with whom he was acquainted, the latter then residing at the point of the junction of the Licking and the Ohio, to take his lot in payment for a horse, saddle and bridle of his, valued at sixty-five dollars. After much importunity and principally with the view of accommodating a neighbor, Mr. Williams consented, and after holding the property a few days disposed of it again for another horse and equipments, by which he supposed he made ten dollars, perhaps. This lot not long afterwards fell into the hands of Col. Gibson, who offered it for one hundred dollars to Major Bush of Boone county in 1793. So slight was the advance for years to property in Cincinnati. This lot, probably at this time the most valuable in the city, estimating the rent at 6 per cent. of its value, is now worth 337,400 dollars. Where else in the world is the property which in 54 years has risen from four dollars to such a value?

Building in Cincinnati for 1845.

Notwithstanding an erection of 1228 buildings, principally dwelling houses for the past year, the wants of our enlarging population are such that there is just as much difficulty as ever to procure dwelling places for incomers. Not merely are houses taken as fast as they are built, but many are actually engaged for rent, as soon as the digging of a cellar affords evidence that a new dwelling is about to be built. By present indications, I should judge the number of buildings to be put up in 1845 in Cincinnati and its northern suburb, will not fall short of 1500.

One of the most striking features of city improvement, is the uncommon number of public buildings, contemplated or contracted for, and to be put up during this year, some of which have been already commenced, and a few finished or nearly so.

I will begin with edifices for religious perposes. A Roman Catholic chapel has been put up on Vine, immediately north of Liberty street, and another will be commenced in the neighborhood of Pace's saw mill, in the Third ward, as soon as the precise location can be determined on. Four Presbyterian houses of worship are contracted for, as follows: one on the scite of the present Tabernacle, on Betts street; one for Dr. Beecher's congregation on Seventh, east of John street; one for the Central Presbyterian Church, on Fifth between Plum and Western Row. and one for the Third Presbyterian Church, at the corner of John and Fourth streets.

The *Anti-Slavery Baptists*, under the care of Dr. Brisbane, are erecting an edifice on College street, and the *Christian Disciples* are about to do the same on Third between Elm and Race

streets. Our Methodist friends whose zeal in the cause of church extension transcends that of all other denominations, have already completed and dedicated for worship the *Maley Chapel* just outside of our corporation line, to the north-west, and are commencing two new Chapels, one on Catharine west of Fulton street, and another in the south-west region of Cincinnati.

So much for houses of worship. Of other public buildings erecting, there are the *Odd fellows and Masonic Halls*,on the opposite corner of Walnut and Third streets. The friends of Temperance are about to put up a spacious hall for their meetings, at the corner of Race and Seventh streets, and the *Cincinnati College* lately destroyed by fire will be re-built in a style worthy of its importance with as little delay as possible. It is expected to cost 35,000 dollars.—Several of these churches, and all those other buildings will form distinguished ornaments to our city. The College and some of these Halls being designed to exhibit fronts of Dayton marble.

Here are fifteen public buildings therefore in progress, to be commenced, and with the exception of the College, calculated to be finished in the current year. This is equal to the aggregate of public buildings here for 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, and 1844, to say nothing of the more substantial character, and the greater magnitude of the edifices.

While on this subject, some late changes in ownership of existing buildings may be noticed as subjects of public interest. The True Wesleyan Chapel on Ninth street has been bought by the English Lutheran congregation in charge of Rev. Mr. Reck, and the Third Presbyterian Church will soon be occupied as well as owned by a German Protestant Society.

The spacious and massy Cathedral on Plum street will be rendered fit for occupation, I understand, in the course of the present year, although some time must elapse yet before the tower will be completed so as to finish the edifice.

Relics of the Past.

Capt. Armstrong to Gen. St. Clair and Lady.

FORT HAMILTON, March 17, 1792.

DEAR GENERAL:

Col. Wilkinson left this place at 10 o'clock yesterday with about two hundred men, with the intention of establishing an intermediate post between this and Fort Jefferson now under the command of Captain Strong.—On the 15th my runners returned from the place appointed for the exchange of letters, and having waited two hours after the appointed time of meeting, returned without any information from Jefferson. As Captain Strong is a punctual officer, some accident must have happened to his express—my young men discovered fresh tracks of horses in several places on the road as many as five in a body, the enemy must therefore be watching the trace, and perhaps concerting a plan of attack on our advanced posts. A small party leave this Garrison every morning before day, and reconnoitres the neighboring woods. They have not as yet discovered any signs of Indians. This Garrison is now in a perfect state of defence, and for its greater safety, I have commenced sinking a well.

I beg leave also to observe that due attention is paid to the exercise and discipline of the men, &c.

* * * * * * *

I hope, madam, this letter, although out of the line of etiquette will not give offence.

Unacquainted with the etiquette of addressing a lady, I have hopes, the language of my profession will not be offensive to the companion of a brother officer. Be pleased therefore, madam, to accept the thanks of my family, *alias the mess*, for your polite attention in sending us garden seeds, &c., and should we be honored by a visit from the donor, the flowers shall be taught to smile at her approach, and droop as she retires. We beg you to accept in return a few venison hams, which will be delivered you by Mr. Hartshorne, they will require a little more pickle and some nitre

JNO. ARMSTRONG.

JNO. ARMSTRONG, Esq.

Capt. Com'dt. Fort Hamilton,

SIR:

The public service requires that a second flat or boat, for the transportation of horses be built with the utmost despatch at this post, to facilitate the passage of the river. You will therefore be pleased to take the necessary measures with your usual promptitude, and believe me with respect and attachment, sir,

Your most ob't. humble servant,

J. WILKINSON,

Lt. Col. Com'dt. 2d U. S. Reg't., Commanding Ft. Washington and dependencies.

FORT HAMILTON, Feb. 5th, 1792.

JNO. ARMSTRONG, Esq.

Capt. Com'dt. Fort Hamilton.

DEAR SIR:

Please forward the enclosed express, and if Mr. Elliott gives you notice, that his boats are ascending the Miami, you will detach a Sergeant and 12 men to meet them at Dunlap's station, and escort them to the post under your command. Every thing is safe here, and Charley may kiss my foot. I built upon a square of 120 feet, a foursided polygon with regular Bas-

tions—the Bastions will be completed in two hours. the work substantial and rather handsome. The area covered yesterday morning by immense oaks, poplars and beeches, is now clear for parade. Adieu.

I am your most obedient servant,

J. WILKINSON,

Lt. Col. Com'dt.

Camp, March 19th, 1792.

Poetry.

CHERISH THY FRIENDS.

BY L. J. CIST.

Oh! cherish, in thine heart of hearts,
The friends thou'st loved and tried;
Those who have stood from childhood up
Still faithful at thy side:
Thy chosen 'brothers of the soul'—
The trusted and the true;
Cherish them! if thou *many* hast—
Yet more, hast thou but *few!*

Cherish thy Friends!—Oh! never let
A light and hasty word,—
An idle jest, misunderstood.—
Some phrase, perchance *half* heard,—
Or fancied slight, offence ne'er dreamed,
Thy kindly feelings change;
And never let the evil tongued
Thy friend from thee estrange!

Ah many a careless look is made
To bear a wrong intent!
And many a thoughtless word construed
To mean what ne'er it meant!
And there are ever those, are quick
Occasion fair, to take,
By mischief bearing words, the links
Of Friendship's chain to break.

Cherish thy Friends! If e'en, perchance
By passion led astray,
Thy friend shall give thee just offence,
Still cast him not away!
Deal kindly with him!—So shall yet
His soul to thee return;
And friendship's flame rekindled, long
As with new light shall burn.

To err is but the mortal lot,
To pardon the Divine!
Can'st thou forgive not?—then is naught
Of the true God-like thine!
And *thou*—if thou art conscious, just
Offence thou'st given a friend,
Let no false pride prevent thy soul
From making just amend!

This world is but a weary world,
And friends at best but few;
But what were earth had we not *some*—
The trusted and the true!
Oh! thou who hast a friend approved,
Till life's last sands shall roll,
Grapple thou, "as with hooks of steel,"
That friend unto thy soul!

A Game of Chess with Napoleon.

* * * When I was a petty clerk at Rothschilds, the narrowness of my finances allowed me to indulge in no amusement but chess, and as a constant *habitue* of the Cafe de la Regence, I had attained a certain degree of force, that is to say, a first rate player could only give me the advantages of a couple of pieces. It is necessary I should premise all this, before I come to my encounter with the emperor. I gave, then, all my leisure time to chess; but to conceal the poverty of my appointments, maintained the most rigid secrecy at the Regence, as to who or what I was, and was universally supposed to be living on my means—a mere Paris *flaneur*. Do not lose sight of this fact. Well, I bore my condition cheerfully, practised the most rigid economy as to ways and means, and sat early and late at my desk, during business hours; *existing* on the present, *living* on the future; watching the opportunity to better my hard fate, by seizing that critical moment (should it present itself,) which they say Fortune offers once, at least, in the life of every man.

On the 5th of March, in the year 1815, we were at our posts in the evening, making up the monthly mail for Constantinople. It was late—between eight and nine o'clock. I was rocking on my hard wooden stool as usual, scribbling away for dear life, in company with some nine or ten other clerks, all of superior grade in the office, when the door flew open, and our chief, Rothschild, stood before us, with a face as pale as a pretty woman's when the doctor says her aged husband *will* recover!

Every sound was hushed, every stool ceased to rock, every pen was stopped scratching.—Something important had evidently happened—some dire event "big with the fate of Cato and of Rome." Mexico was engulfed by an earthquake, or Peru was washed to powder by a tornado. Rothschild spoke, and his voice quivered. "Gentlemen," said he, "though I opened not the black book, I could not prevent others, many hours, from unfolding its leaves. France is no longer France! The whirlwind has smitten her! The thunder cloud has burst upon our happy shores! I may be announcing to you the ruin of the house of Rothschild and Brothers!"

Ruin and Rothschild! The association of terms appeared *too* ridiculous. We thought the governor mad!

"Gentleman," resumed the mighty Israelite, "hear me out, and appreciate the magnitude of the communication. Napoleon Bonaparte has left Elba, has landed in France, the army join him, and his eagles are flying to Paris with lightning speed. I come now from the Tuileries. Louis XVIII., by the grace of God, will be off for Flanders in a few days as fast as his fat will let him. The ministers are drawing up a bombastic proclamation to issue to-morrow to the people, but I foresee their downfall is assured. The folly of the Bourbons again breaks the peace of Europe, and France is about to plunge anew into a thirty years' war!"

"Hurrah!" shouted two or three clerks, staunch Bonapartists.

"Forgive, me, my dear sir," cried one of them to Rothschild, "forgive the interuption, but this cannot touch the house. Be yourself. This alarm is surely premature.—Hurrah! the emperor must have money. He will want a loan,—

We shall have the crown jewels, worth fourteen millions of gold, in pledge; and the fat citizens of Paris, who swear by the house of Rothschild, will furnish the cash! Hurrah, then! Vive l'Empereur!—A basles Bourbons! Vive Napoleon!"

"Sir," replied Rothschild, sternly; "sir, you are a fool! and you talk like the fool you are! The emperor must have money instantly, too true! But Louis is even now packing up the crown jewels, in case he is obliged to fly to Ghent; trust the old fox for that, and all his private treasures to boot. The emperor can offer no guarantee capable of being quickly realised. He will tender me his note of hand—bah! and the Congress of Vienna still sitting! and the armies of the allies not disbanded! and the Russians in Germany, and the Cossacks of the Don in sunny Europe, like vultures, eager to whet their filthy beaks in the dearest blood of France! Sir, you talk like a child! Do you forget our cash operation of last week? Do you remember that in our vaults lie five millions of gold Napoleons! and doubtless, Talleyrand and Fouche will try to make their peace with Bonaparte, by advising that this sum should be seized as a forced loan. Five millions!"

"The allied armies will dissolve like snow beneath the sun of June!" retorted the Bonapartist clerk.

"Never!" cried D———, emphatically; "Napoleon has laid too many obligations upon Russia and Austria. They groan beneath the weight of his favors. Benefit a scoundrel, and be sure he flies at your throat when he can!"

"Yes," continued Rothschild. "five millions in gold, one hundred millions of francs! My brain reels—the house must go! Nothing but a miracle can save us. Five millions."

"But, asked the imperialist clerk, "can we not hide the gold?—can we not send it away!"

"And what can we do with it?" impetuously interrupted Rothschild. "Where can we hide it, that its place of concealment will not be known? The barriers are closed sir, and no person may leave Paris. The moment Napoleon sets foot in the Tuilleries, I shall be summoned thither, and this gold will be demanded as a loan. A loan indeed?"

"But perhaps, Lafitte———"

"Lafitte the devil, sir! To Lafitte's house I shall be politely invited to send the money.—I must give up this vast sum, or perhaps be tried by a court martial and shot for petty treason! Think you Bonaparte comes this time to play anything but the game of life and death? Do we not know the man? Remember the active part I have taken in arranging the affairs of these Bourbons, and think not my exertions in their cause can ever be overlooked, *except by themselves*. A hundred millions! Oh, brother my dear brother! of all men on earth, you alone could save me by your counsel; and I am in Paris, and you are in London!"

"The emperor cannot be here yet, why not send to your brother?" asked the imperialist.

"The barriers are, I repeat, closed and guarded by the artillery with loaded guns. I applied myself for a passport, and was refused. The gratitude of kings! I was refused this by the Bourbons, who wish naturally to delay the heavy tidings of lament for France, until their own personal safety is insured. The peasants love Napoleon, and might arrest them. A hundred millions!"

"And no one can then leave Paris? This is really so!" ejaculated the Bonapartist, beginning himself to tremble for the safety of his idol, *the house*.

"Such is literally the case. None may pass but one courier for each ambassador. The messenger of the English Embassy this moment leaves with despatches for the Court of St. James. I have spoken with him, and offered him £500 to bear a letter to my brother, and the man refuses! The post, too, is stopped, or will stop. Five millions of gold!"

"The English courier is a German named Schmidt, is he not?" queried the Bonapartist clerk, by way of saying something.

"He is, may he break his neck on the road! The moment he communicates his news in London, the British funds fall ten per cent., as they will do here to-morrow morning, and in both cities we hold consols to an immense amount. Oh, for some heaven-inspired idea to circumvent this fellow Schmidt! But I talk as a child!—my brain reels! Five millions of Napoleons in our cellars! Oh, my brother, why cannot the spirits of our father arise and stand before you to-morrow in London, ere the arrival of this courier?"

The climax had arrived. Rothschild's heart was full. He sunk into a chair, and hid his face in his hands. The deep silence of profound consternation prevailed throughout the office.

Now whatever was the feeling of my fellow clerks I cannot convey to you the slightest idea of the revolution which had sprung up in my breast during the foregoing conversation. I had not spoken, but eagerly watched and devoured every word, every look of the several speakers. I was like the Pythoness of Delphi awaiting the inspiration of her god, my 'Magnus Apollo' being my poor 1500 franc salary. Never was there a more burning genius of inspiration for an enterprising man than an income limited to 1500 francs! My frame dilated like that of Ulysses in Homer, when breathed on by the sage Minerva; or to pair my Greek with a Latin smile, I might be likened to Curtius, resolved to save Rome by leaping into the gulf; only, as an improvement upon this latter hero, I fancied I could take the plunge without breaking my neck! Any how, I jumped up, kicked my wooden stool away, and presented myself before Rothschild.

"If being in London three hours before the English courier may advantage the house, cried I, here do I undertake the task, or will forfeit life. Give me some token of credence to hand your brother, sir, gold for my expenses on the road, and trust to me?"

"What mean you? Are you mad?" said Rothschild, surprised, while my fellow-clerks began to mutter at my pretensions.

"I have my plan," returned I. "Oh, do but trust me! I am acquainted with this courier—with Schmidt. I have a hold on him—a certain hold, believe me! Though I am but the junior here, I will travel with Schmidt, ay, in his very carriage, and will win the race, though I should be guillotined afterwards for strangling him by the way! Time, flies, sir—trust me—say I may go!"

Rothschild hesitated.

"Is he trustworthy?" asked he of the head clerk, with whom I was luckily a favorite, because I was in the habit of mending his pens, and taking his seven children *bonbons* on New Year's day.

"Wolverpenden," answered the head clerk, "is as steady as time. He is prudent and clever. I would trust him with my children—and wife too!"

There was a little time for parley. Great men decide quickly. The truth was, I presented myself as a *pis aller*, a sort of forlorn hope.—Even if I went over to the enemy, nothing could be lost, matters were evidently at their worst & the critical moment all but on the wane. Mr. R, resolved to trust me. He took from his finger the carbuncle I now wear, the stone cost 50,000 francs in Levant, and placed it in my hand.

"Show this ring to my brother," said he; "he knows it well; and stay—quick—give me the ink!" Snatching up a piece of paper, our chief wrote in the Hebrew character, "Believe the bearer!" "Put that in his hands," said he, "What your plan is I know not. You have *carte blanche*. Explain all to my brother. He is the genius of the family. The fortunes of the house of Rothschild are in your keeping. Be thou, as David says, 'a dove for innocence, but a very serpent in guile. The courier starts at the stroke of ten. It wants twelve minutes."

"He goes, of course, from the house of the embassy?" asked I, clapping on my hat, snatching a cloak from the wall, and pocketing a heavy bag of gold all in a breath.

"He does—he does—away with you—away!" and Rothschild literally pushed me out at the door, amid the varied exclamations of the clerks, I took the step stair-fall at half a dozen bounds, and in half a dozen more found myself in the Place du Palais Royal.

Through life we find that to narrate important events frequently consumes more time than their realization. That it was with me at this moment, and I must hazard weakening the interest of my narrative to state here the grounds of my calculation. In almost every thing runs an under current, not seen by the world.—Schmidt and I were bound together by but a silken thread, and yet on that I reckoned. We were both frequenters of the Cafe de la Regence, and constantly in the habit of playing chess together.

Nobody but a chess player can appreciate the strong tie of brotherhood, which links its amateurs. When men spend much time together, they become accustomed to each other, like horses used to run in the same coach. For a fellow chess-player a man will do that which he would refuse his father and mother. The habit of breathing the same air and looking at the same chess-board creates a friendship to which that of Damon and Pythias was mere 'How d'ye do?' It was upon this that I reckoned. Schmidt and I had played thousands of chess-games together, and barely exchanged three words. He no more suspected me of being a banker's clerk than of being the King of the Sandwich Islands. We had mostly singled out each other as antagonists, because pretty nearly matched; and Schmidt loved me the more, as I know, because it was not every man that could play with him.

Schmidt was the slowest chess-player I have ever seen. He has been known to sit three quarters of an hour on a move, his head covered by his hands, and then to be discovered fast asleep! In every thing he was the same. Correct as the sun; but a slow sort of person, for all that. Schmidt was the kind of a man who, meeting you in a pouring rain, says, 'What a wet day is this!" A wholesale dealer in prosy truisms, and nothing brighter; and yet covered all over with a portly assumption of consequence, which famously dusted the eyes of the vulgar. I had ever been a judge of physiognomy, and knew my man. How many Schmidts there are in the world!

The English embassy at this time occupied a hotel adjoining the Cafe de la Regence; at the door of which latter temple of fame I planted myself in a careless looking attitude, with my pulse beating like a sledge hammer. The night was dark above, but bright below, shining forth in all the glory of lamp light. At the *porte cochee* of the British envoy's hotel stood a light travelling carriage. I was in the nick of time.—Schmidt was ready, enveloped in a heavy *redingote*. Five horses were being caparisoned for the journey. I went up to the carriage, and addressed my chess friend:—

"How's this, Schmidt? no chess to-night?—I've been looking for you in the Regence!"

"Chess! no indeed, I've other fish to fry.—Have you not heard the news? It's no secret. Bonaparte has landed from Elba on the coast of France. Paris will ring with tidings in an hour or two. I'm off this moment for London with despatches."

"I don't envy you the journey!" said I—"What a bore! shut up in that machine all night; not even a pretty girl to keep you company!"

"But duty, you know!" said Schmidt, with a smile.

"Duty, indeed! but perhaps, you light up, *en grand seigneur*, and read all the way? To be sure you can study our new gambit!"

"What a pity you can't go with me!" responded Schmidt, in the pride of five horses and a carriage all to himself. "What a pity you can't go with me; we'd play chess all the way!"

My heart leaped to my mouth. The trout was gorging the bait. Schmidt had drawn the marked card!

"Don't invite me twice!" said I, laughing, "for I am in a very lazy humor, and no one earthly thing to do in Paris for the next few days." This was true enough.

"Come along, my dear fellow?" replied Schmidt, "make the jest earnest. I've a famous night lamp, and am in no humor to sleep. I must drop you on the frontiers, because I dare not let the authorities of Calais or Boulogne see that I have a companion, lest I should be suspected of stock jobbing, but I'll pick you up on my return. Now are the horses ready, there?"

"Do you really mean what you say, Schmidt?"

"Indeed I do."

"Then I'll tell you what, said I, "I'm your man, and famous fun we'll have!"

I darted into the Cafe de la Regence, snatched up the first chess equipage that came to hand, and stood in a moment again by the side of my friend. The postilions were on their saddles, in we leaped, bang went the door, round went the wheels, and away bounded our light calash at the rate of ten French miles an hour!

"Ciel!" said Schmidt with a grin, "what a joke this is! We shall have something in the chess way to talk about for the next hundred and fifty years!"

"We shall indeed!" replied I. For a moment we were stopped at the barrier St. Denis, and here I became sensible of the truth of Rothschild's reasoning. The gates were closed, and a heavy force of horse and foot drawn up by the portals. My friend's passport was strictly

scanned, and we learned that no other carriage could pass that night, the order being special. I may here say, that throughout the route, thanks to the telegraph, our horses were always changed at the various posts houses with lightning speed.

"Good night, gentlemen!" cried the officer on guard, and away he went through the barriers, dashing over stone and sand, rut and road, like the chariot of Phaeton running away with its master. I looked back on Paris for the last time. "*Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnissante!*" thought I. Should I succeed, the Rothschilds will at least bury me in the Church of St. Genevive!

Now, at this point, my friends, the chess board, I consider, was in reality placed between Napoleon and myself, its type only being the chequered piece of wood on which Schmidt, poor fellow! was setting up the chess-men. By the by, it you ever play chess in a carriage, and for want of the men being pegged at their feet, you cannot make them stand, wet the board with a little *vin de Crave*, as we did, and you'll find no difficulty.

Yes, Napoleon and I were about to play a game at chess, and, although he might be said to have taken the first move, his attack was necessarily clogged by so much incumbrance, that our chances at least became equal. "To beat the emperor," thought I, "all must be risked in a rapid attack, which shall countermine his plans. The position must not be suffered to grow too intricate. My first stroke must be successful, or I may as well throw up the game at once. Nothing, however, can be done for some hours; so *voyons!* there's a Providence for the virtuous."

Imagine for yourselves the details I am compelled to omit. We played chess all night, talked, laughed, and enjoyed ourselves. We supped *en route* in the carriage; and, as my courteous antagonist was deeply engaged in discussing the relative merits of a *Perigord pate* and a bottle of old Markbrunner, I could but sigh that time had been denied me to put a vial of laudanum in my pocket. Schmidt should have slept so soundly!

Time wore on. "Shall I pitch him out by main force?" reflected your humble servant.—"Shall I decoy him forth, leave him like one of the babes in the wood to the care of the redbreasts, assume his name, and dash on alone?" Too hazardous. I must take care not to find my way into that dirty old gaol at Calais, where the starving debtors are so everlastingly fishing for charitable pence with red woolen nightcaps. The Code Napoleon does not allow of robbery with premeditated violence. More the pity! and then, probably, if alone, I could not procure horses. Shall I tell Schmidt the whole truth, and throw myself on his friendship? No; I should be checked and checkmated. We have rattled through Abbeville, we are even passing Montreuil, and I am just where I was. But stop! a thought lights up my brain. Will it do?

Luckily my adversary was, as I have said, the slowest of all slow chess players—heavy, sleek and sleepy. This gave me the more time to ruminate while he concocted his views upon the chequered field, and my scheme, such as it was, became at length matured. While Schmidt the innocent, with his fishy eyes was poking over the board, how little he thought upon the real subject of my meditations. At this moment some persons would liken Schmidt to the Indian traveller, laughing in the fullness of his joy, while the Thug, his companion, makes ready the fatal scarf wherewith to strangle him; others would compare him to a calf grazing in a butcher's field. You may compare him to what you will.

'Do you cross from Calais or Boulogne, Schmidt?—Check to your king!'

'Check? I shall interpose the rook.—Oh! through the Anglomania of the Bourbons, our embassy has worked the telegraph double duty, and at both ports a fast sailing boat awaits me,—I think I shall win this game. Your queen seems to me not upon roses. If the wind hold strong south-west as now, I shall prefer crossing from Boulonge.'

By this time we had reached that little village, I forget the name of the dog-hole, seven miles on the Paris side of Boulogne. It was half past four in the afternoon, and we had eaten nothing since our scanty breakfast of bread, butter, and *cafe au lait*, at eight in the morning. Chess, chess, still had our chess gone on. I knew Schmidt was of the gourmand order, and now or never must the buffalo be taken in the lasso; I easily prevailed upon him to alight at the little inn of the village, which was also the post house, for a quarter of an hour, to snatch a hot dinner, which I assured him, was far better than his dining at Boulogne and crossing the sea on a full stomach; so, chess-board in hand, away went Schmidt the simple into a dark little back room to study his coming move while dinner was dishing. 'Now or never!' I say, was my battle cry. I rushed out, and demanded, what think you? a blacksmith! I was gazing on our carriage when the man stood before me. No one was within hearing.

'What a curious thing is a carriage like this, friend?' said I, musingly.

'It is!' responded he, in a tone which seemed to say, "Have you come from Paris to tell me that?'

'A strange wilderness of wheels and springs, wood and iron. Now what would follow it that large screw there were taken out? Answer me promptly?'

'What should follow? Why, the coach would go on very well for a few hundred yards, and then would overturn with a crash, and smash all to shivers!'

'Hum!' said I; 'and the traveller would doubtless go to *shivers*, as you call it, also! And what if only that tiny screw there were drawn?'

'The body of the vehicle would equally fall upon the hind axle, but without material consequences; causing, however, some inevitable delay.'

'Are you the blacksmith always in attendance here? I mean, if this carriage overturned in decending yonder hill, would it fall to your lot to right it?'

'It would!' and the Frenchman's eye sparkled with intelligence. I could have hugged the swarty man to my bosom. I love a blacksmith!

'Here are ten Napoleons,' said I; 'give me out that little screw; I have a fancy for it.' And the screw was in my hand.

'And now,' continued I, 'here are ten other Napoleons. I *hope* no incident will happen to us as we leave the village; but should the carriage overturn, have it brought back here to repair, and take a couple of hours to finish the job in, that you may be sure the job is done properly, you know. And remember, O most virtuous of blacksmiths, that a man who earns twen-

ty Napoleons se lightly has two ears, but only one tongue."

'Assez, assez, mon maitre!' grinned Vulcan, emphatically; 'je compends; soyez tranquille! Allez donc!'

I pocketed the precious screw and rushed in to dinner while the horses were putting to.—Schmidt was so tranquil, I felt provoked I had such a lamb to deal with. I intend that screw to go down in my family as an heir-loom.

We left the inn at full gallop. A very small quantity of pace like ours proved a dose. The body of the carriage dropped gently into "a critical position," The postilions pulled up.

'We are overset,' cried I.

'God forbid!' said Schmidt; 'say it's the English courier!'' The man was so deep in his dear chess. 'What's to be done?' cried he, coming to his senses.

I had already sprung out.

'There seems little the matter, Schmidt.—Back the carriage to the inn, and all will be right again in a twinkling.'

So said so done. My friend the blacksmith assured us he would pay all damage directly; and, while he began to hammer away like a Cyclops forging thunderbolts, we philosophers coolly resumed our chess in the inn parlor.—The position of the game was now highly critical, both for me and Napoleon, and also for me and Schmidt. My latter adversary was decidedly under a mate, and his coming move I felt must occupy twenty heavenly minutes! Surely his guardian angel must have just now been taking his siesta!

I left the room and darted to the stable. A groom was busy at his work.

'Have you got a saddle horse ready for the road?'

'Yes, sir, we've a famous trotting pony—won the prize last——'

'Enough! I am sent on in advance. Tell the landlord my friend within settles all. Give me the bridle!'

I mounted my Bucephalus, and galloped off like the wind.

'Boulogne!' cried I, aloud, as I raced through the village in a state of ungovernable excitement. I was playing the great game with a vengeance. If that horse yet lives, be sure he recollects me.

I rattled into Boulogne. the St. Pelage of Great Britain, and the very gendarmerie quailed before me at the gates. In a minute more I had alighted at the water side. The soldiers shouted behind for my passport. I threw them some gold, which, as none of their officers happened to be in sight, they were vulgar enough to pick up from the beach. I cast my eyes around. It was six o'clock, and the scene was deeply interesting.

The breeze had set in well from the west.—The evening was cold, but bright; the air slightly frosty. The sun yet shone, and lighted up the harbor, tinging the far-off waves with ten thousand different shades of emerald hue. It was known already that Napoleon had escaped from his prison house, and was marching on Paris; and the English residents were flying from France like sheep before the wolf. A golden harvest was reaping on this narrow sea, and I was hailed in a moment by several bronzed fishermen, with offers of service and vaunts of superior qualities of their several respective vessels. I selected at a glance a stout, trim looking boat, and leaped on board, leaving my horse to his meditations. I hope, for the hospitality of Boulogne, he was taken care of.

'For Dover!' cried I to the master of the boat, 'My pay is five guineas a man; I must have eight men on board in case it comes on to blow. Be smart, fellows, and away!'

The men were active as eels. The police were about to detain me with some infernal jargon about my passport again.

'Cut off!' cried I, eagerly.

My captain (if I may so term a Breton sailor, half smuggler, half fisherman,) severed the rope which held us to the pier head, our heavy brown sails were flung to the wind, and we were sweeping across the waters.

We dashed under the bows of a large English built packet, straining at her lashings like mad, ready to kick off in ten seconds. Her sails were flying abroad, and several stout hands were at the tacks, ready to sheet them home. The captain was reading the very stones and windows of the town, impatiently, through a glass. The mob of idle spectators were so busily engaged watching his proceedings, I was hardly noticed.

'A nice craft, that!'

'Yes, sir; waiting for the English courier.—If he don't make haste she'll lose her tide.'

'I should be sorry for that,' said I. 'Give her a wide berth, and go ahead.'

And we did go ahead. I have crossed Calais Straits many times, but not under such exciting circumstances. Every bit of canvass we could stretch was spread, and the billows washed our deck from stem to stern. The men were on their mettle, and the little vessel answered gloriously to the call, shaking herself after each wash like a wild duck, and dipping her wings again to kiss the briny waters. In one moment I verily thought we should have been swamped. My fellows themselves hesitated and seemed inclined to take in sail.

'Carry on!' cried our Captain.

A little more washing and we were in comparatively smooth water under the chalk cliffs of Albion. By half past nine I had left Dover, and was tearing away on the London road behind fleet horses. Canterbury and Rochester were won and lost. I took the direction of London, and my carriage pulled up before the gates of Rothschild's villa at 5 o'clock in the morning. I had come from Paris in thirty hours.

The inmates must have thought I had come to take the mansion by storm, so powerful was my appeals to the great bell, as I stood at the gate in the early sunbeams of the morning.—In five minutes more, I found myself by the conjugal bed of Rothschild. God knows how I got there.

Assuredly the Rothschilds received me as they had never done visiter before, sitting up both in bed, side by side, rubbing their eyes, as just awakened from a dead sleep. I had made my entry *vi et armis*, and, by the time Rothschild was fully wakened up, had handed in my credentials. Without pausing a moment in my hitherto successful career, I rapidly explained the circumstances of the case, and minutely detailed the situation of our Paris house. What words I used I cannot remember. I had not slept for two days and nights, and my brain began to reel for want of rest

'Go into my dressing room there,' said Rothschild, with the most imperturbable sang froid. 'Do me the favor to open the shutters, and in three minutes I will be with you.'

I retired mechanically; a heavy load seemed already moved from my chest. In every tone of the great man's voice was something more than authority; there was genius, talent and power. I felt that our position was fully understood, and so profound was my confidence in the king of London merchants, I already felt assured we should find relief in his counsels.—How extraordinary that so much effect should have been produced by half a dozen commonplace words!

I threw myself upon a sofa. Rothschild joined me He wore a scarlet night-cap, and enveloped in the blanket he had hastily dragged off the bed, he looked, with his grisly beard and massive threat, like a chief of the Cherokee Indians about to give the war whoop. But I thought at the moment of neither nightcap nor blanket, I thought only of Napoleon Bonaparte on the one hand, and Rothschild on the other; and I would have staked my life on the latter, simply because he seemed master of himself.—It is so easy to govern others!

Rothschild was grand, he was sublime! Startled abruptly from his sleep, informed that the whole fortunes of his house were trembling in the balance, that the mighty European edifice he had for so many years been laboring to establish was tottering in the wind—that name, fame, and fortune, were being rent asunder, he was still Rothschild. He was the lion of the desert awakened to battle by the jungle tiger of the East, and rushing at once to the desperate conflict. Only, be it remembered, that lions of the desert seldom appear in flannel, even in the Zoological Gardens.

Rothschild spoke, and in the same quiet tones when he could have ordered his maitre d' hotel to get him a cutlet.

'Return to France,' said he—'to my brother with all speed. Spare no exertions at all hazards to be in Paris a little time before Napoleon enters, and all will go well. Your services in this affair will not be forgotten by our house. To thank you here were waste of time. Now mark my words! I have no faith in the Napoleon dynasty. The emperor has returned too soon.—The army will declare in his favor, but the nation, torn by war, will not stand by him. The natural cry of France is, 'Peace, peace! that we may heal up our wounds.' The emperor may win a battle, but he must fall before numbers, and his fall this time will be forever. I give him a hundred days reign, and no more. Very well. If I believed in the endurance of Napoleon, I should say, '*Make a friend of him*—lend him this gold;' but as it is, the bullion must be preserved. I know the Bourbons. If the emperor borrow the gold, even in the name of the government, and pawn the palaces of Fontainbleau and the Louvre for the amount, the others are capable of disavowing the transaction. And although the absolute loss of this sum would not of itself shake us, yet the credit of our name would be severely damaged; a run upon our branch houses would inevitably follow, and we should be compelled to stop payment before we could realize our assets. And yet true policy forbids our now directly affronting the Emperor. How then to act? The problem to be solved is this,—to keep the gold out of his hands, and yet to remain friends with him. And thus would I have my brothers proceed. Treasure up my every word, sir, and digest it en route. All paper money in France will now be depreciated. Any premium will be given for gold to hoard during the crisis. We have undue bills to the amount of millions and millions flying about in Paris. I pray you mark this, sir. Seek out the holders of our paper, call it all in, and pay it off in gold. The money market will be so pressed that even our name will be at a discount.—Work out this scheme, and watch the result.—Every holder to a note of hand will be glad to allow ten per cent. discount for gold. Call in all. Leave not a rag of paper in any house in Paris with name thereon as acceptors. Should it chance that even then you do not find bills enough come in to absorb the gold, let my brother extend the operation, and discount equally the flying bills of the three Paris houses, marked in his memorandum book as A, B, C. Never mind whether the bills have two, four, or six months to run. I say pay off all. Ferret them out from every corner of Paris. Lock your paper in your desk, and the ship will ride out the storm. How like you the plan, sir? Ha! The bills will be useless to Napoleon. Gold alone will meet his views, and he must get it through those houses who have been in the secret of his return. Meanwhile, bid my brother to be foremost at the Tuilleries levees, and profuse is his assurance of devotion to the emperor, with regret that he has no gold.'

Rothschild paused, as if to demand my applause for his plan. *I* saw it all, the riddle was solved. Success was all but certain. Check to Napoleon! and probably checkmate; for other blows are yet in reserve for him! Rothschild resumed, with the gravity of a veteran commanding in a battery with the bullets flying around him,—

'Tell my brother, moreover, to operate on the French funds for a rise, the moment they recover from their first depression. Operate largely, and in the certainty that the Bourbon star will shine again, in less than four months, brighter, and more enduring from this dark cloud having passed away. Remind my brother, however, to operate against the emperor, only through third parties, and to beware; for Napoleon will owe us a grudge for present proceedings, though at first he will be too eager to court public opinion to dare to seek revenge on our house. And now, away with you, sir, on the wings of the wind; but, hold! what is the earliest hour at which the courier of the English embassy can be at the Foreign Office here?'

'*I* should say, eight or nine.'

'Ha!' said Rothschild, then stop yet a moment. Thy coming is, indeed, a God-send!'

Seating himself, Rothschild hastily wrote and sealed a short note, addressed to Lord Castlereagh.

'Leave London by Westminster, and hand in this note as you pass Downing street (of course you know London,) to be delivered as early as possible. Lord Castlereagh comes punctually to business at 9 o'clock, and will find it on his desk. *It* is right that *I* should briefly acquaint his lordship with the outbreak of Napoleon.'

'But,' remarked *I* (child as *I* was, compared with Rothschild,) 'would you not prefer my leaving it at his lordship's private residence; in which case he will get it at least two hours sooner?'

'Content yourself, young man,' returned the chief, a grim smile; 'obey orders without reasoning upon them. Ahem! he might not like to be disturbed so early. Besides, how do we know he is at home? There; I date my envelope, half past five A. M. Can man do more?

And now away, sir. We shall soon meet again. Return by Calais. The Boulognois might lay hold of you."

"But allow me to remark, one difficulty remains," observed I. "I have no passport."

"Oh, I can remedy that in a moment. The English government allow me to keep a few blanks for emergencies"

With Rothschild, to will and to do appeared to be the same thing. He filled me up a passport ready signed, describing me as one 'especial mission;" and we parted with a cordial squeeze of the hand. I can truly say, I neither ate nor drank in or near the British metropolis.

"How shall we drive, sir?" asked the post-boy, as we crossed Westminister Bridge.

"Drive," said I, "as if the devil were after us!"

Luck was on my side throughout this eventful chess game; for such I contend it was in the highest signification of the word. Life is chess on a grand scale, and chess is an emblem of life, with its hopes and its fears, its losses and its gains; only, in chess, if you lose one game through a false move, you can set up the pieces and play another. My chances of checkmating the emperor now increased hourly. The ball was at my foot. It may be said, the greater share of the laurel-branch ought to be Rothschild's. Never mind, I was not puffed up with pride. Could I have a more worthy partner than the mighty monarch of European finance. It was king against Kaisar, and mine own was at least the hand that moved the pieces.

Fate was constant throughout my journey. I reached Dover and Calais without an accident, and reeled into our Paris counting house, more dead than alive, soon after noon, on the 8th day of March. I need not say how delighted was our French Rothschild at the counsel I brought. All hands went immediately to work to carry out the scheme. As for me, I went to bed.

Rothschild's behavior was perfect. He made me keep the ring I wore, and thus I gained my carbuncle. More valuable orders of merit have been given by monarchs for services of inferior value.

To make my narrative complete, I must here trouble you with a chapter of dates.

Bonaparte had landed in France on March 1, and the news came to the Tuilleries, as I have said, by the Lyons telegraph, on the 5th. On the 6th, Louis le Desire, issued his first proclamation, and ran away from Paris, his loved city, on the 19th. March 12, the emperor entered Lyons, left that city next day; was at Fontainbleau on the 20th: and came into Paris on the same day at nine o'clock at night. *Le petit Caporal* had covered two hundred French leagues, partly hostile, in twenty days; not bad work, considering a part of the journey was performed on foot, that armies were to be conquered and municipal authorities harangued, *en route*, in every town. On my part, (for as I am playing chess with the emperor, I may here contrast my doings with his,) I had left Paris on the night of the 5th of March, and was back at my post on the 8th. We were, morally speaking, assured of at least a clear week, even should the troope sent to oppose the emperor, unite themselves to his cause. A good deal may be done in a week!

The success of the house of Rothschild was complete; and Napoleon, as far as our game went, was irrevocably checkmated. All our gold was paid away; barely a single twenty franc piece remained in our treasure vaults.—We stood upon our bills and waited the event.

On the 21st of March, the emperor had a grand levee at the palace of the Tuilleries, to which our chief went, though with a trembling heart. Bonaparte looked at him from head to foot, with any thing but a pleasant expression of countenance, and turned on his heel with this one significant phrase, "I see there are *two* Napoleons in Europe."

The courtiers stared at each other, but could not read the riddle. Our Rothschild saw that his counter-plot was known, and appreciated, though not perhaps gratefully! During the hundred days' reign—that meteor flash of regained power—the emperor took no further notice of the matter, but subsequently alluded to it at St. Helena, in his conversations with Las Cases. He then laughed at the trick, and owned we had completely foiled him. A Napoleon to confess himself beaten is twice vanquished.

And now, in the manner that emperors count over their spoils, let me briefly sum up the gains of the Rothschilds. The net is thrown into the waters, and drawn to land; let us tell over the fish taken.

Firstly, you will take notice that, in our exchange of gold for paper—hailed at the same time like the changing of the new lamps for old in the Arabian tale of Aladdin—in this exchange, I say, we cleared a profit of ten per cent., making ten millions of francs nett of itself. The emperor lost Waterloo—commerce was restored—oil was poured upon the waters—the Bourbons crept forth from their holes, like mice when the cat is out of sight. Gold became a dead weight—bills were in requisition for remittal to foreign countries—the bullion all came back to our vaults—and we favored our friends, by charging them only 5 to 8 per cent. premium for taking the cumbersome metal off their hands.

The Bourbons were not ungrateful. With an incomparable degree of adroitness, Rothschild made them see that we had been instrumental in crippling the resources of the emperor! Thus goes the world. In return for our fidelity to the *fleur de-lis*, we were permitted to suck some of its sweetest honey. And the records of French finance yet ring with our gains upon the Bourse, through our buyings and sellings of stocks upon this occasion.

On the morning I bore the news to England, Rothschild went down to the Stock Exchange of the British metropolis, at 9 o'clock. He was always a punctual man. At this very time, Schmidt was about to open his budget to his employers at Westminster. Acting through agents, Rothschild operated in the bonds to an enormous amount for an anticipated fall. His brokers did all this while the great man was quietly reading the Times newspaper. I will not dwell upon the results in figures. The crop was enormous! At 10 A. M. the news came at the Stock Exchange from the government Home Office, and the thing was blown.—It was the interest of Rothschild's brokers to keep the secret, and they did so. In the course of the same day, Lord Castlereagh forwarded to the illustrious Rothschild an autograph letter from the Prince Regent, thanking him for his personal attention, as well as for his disinterested conduct, in placing his own private information at the service of the government, before the arrival of their own courier! Now it is all over, I look back with astonishment.

STATUE OF CINCINNATUS.

MODELED BY NATHAN F. BAKER--ROME, 1844.

Nathan F. Baker, one of our Cincinnati artists, who has been for the last two years or more engaged at Rome and Florence in the pursuit of his art, has finished the model in plaster of a statue of Cincinnatus, the illustrious Roman Dictator with whose name that of our city is inseparably connected. Mr. B. is a young artist in the double sense of age and practice, and if an apology may be needed for that ambition which has prompted him in the second or third year of his pursuit of the Fine Arts to finish a statue, it may be offered in the beautiful specimen of his capacity for such undertakings which is supplied by the bust of Egoria, to which I referred in my last. Mr. Baker was encouraged by some of the lovers of the Fine Arts in Cin-

cinnati to undertake this enterprise, under their expectation that the city which bears the name of the subject, and is the birth place of the artist, would subscribe the necessary amount to obtain the statue in marble of *Cincinnatus* as an appropriate embellishment of some of our public rooms, the new College for example.

Almost every one can understand how imperfectly an idea of a statue, large as life can be afforded by an engraving of the size and the material which heads this article. It will serve however to give some idea of its design and effect. The following note is from the pen of the artist himself, written before the completion of the model and describing the sketch he sent.

"The drawing which I send you is taken from the unfinished statue which I am now working at. I have represented Cincinnatus in the attitude of a mediator, when he was called for the first time to act in a public capacity, and have endeavored to give the action of the speaker when before the Roman citizens. I consider, however, that the statue will express equally the first position as the last, although he was at that time acting more in the character of a warrior than the mild and stern judge between the parties who threatened to overthrow the existing Republic. I have dressed him simply in the Roman toga, which was worn by all classes of his time with but little distinction. The plough I have merely indicated in the sketch, and will take an excursion into the country to see the form of the common plough which has preserved the same shape with but little change to the present time."

What the ability of Mr. Baker for such a performance is, may be inferred, even beyond the *Egeria*, by the following testimonies, which I have selected from a number of others, because the writers are of ourselves. A letter from a Cincinnatian abroad to his correspondent here, says, "Baker I see often; he is a fine fellow, and has great talent." Another of our citizens writes as follows:

"By the way, Baker, a young Cincinnati artist, in Rome, has modelled a Cincinnatus very highly spoken of by the artists there, and which will be, I doubt not, an excellent thing. He would like to have a commission for it, and I think the city would do very well to give him one, or if the city will not, perhaps a private gentleman would. If you have an opportunity to say to any one of the lovers of the Fine Arts, that is the case do so, and say also it is very much praised by all who have seen it. I feel an interest in Baker's success, and now is the time to encourage his efforts."

The following is an extract from a letter received here by the last packet, written by another of our citizens traveling in Europe.

"I have conversed with Mr. Powers at Florence, and with as many persons acquainted with Mr. Baker as I knew, and all concur in awarding him decided talent and capable of attaining great excellence in his art. The statue he has modeled pleases me much, and has been generally admired. I feel my deficiency in the rules of art too much to pronounce a judgment upon it—I can only say *I like it*. Should our friends of the Queen City think proper to give him the order, I have full confidence in their getting a statue of the great Roman that will give satisfaction and reflect credit on our young citizen and countryman. If a subscription for that purpose be got up, you can put my name down for fifty dollars."

An effort will be made as I learn, by some of the admirers of the Fine Arts to bring this subject before our community, and I trust a liberal subscription will enable Cincinnati to possess a work which shall forever associate *Roman patriotism with American genius*.

A Panther Adventure.

It is much to be regretted that the great mass of personal adventures, with which the life of the pioneers in the west is known to have abounded, has accompanied the actors in those scenes to the oblivion of the grave. And yet we could expect nothing else. The privations and sufferings of the wilderness, the dangers and escapes in conflicts with savage beasts, and equally savage Indians were such every day occurrences, as to be considered hardly worth repeating, still less recording, and many a spirit-stirring incident and adventure is now forever lost.

Here and there however, may be found some rough pineknot survivor, who in the evening of life can look back to the scuffles with Indians, or conflicts with wild beasts with an interest of which he felt nothing at the time, the more so when he finds a stranger like myself, ready and desirous to take the narrative from his own lips.

Mr. E. E. Williams, to whom I refered in my last has furnished me with some interesting notes of pioneer adventures. He has been an old hunter, supplying not only his own family, but the settlements in which he lived—Cincinnati among the rest,—with venison and bear meat. He killed the last buffalo seen in Kentucky. At the age of 75 his bodily and mental powers are unimpaired. He owns a farm in the rear of Covington Ky., and last Friday a week, as his day's work, *split over an hundred rails*.

"Well," said this old veteran, after finishing his statistics of Indian warfare, and in reply to other questions, let me tell you a story or two of bears and panthers.

I was living on a branch of Bigbone, called Panther Run, from the circumstance to this day. It was the year after I had been out with Gen. Wayne. I had left home for a deer hunt, with rifle, tomahawk, and butcher knife in my belt as customary, and scouring about the woods, I come to a thick piece of brush, in short, a perfect thicket of hoop-poles. I discovered some dreadful growling and scuffling was going on,

by the sound appearantly within a hundred yards or so. I crept as cautiously and silently as possible through the thicket, and kept on until I found myself within perhaps twenty steps of two very large male panthers, who were making a desperate fight, screaming, spitting and yelling like a couple of ram cats, only much louder, as you may guess. At last one of them seemed to have absolutely killed the other, for he lay quite motionless. This was what I had been waiting for, and while the other was swinging back and forwards over him in triumph, I blazed away, but owing to that kind of motion, I shot him through the bulge of the ribs, a little too far back to kill him instantly.—They are a very hard animal to kill, any how. But he made one prodigious bound through the brush, and cleared himself out of my sight, the ground where we were being quite broken as well as sideling. I then walked up to the other, mistrusting nothing, and was within a yard of him, when he made one spring to his feet and fastened on my left shoulder with his teeth and claws, where he inflicted several deep wounds. I was uncommonly active as well as stout in those days, and feared neither man nor mortal in a scuffle, but I had hard work to keep my feet under the weight of such a beast. I had my knife out in an instant, and put it into him as fast as possible for dear life. So we tusseled away, and the ground being sideling and steep at that, which increased my trouble to keep from falling; we gradually worked down hill till I was forced against a large log, and we both came to the ground, I inside and the panther outside of it, he still keeping hold, although evidently weakening under the repeated digs and rips he was getting. I kept on knifing away till I found his hold slackening, and he let go at last to my great rejoicing. I got to my feet, made for my rifle which I had dropped early in the scuffle, got it and ran home; I gathered the neighbors with their dogs, and on returning found the panthers not more than fifteen rods apart; the one I had knifed dying, and the one I had shot making an effort to climb a tree to the height of 8 or 10 feet when he fell and was speedily despatched. Next day I stripped them of their skins, which I sold to a saddler at Lexington for two dollars a piece. You may depend, I never got into such a grip again with a panther.

Street Paving.

I observe that the pavement on Main street from Fifth to Seventh, is in process of macadamization,—a great and obvious improvement, calculated to rid us of the holes and ruts which have so long disgraced that great thoroughfare. It will however prove matter of regret, I judge, that this improvement has been made on the existing bed of the street, whereas the whole pavement should have been taken up and the metal laid upon an even surface of earth if a permanent job is expected as the result. This procedure is the less excusable when the part of this block from Sixth to Seventh street was paved in the very manner to which I object.—If the present improvement shall not be more thoroughly and carefully done, there may be danger that it will form an objection to the whole principle of macadamizing as applied to our streets.

Relics of the Past.

Fort Washington, March 26, 1792.

Sir:

To the Corporal and eight which accompanies the Convoy that leaves this post today, and the Sergeant and twelve, which returned with McCleland to Fort St. Clair, you will be pleased to add a subaltern, two non-commissioned officers and ten privates—to form an escort for the protection of the brigade which accompanies this letter, and those of McCleland and Tate, which are to be reloaded and return from your post with all possible despatch to Fort St. Clair; as this movement will be critical, the officer must be extremely cautious, and to that end I must request you to give him necessary instructions. When the convoy returns, you will direct the whole of the horses, and of the detachment belonging to this garrison, to proceed to this post.

Mr. Elliott positively refuses to construct Magazines for the reception of the Army provisions, at our out posts, and as a contest would greatly injure the service, and might possibly ruin the depending campaign, I shall make the provision, with an immediate and pointed reference of the subject, to the president of the United States.—You will therefore lose not one moment, in constructing stores, either within your fortress or immediately under its protection, for the reception of eight hundred or one thousand barrels; and in the mean time you are by every means in the compass of your power, to keep from damage by weather, the flour and other provisions, which have been or may be deposited under your command; keeping exact accounts and estimates of every expense which may occur in this business. And to enable you to proceed rapidly, I shall send out a pair of oxen, and a mechanic or two very shortly.

With due consideration,
I have the honor to be, sir,
Your most obedient servant,
J. WILKINSON.

Jno. Armstrong,
Capt. 1st Reg't. U. S. Com'd, Ft. Hamilton

COMMUNICATIONS.

Citizens' Bank. No. 1.

Mr. Cist:—The proprietors of this Bank beg leave through your columns to make known some of the leading features of its plan and operations.

The Bank is calculated to supply wants unprovided for in other monied institutions. For a small compensation, it is always ready to make such loans as are gratuitously obtained from neighbors. It is not proposed to supply facilities for the regular transaction of business, but to furnish money for a few days where it is wanted on the spur of the occasion, for some special purpose. Such loans give a man time to realize his resources, or make more permanent arrangements.

Take a few examples by way of illustration: A man expects money to meet a payment where his credit is at stake, but is disappointed. An unexpected but pressing demand comes upon him; he is unprepared for it. A profitable speculation offers, or an article needed for immediate use in his business, may be had for cash much below its real value, but for the want of a little ready money he loses the bargain; or for want of present means, he may incur a serious loss in being forced to sell property at a ruinous sacrifice, which might in a short time command a fair price.

CITIZENS' BANK, NO 2.

Mr Cist.—The utility of this Bank is already felt and appreciated by a large portion of our most respectable citizens.

It receives money on deposit, payable with interest on demand, and thereby attracts the scattered, hoarded, and unemployed capital of the city to its vault, whence, as from a reservoir, it is distributed among the active and industrious portion of the community.

Already the Bank numbers nearly three hundred depositors, and among them are many of our oldest and wealthiest citizens. Hundreds of our thrifty merchants, mechanics and manufacturers resort to this Bank for temporary loans, rather than borrow from their neighbors. They esteem it a great convenience to be enabled, at a trifling expense, to obtain money at all times, for short periods, without being required to pay for it a moment longer than it is needed.

CITIZENS BANK, NO. 3.

Mr. Cist:

As this Bank is always provided with the means of furnishing temporary loans at a moment's notice, it may be relied on as an unfailing resource in all emergencies.

A man having money to pay within a short period, or having claims falling due against him during his absence from the city, and wishing to guard against accidents, may make a conditional provision for the sum that may be wanted, which, if not needed costs him nothing; thus giving him all the advantage of a reserve fund for contingencies, free of expense.

Persons of ample means and undoubted responsibility, may obtain money on their individual obligations; or a man may obtain a loan by adding a good name to his note, or by depositing as collateral security any good note or claim he may hold, or anything. in short, that will secure the payment of the debt. Borrowers will not be required to pay for money longer than it is needed.

Human Nature.

Gnothe seauton. Know thyself;—was the sublime lesson which one of the ancient philosophers spent a life time in inculcating on his disciples, & reducing to practice in his own case. Burns, in a couplet which his genius has rendered immortal, exclaims,

"Oh would some power the giftie gie us,
"To see ourselves as others see us"

and a wiser either than the ancient sage or modern bard says, "Let not any man think more highly of himself than he ought to think," but the world still goes on, despising or neglecting the pursuit of self-knowledge, though of greater importance than any other worldly knowledge, being the foundation of all the rest.

I have met in my life time with many illustrations of this subject, of various characters.—Let me specify a few.

Travelling once in the Western Reserve, many years since, I put up at a public house at the town of Canfield, Trumbull county. The township election had been that day held; the votes were just counted off, and the result declared, it seems, a short time before I reached the house. The candidates successful and otherwise, were regaling themselves and others with potations at the bar, and the bar-room was a perfect babel of sounds. My horse had been attended to, and I seated myself on one of the benches, waiting till supper should be made ready for me and my fellow travellers. In the crowd was an unsuccessful aspirant for office, named Jacob Humiston, who believed and spared no pains to convince those who chose to listen to him, that he had been cheated out of his election. He succeeded by dint of brazen lungs in obtaining a hearing amidst the discordant sounds, and made a speech of which I recollect at this lapse of time, the peroration merely.—"He had run for Constable, he had got votes enough to elect him, there was no doubt of that, how he had been swindled out of the election he could not say, but he meant to find out, and

when he did"—Here he made an awful and significant pause,—"all Canfield should hear of it---Trumbull county should hear of it---the Reserve should hear of it---the whole State should hear of it---the United States should hear of it,"---and rising in tone and energy at every step in the climax, finished by declaring "the whole world should hear of it!"

But what was this compared to the case of a constable I knew in Pennsylvania. He had served a legal precept of some sort on a particular friend of his, greatly his superior in strength, who being particularly drunk at the time, rebelled against the law and its myrmidon, seizing the officer and shaking him as though he meant to shake him to pieces. The parties meeting a few days after, Jim, the offender, was profuse in his apologies. "You know Jake, says he, I would not have served you so if I had been duly sober, it was all the devilish whiskey did it. The official at last mollified and relented under Jim's expostulations. "As to the shaking" said Jake, "I don't bear any malice, I don't vally it a cent on my own account, but as an officer, recollect next time Jim, whoever *shakes me*, *shakes the commonwealth.*"

I have only one incident more to relate on this subject. A few weeks since I met an acquaintance residing across the canal, a German who makes *sour kraut*, very extensively. As he approached, I saw something was wrong by his countenance. "What's de reason you not but me town in your *correctory*." I could not tell, I said, was he not down? "No," he replied angrily, "your *correctory* is not one cent wert to peeples. How dey know where he kits *sour kraut!*"

Fire Engine Building.

The value of preparation, was probably never more strikingly demonstrated than at the late fire at Madison. An elegant church and other valuable buildings were subjected to destruction simply for want of sufficient fire apparatus, and property to the value of 75,000 dollars destroyed which might have been saved by the expenditure of fourteen hundred dollars, not two per cent. of that amount for the purchase of a first-rate Engine and Hose appurtenances. There was a supply of water in a public cistern, within two hundred and fifty feet of the devoted buildings, which sufficed by means of buckets to keep the fire under for fifteen minutes.

Our Madison neighbors have learned wisdom by experience, and have given orders to Messrs. Paddack & Campbell, our principal Fire Engine builders, for an Engine of the largest class, and sixteen hundred feet of Hose.

I trust the lessons taught at such a price lately to Madison and Zanesville may not be lost upon other places which are now inadequately protected from fire, and that they will see their true policy to disburse a few hundreds, as they desire to escape the loss of thousands or hundreds of thousands.

By way of contrast, I would refer to the fact, that Cincinnati with over an hundred fires during the past twelve months has sustained hardly greater loss than Madison at this single fire, and express my conviction, that had we been as destitute of protection from the devouring element as that city, our losses on this account must have been reckoned by *millions.*

Buckeye Mayors.

Within the last two years, Cincinnati has advanced to what may be termed an era in her political existence, in being able to furnish in two individuals, natives of this county, and of mature age, rival candidates for the mayoralty of the city. This was the case at the election of 1843, and again the case at our late election, Henry E. Spencer and Henry Morse being opposed to each other at both periods.

Relics of the Past.

Capt. John Armstrong to Gen. J. Wilkinson.

Fort Hamilton, April 26th, 1792.

DEAR GENERAL:

An express is this moment arrived from Fort Jefferson—the despatches accompanying this will give you the news of that place.

I have only to add, although the enemy are in the neighborhood of this post, I have as yet evaded the execution of their designs—and that with the assistance of Capt. Ford's horse, have, and will on to-morrow have timber enough in the Garrison to finish one of the buildings mentioned in my last—it will contain all the flour now exposed, and what is on board the boats now coming up—I wish they may arrive safe.

The express did not touch at St. Clair.

I have the honor to be with respect,

your obedient servant,

JOHN ARMSTRONG,

Capt. 1st Reg't. U. S.

Fort Hamilton, May 9th, 1792.

DEAR GENERAL:

The express from St. Clair arrived this morning about 7 o'clock—Sergeant Brooks who brought the dispatches says he saw and was within two rods of an Indian, about half a mile from this post. The savage was endeavoring to shoot a deer with an arrow, and on discovering the party gave a yell, which was answered at no great distance by three or four others. A raft on which three or four might have crossed the river floated past the fort about 2 o'clock. The horse on which McDonald was

sent express on the 23d of April, has returned to the garrison, his rider must therefore have been killed.

There being no noncommissioned officer with those men of Capt. Kersey's company, if there was no impropriety in the request I should wish one to join the command.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.
Capt. Commandant.

Gen. J. Wilkinson to Capt. J. Armstrong.
Fort Washington, May 11th, 1792.

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 8th came to hand in due season, I thank you for the precautions taken for the security of the convoy to St. Clair --*I* love a man who thinks, too few do so, and none else should command. All the tools which can be procured here, will be delivered you by Capt. Peters, *I* mean of those you have required. The balance of Kersey's company one Sergeant and 3 privates will join you with this escort; you may make the exchange proposed for a man at Dunlap's, station, but must send an orderly good soldier to take the place of the sawyer.

Your monthly rations are in future to be regulated by the enclosed form, and they must be delivered at this post, (as practicable) on the 4th of each successive month. The Couriers will in future leave Jefferson on the 1st day of the month, and every twelve or fifteen days after. You may rest satisfied that the command of Fort Hamilton, shall not be changed whilst *I* have influence in any instance, until some general movement takes place--"Let him who wins wear, He who woos enjoy," will, *I* believe be the motto of my colors. Mr. Hartshorn must be here by the 25th to take command of the horse; Hamilton will be up by the same day *I* expect. *I* rest much upon the enterprize and perseverance of these young men, *I* hope they may distinguish themselves. *I* will furnish you another officer the moment the state of this garrison permits.

For the safety of our communications, to save the troops, to assist in guarding the cattle, and for the purpose of scouting and reconnoitring, *I* have determined to annex to each of the out posts, two confidential woodsmen, to be subject to the orders of the respective commandants, agreeably to the enclosed article. The whole party are to accompany the convoy out, and on Capt. Peters' return, Resin Baily and Joseph Shepherd, are in the first instance, to be stationed with you; but to proportion the duty of these men fairly, there must be a rotation. The party then which leaves Fort Jefferson, will deliver the dispatches from that post and St. Clair to you, your men are to run with them to this post, and on their return, are to go forward to St. Clair where they will continue, and the party at St. Clair, will carry forward the dispatches to Jefferson, where they will take post, until remanded by Maj. Strong, and will proceed in this manner until other regulations may be deemed expedient--nevertheless on extraordinary occasions, extraordinary messengers are to be dispatched.

You will receive by this escort ten fat Bullocks, which are to be killed and issued, before you touch a ration of the bacon, other than what may be necessary to your own mess.--- The grazing of these cattle, and saving the guard harmless, will I know be extremely hazardous, but rely on your genius and resource.— The cattle must be penned inside the walls of the garrison every night—should any men desert you, the scouts are to take the track, pursue, overtake, and make prisoners of them, and for every one so apprehended, and brought back, you may engage them twenty dollars. If the deserter is discovered making for the enemy, it will be well for the scout to shoot him and bring his head to you, for which allow forty dollars. One head lopped off in this way and set upon a pole on the parade might do lasting good in the way of deterring others.

Yours respectfully,

J. WILKINSON

CAPT. JNO. ARMSTRONG, Ft. Hamilton.

Original Masonic Lodge.

The Nova Caesarea Harmony Lodge of this city still subsisting, was the first Masonic Lodge ever established here. Its charter was received from the Grand Lodge of New Jersey, and bore date Sept. 3, 1791. The officers appointed were *Dr. William Burnet* master, *John S. Ludlow* Senior Warden, *Dr. Calvin Morrell* Junior Warden. Owing to the absence of Dr. Burnet the lodge was not organized until Dec. 27th., 1794, when the following officers were elected. *Edward Day* master, *Dr. Calvin Morrell* Senior Warden, *Gen. John S. Gano* Junior Warden.

The following original document makes its appearance for the first time. It seems to have been a part of the proceedings connected with their organization.

The petition of sundry ancient York Masons residing in the Territory north-west of the river Ohio, humbly sheweth—

That your petitioners are extremely desirous to organize themselves into a Lodge of free and associated Masons.

For which purpose they solicit your warrant to be holden in Cincinnati, Hamilton county aforesaid.

They beg leave to offer Edward Day as Master, John S. Gano, as Senior Warden, and Calvin Morrell, as Junior Warden.

Brother Edward Day, one of your petitioners is known to your Right Worshipful Lodge as Junior Warden of No. 35. Joppa, Maryland when it was first established under your jurisdiction, and has since advanced the chair.

Brother John S. Gano will pay for this charter on demand, and will receive your communications and instructions.

Brothers Elias Wallen, John Allen and Isaac Guion, are well known to be Past Masters of good repute. You will be pleased to appoint one of them or more to instal the officers or obviate this difficulty in any other manner which your wisdom may think meet, and your petitioners as in duty bound shall ever pray.

EDWARD DAY.
Elias Wallin,
Ezra Fitz Freeman,
James Brady,
Calvin Morrell,
Pat Dickey,
John Allen,
Ephraim Kibbey,
John S. Cano,
Nathaniel Stokes,
Wm. Stanley.

Cincinnati, March 17th, A. L. 5795.

The Sea-Boy's Farewell.

Wait, wait ye Winds! till I repeat
A parting signal to the fleet
Whose station is at home;
Then waft the sea-boy's simple prayer,
And let it oft be whispered there,
While in far climes I roam.

Farewell to FATHER! reverend hulk
In spite of metal, spite of bulk,
Soon may his cable slip;
Yet while the parting tear is moist,
The flag of gratitude I'll hoist,
In duty to the ship.

Farewell to MOTHER! first-class' she!
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,
And rigged me, fore and aft;
May Providence her timbers spare,
And keep her hull in good repair,
To tow the smaller craft.

Farewell to SISTER! lovely yacht!
Though whether she be *manned* or not,
I cannot now foresee;
May some good ship a *tender* prove,
Well found in stores of truth and love,
And take her under lee.

Farewell to GEORGE! the jolly boat!
And all the little craft afloat
In home's delightful bay;
When they arrive at sailing age,
May Wisdom give the weather-guage,
And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all on life's rude main!
Perhaps we ne'er shall meet again,
Through stress of stormy weather;
But summoned by the board above,
We'll harbor in the port of Love,
And all be moored together!

Early Navigaton of Lake Erie.

The first vessel navigation on Lake Erie, under the American flag, was the sloop Detroit, purchased by the government of the British North West Company, in 1796. She was about 70 tons burthen, but was old and scarcely sea worthy when purchased, and soon after was condemned and laid up at the river Rogue. In the same year, '96, a small schooner called the Erie Packet was built in Canada, to run before Fort Erie and Presque Isle. She was lost in '98 by drifting out of the Erie harbor. In 1797, the schooner Wilkinson, of 80 tons, was built at Detroit by Abbott and Conelly, and sailed for two years by Conelly as master. In 1810, she was thoroughly repaired and her name changed to the Amelia; and in 1812 was purchased by the government and armed, and had the honor of belonging to Commodore Perry's squadron, and of participating in his glorious victory. The Good Intent, of 35 tons, was built by Capt. Lee, in 1799, and navigated the Lake till 1806, when she run on the Point Abino, and was lost, together with her cargo and crew. The same year, '98, the brig Adams and schr. Tracy were built by the government. The former was captured by the British the first year of the war, afterwards re-taken at Fort Erie and run upon Squaw Island and burnt. The latter was sold to Porter, Barton & Co., and afterwards lost on the reef near Fort Erie. In 1805, the War Department, possessing, as it would seem, no very accurate notion of our localities, directed the commanding officer at Fort Niagara to construct at that post, a vessel of size to transport the Indian presents from Niagara to Fort Wayne. The commanding officer anticipating some difficulty in navigating up the Falls, ventured to depart so far from his instructions as to cause the vessel to be built at Black Rock. She was called the Nancy, and was of about 50 tons burthen. The Contractor, a fine vessel of about 80 tons burthen, was built at Black Rock, in 1806, by Porter, Barton & Co., and was sold to the government in 1812. The Catharine, another fine schooner, was built by Sheldon Thompson and others, at Black Rock, in 1806. Several other vessels were built about this time at different places on the lake, but our recollection does not serve to give their names.

MARRIED,

ON the 9th inst, by the Rev. A. Lowrey, Mr. JOHN TOWNSEND to Miss CATHARINE S., daughter of D. C. Cassat.

On Thursday the 10th inst, by the Rev. Dr. Brooke, McLEAN J. BLAIR to Miss CAROLINE S. WALKER, daughter of W. M. Walker, Esq.

Same day, by Rev. N. L. Rice, Mr. L. P. SHERMAN to Miss MARY A. GITCHELL.

On Monday the 14th inst, by the Rev. James E. Wilson, Mr. JAMES ILEF to Miss MARTHA ANN REAGIN.

DEATHS.

ON Saturday, March 29th, Mrs. MARY ANN, consort of John Ewing.

On Thursday morning, 10th inst, MARY ASHTON, daughter of Dr. W. I. and Mary E. Madeira. Aged 2 years 10 months.

On Friday the 11th inst, MARY F., daughter of Wm. and Jane E. Meguier, aged 11 months 24 days.

Same day, ROBERT W. HARBESON, formerly of Freeport, Pa.

On Saturday 12th inst, JOHN WHITAKER, aged 55 years, formerly of Bradford, Yorkshire, Eng.

Annals of the Late War.

Such was the want of preparation on our part for the war which was declared by the United States against Great Britain in 1812, that by the time it had been waged a twelvemonth, the Government found itself destitute alike of funds and credit. The public chest was empty, the Treasury notes issued for the exigencies of the times were obliged to be sold at a ruinous discount, and many of our military and naval operations throughout the whole land, were carried into effect by pledges of individuals who obtained on their own credit, the necessary supplies of provisions and money, when that of the government was unavailable. The following documents form one chapter on this subject.

Chillicothe, Aug. 5th, 1812.

Maj. Gen. Gano,

Sir—You will immediately march 300 men from your division, under the command of a Major—furnish them with a blanket and knapsack, arms and ammunition. Capt. Sutton will march them to Urbana, at which place I hope to see them. Volunteers under the law of Ohio will be preferred. I trust you will use every exertion to cause a compliance with the requisition.

Your ob't. serv't.,
R. J. MEIGS.

Incinnati, Aug. 20th, 1812.

R. J. Meigs,

Sir—Since I received your letter of the 5th inst., I have exerted every nerve, night and day to send the arms out to Urbana, and get the detachment from this place on the march. I have had innumerable obstacles to contend with and surmount, we knew nothing of before. There was no paymaster agent here that is Taylor's agent, and objections to every thing; I then had to set all my wits to work, and friends a few, assisted. I had to get Maj. Barr to join me to put in our note in Bank for $3500, payable in 10 days, which is all we could raise, and the bills on Government will not command the cash here, there are so many drawn they cannot be accommodated—I have sent to Urbana to Judge Reynolds, (you did not direct who) 500 stand of arms and 400 cartridge boxes, and belts as I could get. I have also sent ammunition, which you did not direct, and have sent camp kettles, &c. &c. The bills sent to Judge Reynolds to be delivered on your order. I have six as good companies as I have seen in the State—four have marched from here yesterday to join two others at Lebanon, where they will elect their Major. I found it impossible to attend to your request in meeting you and organize this detachment. I have appointed a Reg't. Quartermaster—he is very capable and very attentive, and the United States Assistant Deputy Quarter Master approves—and he is the principal assistance I have had, for I have done all without an Aid de camp, you may therefore judge of my situation—since the rendezvous here my house has been almost like a barracks, —Having no particular order on the Assistant Deputy Quarter Master, Lt. Bryson, or the contractor for supplies for this detachment, I have taken the responsibility on myself, but have not drawn (*for it could not be had,*) what was actually necessary. You will please, if it meets your approbation, to sanction what I have done for those troops, and give an authority for the Deputy paymaster or his agent to pay the troops the advance the law allows, and refund the money I have advanced to the troops, that it may be returned to the Bank. The detachment is as follows: Capt. Jenkinson with his company of artillery, fitted completely with muskets, &c. &c. Lebanon light infantry, in exactly the same uniform, as Mansfield's company—four companies of riflemen completely equipt, one company one hundred strong, all can instantly fix bayonets to their rifles, the others, every man a tomahawk and knife—the whole are volunteers, except the light infantry of Lebanon. They have not yet received any advance for I could not draw sufficient; I have had complete muster pay and receipt rolls made out and signed as far as we have gone. We advanced one month's pay to the officers, and ten dollars to each man which has taken a larger sum than we received from Bank, to wit: $3500—Captain Torrence and Carr drew the money and paid the men under the direction and assistance of Captain Adams of the fourth regiment, whom I got to assist, that it should be regular and pass. The Kentucky troops begin to arrive at Newport—I think it will be several days before they leave this; I wish our detachment to be ahead of them, therefore marched them for Lebanon yesterday. If it was not for the obstacle of the pay being wanting, they might proceed on in advance as fast as possible; I am very anxious to push them on, and have been from the first, for I am convinced they are wanting, and a better set of Militia, and a more orderly, I never saw collected, and I believe will *fight*. I sent more ammunition to Urbana than I contemplated for that number of muskets. The rifle powder sent by mistake, which can be rectified when they get to Urbana—I expect to be there by the middle of next week, and if you have not left Piqua, I shall endeavor to see you before my return. The bearer will receive your answer, and any communication you may think proper to make. From accounts, McArthur is gathering laurels. God send them success.

Yours with sentiments of respect and esteem,
JOHN S. GANO.

Sent this by Capt. Cox, express of Clinton Co., to whom *I* paid cash $3, and he is to meet me at Lebanon.

Cincinnati, Aug. 14th, 1812.

The Governor of the State of Ohio has given orders to Gen. Gano to have 300 men, properly officered, from his division, to convene in the shortest time possible, and have them march to Detroit to join Gen. Hull's army and escort provision &c. for the army. And the paymaster's agent being absent, and the men very anxious to receive their pay to provide themselves necessaries, the paymaster and receipt rolls are ready and will be sufficient vouchers for the payment. If the Miami Exporting Company or any persons will advance the pay we will jointly and severally hold ourselves bound for the amount. There will be 350 men from the 1st division in this detachment, the advance pay as to the amount per month is stated in our advertisement in the papers.

JOHN S. GANO,
Commander 1st Div'n. O. Militia.
WM. BARR,

To the President and Directors of the Miami Exporting Company Bank, Cincinnati.

$3,500.

Ten days after date we or either of us promise to deliver to the President and Directors of the Miami Exporting Company, James Taylor's check on the Cashier of the said company, for three thousand five hundred dollars, or on failure of delivering the said check as stipulated therein, we or either of us promise to pay, at the expiration of the term aforesaid, to the President and Directors aforesaid at their office in Cincinnati three thousand five hundred dollars, value received.

The Pittsburgh Fire.

This is the severest calamity in this line, that has ever visited the United States. In the great New York fire of 1835, probably merchandise to as great value was consumed, but the number of dwellings and the amount of personal property in that case was far short of what was involved in this wide spread devastation.

Some idea may be formed by our citizens of the extent of the city which suffered, as well as the region in which it took place, by taking all that space which would be marked out by following Walnut street in Cincinnati to Third, along Third both sides to Main, along Main to Fourth, Fourth to Sycamore, Sycamore to Fifth, Fifth to Deer creek, and then following a line more than half a mile east, and including all that lies between these bounds and the river.—This gives an accurate idea, not only of the space and region, but of the business character of the burnt district.

In view of the fact that such extensive conflagrations as those at New York in 1835, and Pittsburgh now, leave the sufferers unprotected by the insurances made at home, it becomes matter of serious consideration for the community, whether insurance from fire should not always be effected at other cities than those in which the property lies.

Those who were insured in New York at the period of the fire of 1835 lost all in the insolvency of the N. Y. Insurance Companies, which resulted from that event. Those who were insured in Boston were safe. So it will be found now, as respects Pittsburgh, all the insurance recoverable there, will be that effected at foreign offices.

Bear Adventure.

I published last week a panther fight in which my old pioneer friend Williams was engaged some fifty years ago. One or two adventures with bears, which occurred to him about the same time, will serve at once to diversify this narrative, and afford additional light on the modes of living, in early days of the West. I give the story almost in his own words.

"My wife was lying at home in her confinement with her second child, and to lighten our cares, the older one about two years of age had been taken home to her grandmother's, who lived a matter of two miles off. When my wife was able to be stirring about once more, I went over to fetch the little one, and was returning with it in my arms when it began to cry, and I was so busy trying to quiet it, that I hardly noticed at first the sound of steps and a savage growling behind me. Turning my head around, I saw a great he bear, one of the largest I ever saw. He was then within a rod of me. As I turned, my dog, a large and powerful brute, part bull, part grey hound, turned also; and springing at the bear seized him by the hind leg, to check his progress and favor my escape. I made tracks with all the speed I could. The bear would turn on the dog, when the dog would break his hold, and the bear put off again after me. Again the dog would lay hold, and the bear again turn on him compelling him to let go. In this way I was gaining on him, although excessively tired, being obliged to carry the child at arms length, and a very heavy one it was. The child cried the more from being held in so awkward a position, which made the bear more and more savage on my tracks. At last I came in where a path led off through the brush to my home, and the bear being intent on keeping off the dog, passed it without notice and I got home safe. I gave the child to its mother, and taking my rifle down, started out after the old *cuss*. I had hardly got to the road when I

met my dog *Tray*, as I called him, breathless and bloody, having received some pretty severe bruises from the bear. He refused to follow me, and I was obliged to give up the bear hunt for that time.

Some time afterwards one of the neighbors reporting he had seen the bear fasten on a large hog, a constant lookout was kept for him in the settlement. I was out one evening after deer, when I discovered by the smell that carrion was in the neighborhood; I watched the crows to see where they would light, and as I got nearer I heard the bear growl, having been absent for water, and on his way back to the carcass. As soon as I saw him I took aim and fired, hit him on the skull, tore off a large stripe over the eye brow, and while he lay stunned ran up to him within a few feet, fired again and killed him on the spot. This bear had been a nuisance to the neighborhood for three years, having killed in that space of time between 75 and 100 head of hogs, big and little, besides other domestic animals, some fine calves among the rest.

At another time I was out hunting one day, and came on the tracks of a large bear. A light snow on the ground enabled me to follow it up readily, which I did for half a mile to a large oak, up which at about thirty-five feet high there was a hole sizeable enough to let the bear in. As it was winter I knew that it would stay there some time if undisturbed, and went home to gather some of the neighbors for the hunt. So a few days after I got two of them, Alexander Herrington and Richard Shorit with their dogs. One of the men had a rifle and the other an axe. We found the tree too large and otherwise difficult to climb, being the 35 feet without a limb, and we concluded finally to fell a small beech tree against it, by which we could climb up to the hole. This was accordingly done, and it lodged safely against the oak. I built a fire to make chunks to throw in the hole, and proposed to the men to go up and get the bear out, which they both refused to attempt. I was unwilling to go up myself having no confidence in their knowledge of hunting, and feared they would miss the bear, but seeing there was no other way I took off my moccasins for fear of slipping, and tying a string to a chunk of fire, I gave my rifle to Herrington and climbed the beech which lay very steep against the hollow tree. When I got to the hole I looked in very cautiously, and after waving the chunk backwards and forwards in the air, to make it burn, held it there as a light, to judge the depth of the bear's retreat. Seeing nothing however, I dropped the chunk, which by the sound appeared to fall twelve or fifteen feet before I heard it strike. Presently the bear started up with a grunt like an old sow roused from her lair, and growling awfully, clambered up, snorting at a great rate, while I let myself down as fast as possible on the tree by which I came up. The bear, on getting to the hole, began to poke her head in every direction to ascertain who and how many were disturbing her. I called out to Shorit to shoot her in the sticking place, but he having no experience hit her on the nose which only enraged her the more, and down she came butt foremost winding the tree round like a squirrel, and nearly as fast, letting go her hold when within a few feet of the earth. As soon as she came to the ground, two of the dogs seized her, but she soon crippled both. Herrington had run off with my rifle as soon as she began to come down. I had to run some distance before I could get it out of his hands, and when I did, the priming had got wet by his carelessness, and the gun would not go off. I then seized a dead limb by way of handspike and banged away at the bear to make her let go one of the dogs which she was killing as fast as possible. Two or three blows made her let go. The creature was so fat and cramped up in the tree that she could hardly move over the ground at first, and giving the crippled dogs to the others to carry home, seven or eight miles, I run to where I had hung my powder horn, and after wiping out the damp powder, and priming afresh, I put on my moccasins and set out after the bear, which had by this time got considerable of a start. I run it ten or twelve miles, before I caught up, which I did, by finding the bear which was fat and heavy, had taken to a large hollow beech tree to rest herself where she lay in the crotch. One crack of the rifle brought her down lifeless. I then butchered her, took the entrails out and left the bear on its belly, spreading out the legs, well knowing that in this position, nothing in the shape of wild beasts would molest it in the woods. I went home very tired. Next morning my brother and I took horses on which we carried the carcass home. It weighed three hundred and eighty-seven pounds when dressed.

I have killed in the course of my hunting scrapes rising of twenty bears, of which these were the two largest.

The next time I saw Herrington and Shorit, I told them never to go hunting with me or I might be tempted to serve them as I had done the bear, and upbraided them with their cowardice, which might have cost me my life. Shorit was from Pomfret, Connecticut, the neighborhood where Putnam killed the wolf, and excused himself by saying, he would far rather have gone in after that wolf, than risk the hug of a bear thirty or forty feet from the ground.

Relics of the Past.

FORT WASHINGTON, Dec. 2nd, 1791.

SIR:

I received your favour of the 29th, since which Mr. Hodgdon has been endeavoring to procure a boat, which would have been the best and easiest way of sending money to your post, but by some accident or other he has been constantly disappointed, and now they go on horseback. I hope the little delay may not have been very inconvenient—that the men sent for your trunk be met with. Could Mr. Hartshorne have gone by water, it would have been easier and safer for them to have taken that route also—they will return with him except the armourer who is wanted here.

Should you have an opportunity to send to Fort Jefferson be pleased to forward the enclosed letter, but I little expect that you will, before the escort goes with provision in about a week hence.

The old contractors have a large quantity of flour at Fort Hamilton, and the new ones are also sending forward a considerable supply.—What will be done for store houses I know not—is it not possible yet to raise a building for the purpose—if it can be done you will not think much of the trouble I know, and tho' you may have some just prejudices against the persons of the men who have the control at present—they are in some sense public servants, and in the posts have a right to have the provisions they buy in, secured from damage. At the same time it would be very hard on the old contractors to have what was laid in by them, in the just expectation that it would be wanted, turned out to destruction at a season when they cannot remove it to a place of safety. Do what you can to accommodate both.

I am sir,
your humble ser'vt.,
A. ST. CLAIR.

CAPT. ARMSTRONG.

Fort Steuben at the Falls of Ohio.

It is within my recollection, that when the present century commenced, the great mass of the writing paper consumed in the United States was of English manufacture. It was made entirely of linen rags, and compared with what is now used, a coarse and thick article, and rough in surface. I have a specimen in the subjoined letter, in which the *water mark* or stamp is G R, surmounted with a crown. When I examine the texture and substance of the letter which has been written more than half a century, and the creases of which have not injured in the slightest degree its strength, I feel disposed to wonder how much more careful handling among posterity the cotton fabric paper of our time will require.

I publish this letter simply as a testimony of the name in 1790 of the Fort at the Falls of Ohio, now Jeffersonville Ind. The station at that place had borne originally the name, Fort Finney.

FORT WASHINGTON, Jan. 12th, 1790.

DEAR SIR:

I find by a letter of Mr. Robt. Moore, in whose hands I left your two notes for £72, 1,3 to D. Britt & Co—that they have not yet been paid, I will thank you to send, either to me or Mr. Robt. Moore, near Philadelphia, Captain Beatty's orders, that these notes may be settled out of the first or second instalment for the pay of the regiment.

I enclose you a state of your account with D. Britt & Co., at Pittsburgh, by which you will find that a number of articles have been omitted in the account I settled with you at Fort Vincennes. Please examine the same and inform me if any errors.

I am sir, yours,
D. BRITT.

CAPT. ARMSTRONG.
Fort Steuben, Rapids of Ohio.

Valuable Hint.

I copy the following article from the Boston Chronicle.

There is no reason why a manure of such concentiated strength, and of course cheap transportation might not be advantageously made in Cincinnati, where the raw material abounds, and charcoal could be procured at a low price, while blood is suffered to run absolutely to waste.—Probably also the charcoal which is thrown out by the whiskey rectifiers might be used to advantage. It will cost nothing to make an experiment, which I doubt not will be attended with complete success.

"The guano mania, by which whole islands are being transported across oceans, and sold out by the pound, has excited great attention to the subject of manures. As to guano itself, it is of exceedingly variable value, and in its best quality is inferior to manures which may be procured at less expense, This had been scientifically proved on the model farms of France, before the rage commenced.

The best sugar manufactories of France have given rise to a species of manure which is little if at all known in this country, and which we think our agriculture might avail itself of to great advantage. In the clarification of sugar, blood and animal carbon are used. The carbon charged with the animal matter and impurities of the sugar, was at first thrown away as useless. But it was ere long observed, by the sharp-sighted French, that the vegetation about the heaps where it lay, was exceedingly luxuriant and prolific. It was directly proved to be a valuable manure, and commanded such a price as to form a considerable portion of the income of the beet sugar manufactories, and in fact to insure the permanence of that branch of national industry.

By careful experiment it was discovered that the stimulating effect on vegetation was not due in any degree to the residuum of sugar contained in the *noir animal*, as the substance is called, nor to the carbon or blood alone, but to the proper combination of the two last. From this grew a new business of manufacturing manure, called *noir animalise*. This is an intimate mixture of carbon, the charcoal of wood, peat, straw, &c., and blood, butcher's offal, dead carcasses, or other animal matter. The mixture is made as perfect as possible, when the charcoal is in its driest state; it is then perfectly dried and sold in a powdered or granulated form.

This manure produces the most extraordinary effects upon the fructification of plants, especially the grains. Being sowed along with the seed, the charcoal has the effect so to retard the decomposition of the animal matter, that it proceeds at about an even pace with the development of the plant, and is about at its height, while the fructification takes place, instead of having exhausted itself in the production of leaves, as is too much the case with other manures. By the use of this manure in France, it appears that the wheat crops have been increased nearly one third on an average in the districts where it is used: taking into view the expense, the results are considerably more satisfactory than those of any other manure, guano not excepted.

It is manufactured on an immense scale near the slaughter-houses of Paris, and thus benefits not only the agriculture of the country but the health of the city. Why could not the same thing be done in this country, where immense quantities of animal matter are now wasted, and where charcoal is probably cheaper than in France? Why should not even our western farmers avail themselves of such an aid, if they can add a third to their crop without adding a third to their expenses? Those who would try this manure have only to pour upon dry pulverised charcoal, recently heated, as much blood as it will absorb, and they have the manure.—There is no danger of sowing or planting the seed immediately upon it. The closer the contact the better. It is excellent for all sorts of garden and house plants."

The First Court in Ohio.

The first court held northwest of the river Ohio, under the forms of civil jurisprudence, was opened at Campus Martius, (Marietta,) September 2d, 1788.

It will be remembered that on the preceeding 7th of April, Gen. Rufus Putnam, with 47 men had landed and commenced the first settlemen, in what is now the State of Ohio. Gen. Harmar, with his regulars, occupied Fort Harmar. Gov. St. Clair, and also Gen. Samuel Holden Parsons and Gen. James Mitchell Varnum, Judges of the Supreme Court, arrived in July. The Governor and Judges had been employed from their arrival in examining and adopting such of the statutes of the States, as in their opinion would be appropriate to the situation of this new colony. The Government had made appointments of civil officers for the administration of justice, and to carry into effect the laws adopted. Some idea may be obtained of the character of the early settlers of Ohio, by describing the order with which this important event, the establishment of civil authority and the laws, was conducted. From a manuscript written by an eye witness, now in my possession, I have obtained the substance of the following. The procession was formed at the Point (where most of the settlers resided,) in the following order:—1st. The High Sheriff, with his drawn sword; 2d, the Citizens; 3d, the Officers of the Garrison at Fort Harmar; 4th, the members of the Bar; 5th, the Supreme Judges; 6th, the Governor and Clergyman; 7th, the newly appointed Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, General Rufus Putnam and Benj. Tupper.

They marched up a path that had been cut and cleared through the forest to Campus Martius Hall, [Stockade,] when the whole countermarched, and the Judges Putnam and Tupper, took their seats. The Clergyman, Rev. Dr. Cutler, then invoked the divine blessing. The Sheriff, Col. Ebenezer Sproat, (one of nature's nobles) proclaimed with his solemn "O Yes," that "a court is opened for the administration of even-handed justice to the poor and the rich, to the guilty and the innocent, without respect of persons, none to be punished without a trial by their peers, and then in pursuance of the laws and evidence in the case. Although this scene was exhibited thus early in the settlement of the State, few ever equaled it in the dignity and exalted character of its principal participators. Many of them belong to the history of our country, in the darkest as well as the most splendid periods of the Revolutionary war. To witness this spectacle, a large body of Indians was collected, from the most powerful tribes then occupying the almost entire West. They had assembled for the purpose of making a treaty.—Whether any of them entered the Hall of Justice, or what were their impressions, we are not told.

A Fragment of Recollections.

The first approach of actual settlement or population, to the Ohio river, followed in Braddock's trace, from Fort Cumberland to Red Stone Old Fort. And from Red Stone to Wheeling, Buffalo, Cross creek on one hand—to Pittsburgh on another, and on a third, up to the Monongahela in the line of Morgantown and Clarksburg. The settlements advanced most rapidly and most directly through the tract of country that now constitutes Washington county, Pennsylvania, to the Ohio, in the compass from Wheeling to Brown's Island or Holliday's cove, Fifty years ago this tract of country sustained a numerous population, and was to a considerable extent improved. There were open farms, bearing orchards, substantial houses of hewn logs, with shingle roofs, and stone chimnies. And there were occasional school houses sparsely scattered through the settlements, in which urchins were taught their *A B abs*, and the spelling and reading lessons of Dilworth's spelling book. The inhabitants were of the same men who slaughtered the Moravian Indians, and among them there was as yet no place of public worship, no ministers of the Gospel.

It is fifty years ago—nay, in exact accuracy, it is fifty eight years ago, since a first movement was made among these people to found a place of public worship.

In the month of June, 1787, an arrangement was completed for organizing a religious congregation thirty miles in advance of any existing organization. Preparations was made in the depths of the forest. A rough wooden erection was constructed, as a pulpit, and felled timbers were arranged for seats. Thursday was

the day of the week selected for the first meeting, and the sun never shone upon a more genial day in the month of June. For miles around the whole population was collected together.—The minister came to make his trial sermon.—A young licentiate with his young wife in company.

In the tract of country I have described, the Presbyterian clergy were the religious pioneers. At that day, their most western location was east of the new towns of Washington and Canonsburgh. James McMillen, Robert Patterson, Joseph Smith. If there was another, I do not remember him. Young men studied divinity in the private establishments of these pioneers. More than this, they acquired all the elements of such education as they possessed, in those same family establishments. From these beginnings the college at Canonsburgh arose. The founders were the clergymen I named and their few friends and associates.

The minister who presented himself to make his trial sermon, was the pupil and son-in-law of the Rev. Joseph Smith. The Rev. James Hughes has since been well known as a faithful and unpretending preacher of the Gospel, in the Presbyterian Church.

The School-mistress Abroad.

'Now close your book, Bob,' said the mother, 'and Alec give me yours. Put your hands down, turn from the fire, and look up at me, dears,'

'What is the capital of Russia?'

'The Birman empire,' said Alec, with unhesitating confidence.

'The Baltic sea,' cried Bob quickly, emulous and ardent.

'Wait—not so fast, let me see, my dears, which of you is right.'

'Mrs. Thompson appealed immediately to her book, after a long private communication with which, she emphatically pronounced them both wrong.

'Give us a chance, mother,' said Bob, in a wheedling tone, (Bob knew his mother's weakness,) 'them's such hard words, I don't know how it is, but I never can remember them.—Just tell us half the syllable—oh, do now, please!"

"Oh, I know now!" cried Alec, "it's something with a G in it."

"Think of the apostles, dears. What are the names of the apostles!"

"Why, there's Moses," began Bob, counting on his fingers' "and there's Sammywell, and there's Aaron, and ———."

"Stop, my dear," said Mrs. Thompson, you must begin again. I said who was Peter—'tis not that—who was an apostle?"

"Oh, I know now!" cried Alec again—(Alec was the bright boy of the family,) It's Peter,—Peter's the capital of Russia."

"No, not quite, my dear, try again."

"Paul," half murmured Robert, with a reckless hope of proving right.

"No, Peter's right, but there's something else. What has your father been taking down the beds for?"

There was a solemn silence, and three industrious sisters blushed the slightest blush that could be raised on a maiden's cheek.

"To rub that snuff off the walls," said the ready Alec.

"Yes, but what was it to kill?" asked the instructress.

"The fleas," said Bob.

"Worse than that, dear."

"Oh, I know now," shrieked Alec for the third time; "Petersbug's the capitol of Russia."

Primitve Times.

Our neighbors in the west—(say 600 or 700 miles distant, and this of course does not include the great west, which is somewhere in the neighborhood of sundown, nor the Far West, which is towards sunrise of to-morrow)—our neighbors in the West, we say, were formerly blessed with the large church of out-doors—but the Gospel had no better quarters than the Law.

'Mr. Sheriff,' said the Judge, who was seated on a stump, 'have you empaneled the Jury?'

'Nearly, sir. I have eleven of them secured in the ravine, tied with a grape vine; and the constables are running down the twelfth.'

—So goes an anecdote of thirty years ago in Ohio—which is now No. 3 of the confederacy, and will probably be only second to New York in the census of 1850.

—Whoever has reached the twenties, can remember *how far* Ohio was distant when he was a boy. We marvelled that any should think of going so far away. And yet the settlers soon surrounded themselves with attractions, and *home* proved the centre of the universe to each family of the content and industrious. Is there not instruction in the remark of the borderer's wife? She and all hers were located on a prairie somewhere in the depths of the Great West. A cosmopolite and amateur hunter saw her cabin and entered. In the course of conversation she inquired where he came from?

'My home is in Boston,' said he.

'Where is Boston, I pray?'

It is little short of two thousand miles towards sunrise,' was the answer.

'La me!' said the simple-hearted, home-loving woman—'La me! I wonder how any body can live so far away!'

—O brother—O sister! consider, and be wise. Is *home* the centre of the Universe to *thee?* If it be, thy soul hath attained the blessedness of primitime times, ere fashion and shame perverted the true uses of Life.

CITIZENS' BANK, NO. 4.

Mr. Cist.—The rates at this Bank will not be thought excessive when it is considered that a loan may be obtained for a single day, if required, and that the price in many cases barely compensates the labor alone of the transaction, and further, that a liberal deduction is always made when large sums are borrowed for a month or longer.

$50, for example, is wanted for a single day: here it is necessary to count the money twice, draw up a note, enter the transaction in several books—and all for the sum of 6¼ cents; for the Bank never in any case, however small the loan, charges more than one-eighth of one per cent. per day, even for the shortest periods.—Again it should be borne in mind that the Bank seeks no profit from the issue of Bills for circulation, and that it pays interest on all its deposites.—That to be ready for the demands of borrowers and depositors, it is obliged to keep on hand at

all times a large sum of money unemployed.—Besides, that it is not only subject to the usual expenses of a Banking house for rent, salaries, &c. but compelled to pay $400 annually to the City Government, for its privileges, and a heavy additional tax to the State.

Now, where a business is attended with all the labor and expense of ordinary trade, it is but just that it should command the profits of trade.

It is only where money is wanted for short periods, that it can be borrowed to advantage from this Bank. A man may pay $1 per day for the use of a $50 horse; or 6¼ cents per day for the temporary use of $50. He may pay 50 cents for a meal at a tavern, or 50 cents for a loan of $400 for a day. But as no one would think of hiring a horse for a year at one dollar per day, or of remaining at a tavern during a like period at two dollars per day, so no man in his senses would think of borrowing money for long periods at one-eighth of one per cent. per day.

Living by Faith.

Rev. E. N. Sawtell, it will be recollected lectured not long since at the First and Second Presbyterian Churches of Cincinnati on the religious state of France and Italy. I am not aware in what official capacity he appeared before the Presbyterian Churches here, I presume however as an agent to some of the religious societies in New. York.

In 1836 and 37, if not later he was employed by the Seaman's Friend Society to occupy the pulpit of their Chapel at Havre, France. It was during that period, and while struggling with the financial embarrassments which he shared with his employers in America during that gloomy business period, that he wrote the following letter, in which it is impossible to say whether wit and humor, or pious confidence and cheerfulness abound most.

"Havre, June 8, 1837.

"You are indeed putting my faith to the test. My spirit sunk within me at getting no remittance by the Utica. Obtain funds here is entirely out of the question, for the prevailing opinion is, that all America has failed, from General Jackson down to the shoe-black. In my letter, by Mr. Stoddard, I more than intimated that I must leave, and return to America, and yet how to do it, in the present embarrassed state of the chapel, is a thing that quite puzzles me. My situation is unlike that of a broken merchant, who may, perhaps, out of the fragments of a vast estate, line his pockets with something to feed his family. For me to *stop payment*, is to *stop eating*—and I need not tell you what would be my next *stoppage* in this *stopping process*, in all probability it would be that of *breathing*—quite a serious failure *that*, particularly to a public speaker. Several little occurrences, however, have of late transpired, which encourage me to hope, that in angling about I may yet catch a fish with money in his mouth.

A few days ago a handcart stopped at my door loaded with chickens, ducks, fish, a turkey, a calfs head and feet; indeed, for variety, it bore no small resemblance to Peter's sheet, and I strongly suspect, that the same hand that let down the sheet had something to do in this matter. It appears that on the arrival of the Utica, their fresh provisions, which are packed in ice, must be disposed of, and, in their disposal, the officers kindly remembered their chaplain. They have ever manifested a deep interest in the cause of the chapel since I have been here. The Lord be praised, and a thousand thanks to them.

For many months my wardrobe had given ocular demonstration of hard times, and seemed strongly to sympathize with the deranged state of the commercial world. When it became entirely unable to meet its demands, I went to the tailor. was measured for a new suit, without even the courage to ask him to wait for his pay, or the honesty to tell him he was running a risk. It seems, however, that the American captains, (an increased number of whom, I rejoice to say, attended the chapel) had been noticing the same thing, to wit, that the parson's outer-man. to say nothing of the inner, needed a reformation, and intimated to some of my friends, that they would make an attempt upon my person, if they were certain that I would take no offence; being assured that I considered the servant not above his Lord, they very soon called on me, and intimated their wishes, that I would get me a suit of clothes, and they had the money to pay for them. I told them that I was expecting a suit sent in, and had feared they would come before I was prepared to pay for them. Just as they began to count out the money, in came the tailor with the clothes. Surely, thought I, "I need to take no thought for my life, what I shall eat, nor for my body what I shall put on." But, like the Jews of old, who could murmur with the flesh between their teeth I soon forgot it—for I was owing several hundred francs of borrowed money, which must be paid on a certain day in the following week, clouds thickened and darkened around me to such a degree, that I lost all faith, and my mind was not a little troubled in my preparations for the Sabbath, and on my way to the chapel, I felt as though a covering of sackcloth would suit me better than my new coat. I found, however, the chapel full of people, and many I knew to be Americans. I noticed in particular, one keen, black-eyed gentleman, who listened just as though he loved the truth. After preaching, he sought an introduction, walked home with me, and called to see me on Monday. I showed him your letter by the Utica; he went out, but returned with a hundred dollars, which he put in my hands, saying, "If the winds change so as to detain the vessel, I shall have to call for this to pay my tavern bill;" but he who holds the winds in his fist did not suffer it to change, and that debt, about which I was so faithless and unbelieving, is paid.

Coleman and his Attachment.

I do not recollect in the fictions of Johnson, or the more scrupulous narrative of Gibbon, a more striking instance of the vanity of human wishes, and the uncertainty of human calculati-

than the decease of COLEMAN, of the Eolian attachment of which a late mail has brought us tidings. After buffeting the world for years, friendless and insignificant, prospects of honor and profit open on him, such as offer themseives to few men for acceptance. He realises an hundred thousand dollars in the United States, and half a million in Europe from his ingenuity, and just as he is casting about to see where he shall invest his accumulating riches, he is swept from the stage of existence. "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!"

Sitting for a Portrait.

This is the title of a most amusing article in the February number of Blackwood's Magazine, which we commend to the attention of artists as well as sitters, the latter of whom may gain some hints from it as regards postare, attitude, modes of concealing defects, &c., whilst the former may see some of the accessaries of their profession sketched to perfection. The article, too, is illustrated by some humorous anecdotes of which we select the following.

I will tell you what happened to a painter my acquaintance. A dentist sat to him two of days—the painter worked away very hard—looked at the picture then at the sitter. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'I find I have been all wrong—what can it be? Why, sir, your mouth is not at all like what it was yesterday.' 'Ah! I will tell you vat it ees,' replied the French dentist; 'ah! good—my mouse is not the same—yesterday I did have my jaw in, but I did lend it out to a lady this day.'

Painters generally discover the vanity of their sitters; they seldom fail to observe the pains they take to conceal any little defects or even great deformities. The annexed is an illustration:

I happened to call some time since, upon a painter with whom I was on intimate terms· I found him in a roar of laughter, and quite alone. 'What is the matter?' said I. 'Matter!' replied he; 'why, here has been Mr. B. sitting to me these four days following, at last, about half an hour ago, he, sitting in in that chair puts up his hand to me, thus, with 'Stop a moment, Mr. painter; I don't know whether you have noticed it or not, but it is right that I should tell you that *I have a slight* cast in my eye.'

You know Mr. B. a worthy good man, but he has the very worst gimlet eye I ever beheld.'—Thought his defect wondrously exagerated, when, for the first time, he saw it on canvass; and perhaps all his family not ced it there, whom custom had reconciled into but little observation of it, and the painter was considered no friend of the family. Do you remember how a foolish man lost a considerable sum of money once, by forgetting this human propensity? He had lost some money to little K——— of Bath, the deformed gambler—and being nettled at his loss, thought to pique the winner. 'I'll wager,' said he, '£50, I'll point out the worst leg in the company.' 'Done,' said K——— to his astonishment. 'The man does not know himself,' thought he, for there sat K——— crouched up all shapes by the fireside. The wagerer, to win his bet, at once cried, 'Why, that,' pointing to K———'s leg, which was extended towards the grate, 'No,' said K———, quietly unfolding the other from beneath the chair, and showing it. 'that's worse.' By which you may learn the fact—that every man puts his best leg foremost.

* * * * * *

All sitters expect to be flattered. Take, for instance, the following scene, which was related to me by a miniature painter: A man upward of forty years of age, had been sitting to him—one of as little pretensions as you can well imagine; you would have thought it impossiblo that he could have had any homœpathic proportion of vanity—of personal vanity at leas:; but it turned out otherwise. 'Well, sir,' said the painter, 'that will do—I think I have been very fortunate in your likeness.' The man looks at it, and says nothing, puts on an expression of disappointment. 'What! don't you think it like sir?' says the artist. 'Why—ye—ee—s, it is li—i—ke—but——' 'But what sir? I think it is like?' 'Why, I'd rather you should find it out yourself. Have the goodness to look at me.'—And here my friend the painter declared, that he put on a most detestably affected grin of amiability. 'Well, sir, upon my word, I don't see any fault at all; it seems to me as like as it can be; I wish you'd be so good as to tell me what you mean.' 'Oh, sir, I'd rather not—I'd rather you should find it out yourself, look again.' 'I can't see any difference, sir; so if you don't tell me it can't be altered.' 'Well, then, with reluctance, if I must tell you, I don't think you have given my *sweet expression about the eyes!*'

Our last anecdote shows the importance of a painter's never forgetting *the characteristics* of his sitter:

A painter, the other day, as I am assured, in a country town, made a great mistake in a characteristic, and it was discovered by a country farmer. It was the portrait of a lawyer—an attorney, who, from humble beginnings, had made a good deal of money, and enlarged, thereby, his pretensions, but some how or other not very much enlarged his respectability.

To his pretensions was added that of having his portrait put up in the parlor, as large as life. There it is, very flashy and very true—one hand in his breast, the other in his small clothes' pocket. It is market day—the country clients are called in—opinions are passed—the family present, and all complimentary—such as, 'Never saw such a likeness in the course of all my born days. As like 'um as he can stare.' 'Well, sure enough, there he is.' But at last—there is one dissentient! ''Tan't like—not very—no 'tain't,' said a heavy, middle-aged farmer. with rather a dry look, too, about his mouth, and a moist one at the corner of his eye, and who knew the attorney well. All were upon him. 'Not like! how not like? Say where is it not like?' 'Why, don't you see,' said the man, 'he's got his hand in his breeches pocket. It would be as like again if he had his hand in any other body's pocket.' The family portrait was removed, especially as, after this, many come on purpose to see it; and so the attorney was lowered a peg, and the farmer obtained the reputation of a connoisseur.

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday evening, the 17th inst., by the Rev. E. W. Sehon, Mr. ALFRED MILLER to Miss SUSANNAH GASKILL, all of this city.

On Sunday, April 20th, by Elder Wm. P. Stratton, Mr. STEPHEN S AYRES to Miss ELIZABETH AYRES.

Relics of the Past!

There are two references in the annexed letter of Gen. Wilkinson, which need explanation. The "God of war" refers to Gen. Knox, then Secretary of the War Department, always deemed unfriendly to the settlement of the West, for private and mercenary reasons. The "Gaines" alluded to is Gen. Edmund P. Gaines, whose promotion from Ensign to Lieutenant it announces, and whose continuance in the army for nearly sixty years is without a parallel in the United States service, and has few examples in European military registers.

Gen. J. Wilkinson to Capt. John Armstrong.

Fort Washington, April 29th, 1792.

Dear Sir:

All your letters except those by McDaniel have come safe to hand; I fear these have taken the back track, as we have not seen or heard of the man. Please to forward me a duplicate of your letters by him.

You will find from the enclosed list, that little Hodgdon, altho' always deficient, has not been so much so as you expect—the articles receipted for by Shaumburgh were expressly for your garrison, and exclusive of those intended for Jefferson. The articles which remain unsupplied, will be furnished by the next escort as far as they can be procured, and you must write to Lt. Shaumburgh to return you the articles which he improperly carried forward, or such part as may be handily conveyed by your expresses—viz: the chalk lines, gimlets, stone, compass, saw and chisel. You cannot be too cautious, for I fear it will be impossible with all your vigilance, to preserve every man's hair a month longer—you have to combat an enterprising, subtle, persevering enemy, who to gain an advantage would think it no hardship to creep a mile upon his belly over a bed of thorns.

Your regiment is broken all to pieces by promotion, you are now second Captain, and if the God of war was not unfriendly to you, you should soon be a major. The organization and discipline of the army, is to undergo a great reform. The particulars have not yet been transmitted to me—but I am told, it is to be stiled the American Legion, commanded by a Major general, and divided into four sub legions, to be commanded by Brigadiers. I infer that the inferior corps will be battalions commanded by majors, and that regiments are to be done away, as we are to have no more Lt. Colonels. Ziegler's resignation was accepted, and he struck off the rolls the 5th of March, long before he had offered his commission to me. Subordination and sobriety are circumstances which the President is determined to enforce at all hazards.

I wish you to congratulate Gaines for me on his promotion, and tell him that it will depend upon himself, in a great degree, when he may be a Captain. My friendship will depend entirely upon his continuing the sober man, I formerly knew him to be. I feel some anxiety for Elliott's last convoy by the river—should it arrive safe, you will return the escort under cover of the night to this place. The season approaches when we must not trifle with the enemy. Adieu.

I am with sincere regard, yours,

JAS. WILKINSON,

Lt. Col. Commandant.

N. B. You will make up and sign the abstracts of the contractor, in as strict conformity to the order of the 13th Feb. as may be, and in future are to observe it exactly; to this end all detachments and parties passing you, must specify in their returns, the respective corps and companies to which they appertain. J. W

Capt. Jno. Armstrong.

Capt. John Armstrong to Gen. J. Wilkinson.

Fort Hamilton, 16th May, 1792.

My Dear Friend:

Your letters of the 29th of April, and 11th May, come duly to hand. Capt. Peters with his convoy marched this morning; and I am extremely happy you mentioned the circumstance of the troops returning from St. Clair being detained on the opposite shore all night, as it gives me an opportunity of communicating to you the cause why they were so detained, and trust my motives will justify the measure, and convince you that in doing so, I did my duty. Those troops arrived at sunset. The large flat being rendered useless by a neglect in the men of Lt. Shaumburgh's command. The river was high. Having the small flat only to effect the crossing, it would have taken the greater part of the night: and from the height of the water and darkness of the weather, I conceived would be attended with much danger, and perhaps the loss of several lives.

I sincerely thank you for your friendly advice, respecting the exercise of the law martial against a citizen, and shall adhere strictly thereto.

Sure I am the circumstance of having confined one of the contractor's men must have been improperly and partially represented to you. Contempt of an order of the commanding officer of a post, would be unjustifiable in a citizen—much more so in one that is in some measure connected with the army and agreeable to the customs established in the last war, subject to be punished by martial law. See sect. 13, art. 23rd, of the articles of war. Men employed by the contractor as an Q. M., are indulged

with an idea that they were not subject to the law martial, figure to yourself what would be the situation of an officer commanding one of our recruits. That they are subject thereto, I never heard disputed. Should those characters be impressed with a different idea and supported therein, fatal would be the consequences produced in an army. I shall at all times give a negative to the establishment of so bad a precedent.

In the return you inclosed from the Quarter Master, he has committed an error—the company book mentioned therein it seems was intended for, and is appropriated with the wafers, quills, and greater part of the paper to the use of his department.

The oil stone is also missing. My surveyors remain idle for want of files. On further inquiry, I find the surveyor mentioned in my last, is at Covault's station, instead of Dunlap's. I wish you could for a time spare me the cooper belonging to Capt. Kersey's Company, and now at Fort Washington, to be employed in making canteens. I have a quantity of cedar collected for that purpose.

A part of each of the unfinished buildings in the Bastions, is raised two stories high, and may hereafter be converted into soldiers' barracks and officers' quarters. I intend finishing the upper story in each, so that when you honor us with a visit, a cool, comfortable room will be at your service. The articles mentioned in the inclosed returns are actually wanted, and I hope you will think proper to order them furnished.

Capt. Peters' detachment marched yesterday morning, and in the evening the savages tomahawked a man, employed by the quarter master to drive the public team, about four hundred yards from the fort, where he had strolled without arms, and contrary to the order of 5th April. It appears that the fellow was sitting down at the root of a tree, and perhaps asleep.

I employ as a guard to the cattle a non-commissioned officer, and eight who have orders to confine themselves to some thicket near the drove, and be seen as seldom as possible. Permit me here to observes the contractor ought to have one or two men to drive the bullocks, covered by the guard. Your orders respecting the bacon &c. shall be strictly attended to. I have signed the abstracts up to the 1st of May, and confess to you, I can't see any way of executing them agreeable to the copy from the war office. You will please to observe there is no column for artificers, wagoners, pack-horsemen, or for any extra rations whatever. I would thank you to point out the mode of bringing those in with a strict uniform one to the returns sent forward refered into your orders. I kept no copy of my letter by McDonald, or it contained nothing material. Our regiment is broken indeed, and not benefited much by the commanding officers being at so great a distance, who, I presume; would reduce some companies to fill others, and send the supernumerary officers on the recruiting service.

Those woodsmen you have been pleased to direct for each post will be the means of saving many of our best men, who are generally employed on the service undertaken by them.—Your partizan corps will have much in their power, and I trust do honor to themselves—it is the handsomest command in the army. I am sorry the God of war has formed any unjust prejudices against me. I will not suffer him to do me injustice and ask no favors. The person who made the representation to you, must be young in service, and possessed of more passion than judgment, to have crossed the troop and left near a hundred horses without a guard, would, in my opinion, have been very improper.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN ARMSTRONG.
Capt. Commandant.

Ship Building on the Ohio.

It appears to be a general impression on the public mind, that the Barque "Muskingum," which was built at Marietta, and was loaded a few weeks since at Cincinnati for Liverpool, is the first vessel built upon our western waters for crossing the broad Atlantic. This is a great mistake, as is well known to hundreds.

The Brig "General Butler," was built in Pittsburgh in 1810 by Gen. James O'Hara of that place. It was loaded with flour for Liverpool, to which port Wm. O'Hara sailed as supercargo.

After unloading at Liverpool, she cleared for Philadelphia, and was supposed to have foundered at sea, as she never reached that port.

Still earlier, and about the year 1806, a ship named the *Western Trader*, was also built. She was commanded by Capt. John Brevoort, under whose superintendence she was fitted out. This vessel was cleared for Marseilles, France, where she arrived safely, but on the production of her papers at the custom house, they were pronounced false, no such port in the world as Pittsburgh being known at Marseilles.

A map of the United States, however, being produced, Capt. Brevoort pointing out the mouth of the Mississippi, traced with his finger its course up to the junction of that stream with the Ohio, and followed the latter river on the map one thousand miles to the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany, at which spot, he pointed out his port of departure to the great astonishment of the French *douaniers*.

The rigging, cables, anchors, sails, &c of the *Western Trader* had been hauled across the Alleghany mountains. Those who recollect the condition of the road from Philadelphia to Pitts-

burgh, even after it became a stage route, and as late as 1814, will comprehend what an enterprise this must have been at that date. The crew were also engaged at the east. The *Western Trader* returned to Philadelphia, from which port she made several voyages, and was shut up there during the general embargo, which preceded the war of 1812. Much of her timbers were black walnut, and the vessel decayed in a few years.

The facts in the case of the *Western Trader* were given by HENRY CLAY, substantially in these terms, on the floor of Congress in his speech on the imprisonment of American sailors.

Poetry.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

INSCRIBED TO MISS. A. B.

BY L. J. CIST.

"She filled her woman's sphere on earth."

"HER woman's sphere!"—and tell us, thou
To whom our heart in reverence bow—
Thou who so well dost fill it here—
Say how could nobler sphere be given
This side the white-robed choirs of heaven
Than, rightly filled, is "woman's sphere?"

Where lieth woman's sphere?—Not there,
Where strife and fierce contentions are;
Not in the bloody battle field,
With sword and helmet, lance and shield;
Not in the wild and angry crowd,
Mid threat'nings high, and clamors loud;
Not in the halls of rude debate
And legislation, is *her* seat;
Nor yet in scenes of weak display—
Of vanity, with its array
Of pride and selfishness—not *here*,
Lieth *true hearted* "WOMAN'S SPHERE!"

What then *is* "woman's sphere?"—The sweet
And quiet precincts of her home;
Home!—where the blest affections meet,
Where strife and hatred may not come!
Home—sweetest word in mother-tongue,
Long since in verse undying sung!
Home—of her holiest hopes the shrine,
Around which all her heart-strings twine!
There, loved and loving—safe from fear,
Lies ever woman's noblest sphere.
There hers the mighty power to wield,
To which the warrior's lance and shield,
Helmet and sword are powerless—
The God-like gift to save and bless!
To save the erring from his sin,
And back to paths of virtue win;
To bless—in every stage of life,
As MOTHER—DAUGHTER—SISTER—WIFE!

As MOTHER! Sweet and holy tie,
First known, best loved in infancy!
From her own vital breath we draw,
Her gentle looks our infant law;
Her love our refuge in alarm;
Her watchful care our shield from harm;
Her lessons the first precepts given
To form for earth and fit for heaven;
Her love—unselfish, ever known
To seek our interests, not her own—
Through all this changing scene extends:
With life begun—with death but ends!

As DAUGHTER!—'Tis upon her laid
To be the aged mothers aid;
In one the varied ties to blend
Of child, companion, helper, friend;
Repay in thousand gentle ways,
The love that crowned her childish days;
From thousand cares of age to save
And smooth life's pathway to the grave:
And Heaven's benignest gifts are shed,
Ever on such a daughter's head!

As SISTER!—He who doth not prove
Her kindness, cannot know its worth!
How all unselfish that pure love
That in a sister's heart hath birth!
Playmate! companion up from youth!
Gentle and sympathizing friend!
Whose lips like hers, with faithful truth,
So well can kind persuasion blend?
Thou who hast such—that long on earth
She may be spared thee, kneel and pray!
Such too had I—nor knew her worth,
Till she was called from earth away!
A pious sister! who can tell
How oft to her it may be given,
To save a brother's feet from hell—
To lead his wandering steps to heaven!

But more than all 'tis hers, as WIFE!
To wield her mightiest influence still
To check and temper manhood's strife,
And mould his purpose to her will:
For where is he who does not feel
That he could easier burst through steel.
Than wound that fond and faithful heart,
Of his *own more than self*, a part—
Or spurn the gentle thraldom known
To seek *his* happiness alone!

O! woman hath, in every phase,
Controlling influence o'er our ways;
But chief, as man's companion high
'Tis hers to guide his destiny:
And from that day our parents erst
Were driven from Eden's blissful shade—
When both had fallen—yet woman *first*,
Man by *her* weakness then betrayed—
All potent still, for good or ill,
Hath been the force of woman's will:
And mightier, with each added year,
Grows WOMAN'S POWER in WOMAN'S SPHERE!

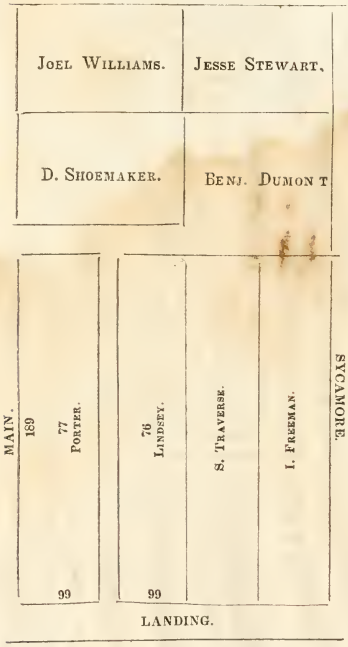
The Fire at Pittsburgh.

Great calamities, serve to develope the worst as well as the best principles of human nature. The late fire at Pittsburgh, brought into exercise to a great extent, a system of plundering, which has filled the jail of that city with depredators on property.

It is pleasant to turn to the brighter side of the picture. Contributions of the most liberal character have been poured in for the relief of the sufferers from those who have escaped the visitation, both abroad and at home. Among

these, the unsolicited gift of several hundred dollars, the accumulated savings for years of a young woman, at service in the family of Rev. Dr. Herron, shines conspicuous. It is the widow's two mites, among the offerings at the treasury by the rich. *It was her all.* And the same judge who characterised that gift, as being of more value than all the rest, will no doubt regard this self-sacrificing contribution as a higher exercise of benevolence than that of individuals, who may give thousands out of their abundance.

Diagram.



The lot you speak of in your paper of April 2nd was one of the *thirty* in-lots subjected to on the 7th January, 1789, and was drawn by *John Porter*—as was the adjoining one on the east by *Henry Lindsay*, who I believe is still living above New Richmond, Ohio. The lot on the corner of Main and Front was conveyed to Col. Thomas Gibson by Judge Symmes 19 April, 1798, in consideration of $

The east half of the lot 76 lying east of the alley, was conveyed to D. Achison 20 Dec., 1797, and the West half to J. & A. Hunt 30 Sep. 1796, in consideration of $2.

MR. C. CIST.

Yours, F.

Attack on Bryant's Station.

Sixty-three years ago, almost, a cloud of savage hostility, long threatened, burst upon this station, at that time one of the most important in Kentucky, under the following circumstances.

The border war between the whites and Indians, had for many years prior to 1782 been waged by small parties, at least so far as the aborigines were concerned. This best suited the temper and mode of life of the savages, whose supplies for themselves and families lasted usually but for a few days, and constantly required replenishing. It accorded, besides, little with their character and spirit to assemble in large masses, which are moved slowly, and must always depend for success upon a thorough and prolonged co-operation of its various elements. But as fort by fort become established in the country north of the Ohio, and the whites were steadily spreading over Kentucky, it soon became apparent to the Indians that they must either prepare to abandon their favorite hunting grounds south of the Ohio, or by one concentrated and general effort to drive the whites from these settlements.

Accordingly, early in August, 1782, a grand council of the savages was held at Chillicothe, the great head quarters of the Shawanese, a few miles from the present town of Xenia, at which besides that tribe, the Wyandots, Mingoes, Ottowas, Potowotamics, Miamies, and less important bands of Indians assisted or were represented. Girty and M'Kee, the one a renegade white, the other a British agent were present, and actively engaged in fanning to a flame the hostile feeling of the savages toward their pioneer neighbors. It was urged by these men who were more bitter enemies to the whites than the Indians themselves, that the American war was now over, and the whole forces of Western Pennsylvania and Virginia, were ready to be let loose to crush them at once. They were reminded of the gradual encroachments of the whites, of the beauty of Kentucky, and its value to them as an hunting ground. They were warned that they must combine their scattered strength if they did not mean to be driven from the wigwams they and their fathers had occupied for thousands of moons past, and if they were not beforehand in striking a blow at the whites, they would soon be deprived of every means of buying blankets to warm their bodies, and rum to cheer their souls. Such was the inflammatory harangue of Simon Girty. It fell like turpentine poured upon coals of fire. The council resolved to gather the whole disposable force of the tribes which as far as it could be assembled for immediate service, was not far from one thousand warriors. Of these it was determined that six hundred

should make an irruption into the Kentucky settlements, while the rest were to follow the route higher up the river Ohio, which should enable them to fall upon the various settlements in the region of Wheeling, Virginia. These movements were accordingly carried into effect.

I shall confine my narrative to the detachment which moved against the Kentucky settlers, and which having reached Bryant's station on the 15th August, 1782, placed themselves in ambush around it, ready to take whatever advantage might present itself, not doubting their ability to take it by storm on the first assault. The lapse of sixty-three years, has laid in the dark and silent grave, nearly all the actors in that memorable attack, but there are three or four Kentuckians who still survive, all in the full vigor of mind and body, and it is from the statements of one of those whose voices rise, whose eye kindles, and whose tongue becomes eloquent on this subject that I compile my narrative, incorporating with it well attested circumstances recorded elsewhere, which in the nature of the case were to him unknown. Mr. Ellison E. Williams, my informant, was born in Surry county, N. C. on the 19th April, 1770. He is of course now seventy-five years of age. His father settled at Bryant's station, having planted a crop of corn that same spring, and in the autumn removed his family out to Kentucky. When the attack was made, young Williams was over twelve years of age, a period of life when labor was expected from and performed by the boys of those days, which in modern times would hardly be devolved upon youths of eighteen or nineteen.

A brief description of the fort will render the narrative more easy to comprehend.

Bryant's station had been settled by William Bryant, brother-in-law to Daniel Boone, and was about 5 miles distant from Lexington on the present road from Maysville to that city, and on the South bank of Elkhorn. Bryant, who was well fitted to take charge of the interest of this settlement, had been unfortunately surprised and killed by Indians near the mouth of Cane Run. Many of the original settlers had returned to North Carolina, and a new set from Virginia, among whom was Robert Johnson, father of Col. R. M. Johnson, late Vice President of the United States, occupied their places. These were far from being familiar with the character of the Indians, and the danger to which their inexperience exposed them on this account.—The fort itself contained about forty cabins placed in parallel lines, connected by strong palisades, and garrisoned by forty or fifty men. It was a parallelogram of thirty rods in length by twenty in breadth, forming an enclosure of nearly four acres, which was protected by digging a trench four or five feet deep in which strong and heavy pickets were planted by ramming the earth well down against them. These were twelve feet out of the ground, being formed of hard durable timber, at least a foot in diameter. Such a wall it must be obvious defied climbing or leaping, and indeed any means of attack, cannon excepted. At the angles were small squares or block houses, which projected beyond the palisades, and served to impart additional strength at the corners, as well as permitted the besieged to pour a raking fire across the advanced party of the assailants. Two folding gates in front and rear, swinging on prodigious wooden hinges sufficient for the passage in and out of men or wagons in times of security. These were of couse provided with suitable bars.

This was the state of things as respects the means of defence at Bryant's station on the morning of the 16th August, 1782 while the savages lay concealed in the thick weeds around it, which in those days grew so abundantly and tall, as would have sufficed to hide mounted horsemen. They waited for daylight, and the opening of the gates for the garrison to get water for the day's supply from an adjacent spring before they should commence the work of carnage.

It seems that the garrison here were rather taken off their guard. Some of the palisade work had not been secured as permanently as possible, and the original party which built the fort had been tempted in the hurry of constructing, and their fewness of hands to restrict its extent, so as not to include a spring of water within its limits. Great as were these disadvantages, they were on the eve of exposure to a still greater one, for had the attack been delayed a few hours, the garrison would have been found disabled by sending off a reinforcement to a neighboring station—Holder's settlement—on an unfounded alarm that it was attacked by a party of savages. As it was, no sooner had a few of the men made their appearance outside of the gate than they were fired on, and compelled to regain the inside.

According to custom, the Indians resorted to stratagem for success. A detachment of one hundred warriors attacked the south-east angle of the station, calculating to draw the entire body of the besieged to that quarter to repel the attack, and thus enable the residue of the assailants five hundred strong, who were on the opposite side, to take advantage of its unprotected situation, when the whole force of the defence should be drawn off to resist the assault at the south-east. Their purpose however was comprehended inside, and instead of returning

the fire at the smaller party, they secretly despatched an express to Lexington for assistance, and began to repair the palisades, and otherwise to put themselves in the best possible posture of defence. They were aware that the Indians were posted near the spring, but believing they were not disposed at this stage of the siege, to unmask a fire in that direction upon any small party, the women were sent to bring in water for the use of the garrison. The event fulfilled their expectations. The Indians forbore to fire, being unwilling, as it appeared, that their presence in that direction should become known at that moment.

When an ample supply of water had been thus obtained, and the neglected defences completed, a party of thirteen men sallied out in the direction in which the assault had been made.—They were fired on by the savages, and driven again within the palisades, but without sustaining any loss of life. Immediately the five hundred on the opposite side, rushed to the assault of what they deemed the unprotected side of the fort, without entertaining any doubts of their success. A well directed fire, however, put them promptly to flight. Some of the more daring and desperate approached near enough with burning arrows to fire the houses, one or two of which were burned, but a favorable wind drove the flames away from the mass of the buildings, and the station escaped the danger threatened from this source. A second assault from the great body of the Indians, was repelled with the same vigor and success with the first.

Disappointed of their object thus far, the assailants retreated, and concealed themselves under the bank of the creek to await and intercept the arrival of the assistance which they were well aware was on its way from Lexington. The express from Bryant's station reached that town without difficulty, but found its male inhabitants had left there, to aid in the defence of Holder's station, which was reported to be attacked, as already stated. Following their route, he overtook them at Boonesborough, and sixteen mounted men, with thirty on foot immediately retraced their steps for the relief of the besieged at Bryant's. When this re-enforcement approached the fort, the firing had entirely ceased, no enemy was visible, and the party advanced in reckless confidence, that it was either a false alarm, or that the Indians had abandoned the siege. Their avenue to the garrison was a lane between two cornfields, which growing rank and thick formed an effectual hiding place to the Indians even at the distance of a few yards. The line of ambush extended on both sides nearly six hundred yards. Providentially it was in the heat of midsummer, and dry accordingly, and the approach of the horsemen raised a cloud of dust so thick as to compel the enemy to fire at random, and the whites happily escaped without losing a man. The footmen on hearing the firing in front, dispersed amidst the corn, in hopes of reaching the garrison unobserved. Here they were intercepted by the savages who threw themselves between them and the fort, and but for the luxuriant growth of corn they must all have been shot down. As it was two men were killed and four wounded of the party on foot before it succeeded in making its way into the fort.

Thus reinforced, the garrison felt assured of safety, while in the same measure the assailing party began to despair of success.

One expedient remained, which was resorted to for the purpose of intimidating the brave spirits who were gathered for the defence of their wives and little ones. As the shades of evening approached, Girty who commanded the party, addressed the inmates of the fort. Mounting a stump from which he could be distinctly heard, with a demand for the surrender of the place, he assured the garrison that a reinforcement with cannon would arrive that night, that the station must fall, that he could assure them of protection if they surrendered, but could not restrain the Indians if they carried the fort by storm; adding, he supposed they knew who it was that thus addressed them. A young man, named Reynolds, fearing the effect which the threat of cannon might have on the minds of the defending party, with the fate of Martin's and Ruddle's stations fresh in their memories, left no opportunity for conference, by replying instantly, that he knew him well, and held him in such contempt that he had called a good for nothing dog he had by the name of Simon Girty. "Know you!" added he, "we all know you, for a renegade cowardly villain, that delights in murdering women and children. Wait till morning and you will find on what side the reinforcements are. We expect to leave not one of your cowardly souls alive, and if *you* are caught our women shall whip you to death with hickory switches. Clear out, you cut throat villain." Some of the Kentuckians shouted out, "Shoot the d— rascal!" and Girty was glad to retreat out of the range of their rifles lest some one of the garrison might be tempted to adopt the advice.

Before morning, however, the whole force of savages decamped, taking the route to the Blue-licks, where three days afterwards, they decoyed the whites into the disastrous ambush and battle of that name.

Before retiring they wreaked that injury which they could not inflict upon the garrison, upon the cattle and other domestic animals belonging

to its inmates, wantonly slaughtering all within their reach.

My friend Williams, then but twelve years of age, was stationed with others, as young as himself, and even younger, to the number of twelve or fifteen on the roof of the cabins to get hold and throw off the arrows which the Indians were shooting there. The bullets occasionally whistled by them, but did no harm. Col. Cave Johnson and Maj. Craig of Boone county, Kentucky, are the only survivers within his knowledge of the men engaged in that memorable defence. Col. Johnson is ninety-one years of age, and the Major is probably eight years younger. A few years must consign these gallant relics of the past to the grave, and the early history of Kentucky cease from the living lips of its early pioneers.

Improvement in Tanning.

A new process in tanning, which converts skins and hides into leather in a few days or weeks, has been lately discovered and put into operation at Dayton, by Mr. Simon Snyder o that place. It is easy to comprehend what a revolution this must produce in leather, one of the heaviest and most expensive raw materials in manufactures.

The following letter on the subject speaks for itself. It is from Mr. Schenck, member of Congress from the Dayton district, to Mr. John H. Wood of our city.

DAYTON, April 13th, 1845.

DEAR SIR:—

My absence from home the past week has prevented an earlier reply to your letter inquiring as to Mr. Snyder's Patent for the improved method of tanning.

There has been published in the newspapers a fuller account of the discovery or invention, than I have time to attempt. The principle of the system, is the speedy and thorough penetration of the hide or skins by the tanning, by means of punctures or perforations made in a certain stage in the ordinary process. But any person wanting to purchase a right should come here and examine for himself and to his own thorough satisfaction. An opportunity will be given to see the operation in all its stages. Many a scoffer or doubter of this *paradoxical* plan of making good sound impervious leather by first filling it with holes, has become a convert from the evidences of his own senses; and that is the proof we offer.

There is now at Mr. R. Green's shop in this city, some beautiful leather manufactured by this new process.

Respectfully yours,
ROBT. C. SCHENCK.

MR. JOHN H. WOOD, Cincinnati.

Brass and Iron Moulders' Society.

This society instituted for the benefit of the operatives which confer their name upon it, held its anniversary Wednesday last at the assembly rooms, Pearl street, commemorating it with an oration by one of themselves, and a supper which the members partook with several invited guests, principally of the bar and the press. Every thing went off pleasantly, and it might be a mooted question whether more good things were *said* or *swallowed* in the course of a four hour's session at the table.

Among the speakers were Messrs. Collins, C. H. & J. Brough, Campbell of the bar and the press, and Messrs. R. C. Philips and Gatchell of the craft. A continued corruscation and scintillation of wit like summer lightning, and New Jersey champaigne was kept up from the delivery of the oration until the hour of adjournment. Among these the reference to the Messrs. Broughs, *brothers* thus far through life, and now *brothers in law*, alluding to the admission to the bar that morning of Mr. J. Brough, Mr. B's. own spicy caricature of his legal examination, and above all, Mr. Phillips after expressing his inability to do justice to the bar in his remarks, being desired to say what he could in good conscience in their favor, drily remarking, *That* was the difficulty. This sarcasm was received with a roar of laughter, in which all—lawyers included joined, that shook, in a sense, the building "from floor to canopy."

The oration by Mr. John Goodin, one of the society was apt and appropriate, full of sound thought and manly spirit, and was itself the best illustration of the value of such associations in stimulating their members in the great pursuit of mental and moral improvement. I copy Mr. B's. examination, as alluded to in the Enquirer of Saturday last.

Fancy Names.

Few things are more remarkable as well as universal, than the tendency to supply fancy or nick names to individuals or States, unless it be the tenacity with which these appellations adhere, and the extent to which they displace the proper title. I have known individuals who have been so long and so generally known by nick names, as to be at times unconscious who was meant, when called by their true names. I saw an instance of this one day in a court house, where the sheriff called repeatedly the name of a person present, bearing a fancy name, that was not made aware he was referred to, until reminded of it by an acquaintance. *Mad Anthony* and *Old Hickory*, are names more familiar to the community at large than those of Genl's. Wayne and Jackson who were hardly known by any other appellations than these in the region of

their exploits. *John Bull*, the world over is the designation of England, as *Jean Crapeau* is that of France.

I have compiled the *flash* or *fancy* names of the States, or rather of the inhabitants of our respective State sovereignties, known as the U. States of America. I believe it to be the only *complete* list ever published.

The inhabitants of	
Maine, are called	Foxes.
New Hampshire,	Granite boys.
Massachusetts,	Bay Staters.
Vermont,	Green Mount'n boys.
Rhode Island,	Gun Flints.
Connecticut,	Wooden Nutmegs.
New York,	Knickerbockers.
New Jersey,	Clam-catchers.
Pennsylvania,	Leatherheads.
Delaware,	Muskrats.
Maryland,	Craw-thumpers.
Virginia,	Beagles.
N. Carolina.	Tar-boilers.
S. Carolina,	Weasels.
Georgia,	Buzzards.
Louisiana,	Cre-*ouis*.
Alabama,	Lizards.
Kentucky,	Corn-crackers.
Tennessee,	Cotton-manies.
Ohio,	Buckeyes,
Indiana,	Hoosiers.
Illinois,	Suckers.
Missouri,	Pewks.
Mississippi,	Tadpoles.*
Arkansas,	Gophers.
Michigan,	Wolverines.
Florida,	Fly up the Creeks.
Wisconsin,	Badgers.
Iowa,	Hawkeyes.
N W. Territory,	Prairie Dogs.
Oregon,	Hard Cases.

Cents or Coppers are generally known in the West as, "Cincinnati Bullion."

*This name is especially appropriate, as among a certain class in the eastern cities, an abbreviation of it, *id est*, the word *Tud*, is applied to *one who don't nor won't pay*.

A Legal Examination.

We know not how many neophites have been examined and admitted to the bar during the present week, in the Supreme Court. A friend spoke the other day of the number of twenty-five or thirty, but he has become tired and quit counting since. The idea must prevail, we fancy, that the practice of law is immensely profitable, or immensely honorable; and which of these notions is the greater mistake, the deponent saith not.

The quizzing of applicants by the committee of examination, we understand, has been such as thoroughly to test their capacity and qualifications. One case, however, we have heard of, in which the questioning was altogether brief and unique,—whether because there was no time for further inquiry, or because of the confidence felt that the applicant would answer all the questions that might be asked as well as he answered those which were, we shall not attempt to say. The course of examination was thus,—the parties sitting upon a rail in the shade of the Court House:

"Suppose you don't know what *law* is?"

"No."

"Have you any notion about Equity?"

"Can't tell; have heard said, law was mystification, and equity, simple justice, but have my doubts!"

"Can one man make a riot?"

"S'pose he can, if he has enough to help him!"

"That 'll do;—I've examined you on each of the three subjects of Law, Equity and Criminal Jurisprudence, and shall certify to the Court that you are fully qualified. You may go in and be sworn."

Living Man-traps.

Over the garden fence of a ladies' seminary, in the neighborhood of London, there is painted in large characters—

"*Man-traps* set on these premises." A wag, who was passing, chalked beneath the notice—"*Vir Gins*" Whereupon he was taken before a magistrate by a police officer. Being put upon his defence for thus defacing the wall of a respectable establishment, he argued "that *Vir* was the Latin for *Man*, and *Gin* the English for *Trap; ergo*, that *Virgin* was only another word for *Man trap*; though the fact might be that it was a highly inappropriate term, and ought not to be used." The magi was posed, and the man was sent about his business, with a hint to beware lest he should be caught in his own description of trap, as he might expect no mercy if he were.

Proportion of Alchohol in Wines, &c.

Marsala,	25 p. ct.	Syracuse,	25 p. ct.
Madeira,	22 "	Sauterne.	14 "
Sherry.	19 "	Burgundy,	14 "
Teneriffe,	10 "	Rhine,	12 "
Lachryma Christi,	10 "	Champagne,	12 "
Constantia	19 "	Red Hermitage	12 "
Lisbon	18 "	Vin de Grave	12 "
Malaga	18 "	Frontignac	12 "
Red Madeira	20 "	Currant Wine	11 "
Cape "	20 "	Orange "	11 "
Cape Muscat	19 "	Tokay	9 "
Grape Wine	18 "	Cider	9 "
Vidonia	10 "	Perry	9 "
Metheglin	7 "	Wht. H'mitage	17 "
Roussillon	18 "	Ale	6 "
Claret	15 "	Strong Beer	6 "
Schiras	15 "	London Porter	4 "
Brandy	53 "	Rum	53 "
Gin	51 "	Whiskey	54 "

MARRIAGES.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. G. W. Walker. Wm. H. Thompson to Harriet N., daughter of Dr. J. Dart.

On Tuesday, 22d inst. by the Rev. J. H. Perkins, Dr. A. Addams, of Dresden, O, to Miss Catharine A. Moffett, of this city.

On the 24th inst. by Rev. A. Drury, Jacob Bernet Jr to Miss Mary S. daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lynd.

On the 27th inst. by Rev. J. W. Hopkins, Henry W. Wayman of Covington, Ky, to Elizabeth Rogers, of this city.

DEATHS.

On Sunday, April 20th, at 9 o'clock, Maria Clark, daughter of Thos. H. Minor, aged 2 years, 1 mo.

On the 25th inst. Mrs. Louisa M. Ernst, in the 33d year of her age.

On the 28th inst. Henrietta, only daughter of Chas W. and Lydia A. Bunker, aged 1e months and 8 days.

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY.

CINCINNATI, MAY, 1845.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Another Bear Adventure.

MR. CIST:

As you appear somewhat inclined to amuse your readers occasionally with a panther or bear story, I take the liberty to send you one as related by one of our company at one of our "bivouacs," on our route to Santa Fee, after our sentinels had been placed on the first watch.

In the early settlement of St. Louis, a widow lady by the name of Atkinson, with her daughter, an only child, aged about sixteen, resided somewhere near where the St. Louis water works now stand. On one occasion, some little while after having retired for the night, she became startled by an unusual noise among the domestic animals. She jumped out of bed, took down her rifle, examined the priming, and cautiously opening the door stepped out, and took a survey around the house and negro hut, but could discover nothing. She then returned into the house and set her rifle down. Her daughter by this time had got up and struck a light, assuring her mother, (for as old Tim Watkins the narrator said, "the gals did'nt call their Mothers Main those days,") there was some strange animal about the 'diggins' for she heard it "fussing" around whilst her mother was out. They sat thus in conversation sometime, when the mother determined to go down to the negro hut, and wake up her negro man Dan. She started, aroused him and told him to come with her to the house, take the rifle, run round the place, brush up a little, and see if there was any thing about." They started for the house, and when about half way from Dan's hut, Mrs. Atkinson was seized in the fraternal "hug" of a huge "bar." The negro immediately commenced operations on Bruin's head and sides, which somewhat astonished his bearship, for the fists and heels of Dan used by a kind of perpetual motion rapidity, was no light affair. So fully satisfied of this fact was Bruin, that he ungallantly dropped the lady whom he had but just began to squeeze so affectionately and turned upon Dan, who kept up a running "skrimage" until he reached his own hut, where he very unceremoniously "slam'd" the door in Bruin's face, who thereupon turned round to bestow proper attention to Mrs. Atkinson, who by this time had nearly reached the house. Bruin hurried on with the intention no doubt of renewing his interesting "hug," for just as Mrs. A. opened the door the bear stretched forth his "arm," and seizing a part of the lady's dress, drew her towards him, when alas, for Bruin, at this critical moment the click of a gun lock was heard, the sharp crack of the rifle followed, and the "Bar" doubled up and rolled over in his last dying struggle. Mrs. A's. daughter, a girl of sixteen summers, with the courage and heart of a pioneer's daughter, had shot the bear and saved her mother's life. These, sir, are the kind of girls and women who accompany our frontier settlers, and are always ready to look danger in the face, and who are prepared to give a good account of it when it does come, whether in the form of a bear or an Indian. I have another of old Tim Watkins' tales about some Indians and a female heroine, which at some leisure moment I may possibly give you; if this meets your approbation.

Yours &c.

G. REDDING.

Early History of Hamilton County.

MR. CIST,

DEAR SIR: Your chapters on the early history of Cincinnati have ended—may I rather say rested—with the landing of the first settlers, and the establishment of the town. When you resume the story, you may have occasion to note the organization of the county—towards which I give you these notes.

On the 2d Jan. 1790, Gen. St. Clair arrived at Fort Washington in the purchase of Judge Symmes, and on the 4th established the county of Hamilton with the following limits: "Beginning on the bank of the Ohio river, at the confluence of the Little Miami river, and down the said Ohio river to the mouth of the Big Miami, and up said Miami to the Standing Stone forks or branch of said river; and thence with a line to be drawn due east to the Little Miami, and down said Little Miami river to the place of beginning."

On the same day, commissions for the county courts of common pleas, and general quarter sessions of the peace, for said county, were granted by the Governor. And Wm. Goforth, Wm. Wells, and Wm. McMillan were appointed Judges of the court of common pleas, and justices of the court of general quarter sessions of the peace. They were also appointed and commissioned as justices of the peace, and quorum in said court. Jacob Topping, Benjamin Stites and J. Stites Gano, were also appointed justices of the peace of the county. J. Brown *Gent.* was appointed and commissioned as Sheriff during the Governor's pleasure. Israel Ludlow Esq., prothonotary to the court of common pleas, and clerk of the court of general quarter sessions of the peace of the county.

The Governor also made the following milita-

ry appointments, viz: Israel Ludlow, James Flinn, John Stites Gano and Gershom Gard, captains—Francis Kennedy, John Ferris, Luke Foster, and Brice Virgin, lieutenants—Scott Traverse, Ephraim Kibby, Elijah Stites, and John Dunlap, ensigns—all in the first regiment of militia of the county of Hamilton.

The civil and military powers were thus organized, and the government brought to act for the protection of the people.

On the 1st Dec., Scott Traverse, was appointed lieutenant in place of Kennedy resigned, and Robert Benham an ensign, vice Traverse promoted, both in the company of Capt. Ludlow.

On the 24th May, 1791, William Burnet was appointed Register of deeds in said county.

On the 10th Dec., 1791, Oliver Spencer was appointed Lt. Colonel, Brice Virgin a captain, Daniel Griffin a lieutenant, and John Bowman an ensign.

On the 14th Dec., George McCullum was appointed a justice of the peace.

On the 18th Feb. 1792, the Secretary of the Territory, then at Cincinnati, and in the absence of Governor St. Clair, acting as Governor, issued the following proclamation.

"To all persons to whom these presents shall come greeting:—

Whereas it has been represented to me that it is necessary for the public interests, and the convenience of the inhabitants of the county of Hamilton, that a ferry should be established over the river Ohio, nearly opposite the mouth of Licking in the commonwealth of Virginia, and Mr. Robert Benham having requested permission to erect and keep said ferry:

Now, know ye, that having duly considered of the said representation and request, I have thought it proper to grant the same, and by these presents do empower the said Robert Benham of the county of Hamilton, to erect and keep a ferry over the Ohio river, from the landing place in the vicinity of his house lot, which is nearly opposite the mouth of Licking, to both points of the said *rivulet* upon the Virginia shore; and to ask, demand, recover and receive as a compensation

For every single person that he may transport over the said ferry,	6 cents.
For a man and horse,	18 "
For a waggon and team,	100 "
For horned cattle per head,	18 "
For hogs, each,	6 "

until those rates shall be altered by law or future instructions from the Governor of this territory.

And he is hereby required to provide good and sufficient flats or boats for the purpose, and to give due attention to the same according to right and common usage, and to govern himself in the premises by all such laws as hereafter may be adopted for the regulation of ferries, as soon as such laws shall be published in the Territory.

Given under my hand and seal at Cincinnati, in the county of Hamilton, this eighteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two, and of the independence of the United States the sixteenth —and to continue in force during the pleasure of the Governor of the Territory.

WINTHROP SARGENT.

Yours respectfully, J.

Cincinnati, April 22, 1845.

Miner K. Kellogg.

It is some time since I have been able to furnish tidings of this artist's *locale*, and presuming the subject will interest not only his circle of acquaintances and friends here, but gratify numbers who feel deeply for the welfare of those, who like Powers and Kellogg, are fine specimens of Cincinnati artists, as well for professional talent as in personal character, I make extracts from his last letter, dated Constantinople, Feb. 27, 1845. It was received here after a circuitous passage via Smyrna, Malta and Marseilles to the United States in less than fifty days from its date. I can recollect when fifty days' old news from London, were considered late advices, even in Philadelphia.

He left Florence in December, stopping in Naples eight days, coasted along the Calabrian shores, visiting Messina, Catania and Syracuse, and after remaining eight days at Malta, and calling at Syra on the passage to make repairs to the steamboat in which he travelled, made the continent once more at Smyrna, plying his pencil with great industry the whole voyage. He reached Constantinople on the 17th January, where he was received with great kindness, although in a land of strangers, and found his letters a passport to the best society there—I presume he is speaking of the European residents. He adds,

"Last night I attended the meeting of a few friends at the house of Mr. Goodell, the American Missionary here. Dr. Joseph Wolff was present and gave an account of his late journey into Persia, in search of Messrs. Stoddard and Connally—who had been murdered some time since. Mr. Wolff is a singular creature, that's certain, and entertained us over two hours in the recital of his adventures. I cannot give you any more than a general idea of what he said—but he intends calling at my studio soon, when I shall have a talk with him myself, which I may tell you of some future time. He entered Bokhara dressed in his canonicals, with his open bible in his right hand, followed by hundreds of

people, who took him for some wonderful *Dervish*, or teacher of the Koran, proclaiming in a loud voice, that he had been sent by all Europe to enquire after the above persons, and if he could find them, to take them back home with him. After great difficulty he obtained an audience of the King, a savage pompous looking man, and after asking him the reason of the death of those Englishmen, was told that Stoddard did not bow when he come into his presence, and on attempting to force him to do so, he drew his sword. Wolff told him *he* was not that kind of a man, and would bow twenty times, and immediately suiting the action to the word, prostrated himself, and would have kept good his promise, when the King burst into a fit of laughter, and put a stop to his obeisances. He soon became in danger of being put to death by the military chief of the King's Stores, and escaping from his garden by a water hole, besmeared his face with mud, and doffed his professional habiliments in order to escape detection and pursuit. *Nakedness*, as he expressed it "being about the best disguise he could assume." He fled into a small house where he remained secreted two days. when the woman of the house wished to entrap him into marriage, or as he thought, intended to betray him into violent hands—but he turned on the woman and gave her jesse, in other words gave her as a mittimus "Go to ——— woman."

All his thoughts were directed to getting away faster than he came to the city; that he did get away, and with his head on his shoulders, I can truly affirm for I saw him last night. As this is the very latest tidings of the learned Rabbi and enthusiast you will receive in America, that is, since his return to Constantinople on his way to England, the above may amuse some who know him by report. You can stick it in the papers if you please."

Wolff is equally remarkable in getting in or out of a scrape. He has already passed safely through such imminent perils during his past life as would furnish a musulman, with illustrations of his great truth. "*It is written in the book*, you cannot take such a man's life."

Kellogg's letter is pierced with incisions and fumigated with various odors as a preventive to transmitting the plague. Among these, that of vinegar predominates. Happy America! which has never known by fatal experience, this dreadful epidemic.

Patent Bedsteads.

In the first stages of manufacturing operations all the articles in a particular line of business, however various in character and materials are usually made in the same establishment. A cabinet workshop, for instance originally makes every description of furniture. As business enlarges, it is found a more convenient as well as efficient and economical process to direct labor to a less variety of objects. A part of the craft devote themselves to plain work, a part to fancy articles. One establishment makes sofas alone, another confines itself to bedsteads. These again subdivide the business into fine or costly articles for home consumption, and low priced ones made by labor-saving machinery for foreign markets. In this way every year adds to the division of labor and the consequent increase of skill and the exercise of ingenuity which results from concentrating the inventive or corrective faculties of the mind on a single object.

Mr. Henry Boyd, who manufactures extensively *swelled rail bedsteads*, for which he holds a patent, at the corner of Broadway and Eighth streets, began his operations in 1839. I was one of his first customers, and found those of his make so much better than what I already had, that I sent these last off to auction and replaced them with others from Boyd's factory.

Such was his success from his commencement, that many cabinet makers left off making bed steads, advising their customers frankly, to buy Boyd's; and others of a lower tone of morality set about imitating them as nearly as they could, without rendering themselves amenable to the laws. These, like counterfeits of other kinds bore more or less resemblance to the original; but were of no actual value.

The peculiar merit and distinctive character of his article of Bedsteads are, that he dispenses with the moveable iron screw, whose power of holding the rails of the bed stead to the posts is always inadequate to the regular strain upon it, and thereby soon gives way, rendering the bedstead shackling and affording inlets and concealments to bed bugs. A further nuisance is, that in the taking bedsteads to pieces for cleansing, thus rendered necessary, the screws become bent or mislaid, or at any rate, lose their proper fit in change of places, and a series of inconviences result, which always render the annual or semi-annual taking to pieces and putting up again of bedsteads, one of the house keepers "*miseries of human life.*"

All this is avoided here by the adoption of a different principle of putting bedsteads together, which fits them close and keeps them so, and renders it unnecessary even to take them apart. I have had these bed steads for six years, and they are as perfect as they were when bought.

The materials of these bed steads are sycamore, maple, cherry, black-walnut and mahogany; and although our city furnishes a home market extensively, numbers are bought here

and sent to the South. Boyd's average manufacture for the last six years, is one thousand per annum. He has ten hands in his establishment.

Proprieties of Business Life.

Many of the evidences of the rapid growth of our city, and the increasing value of property, are of the most pleasant kind. Some few are otherwise. Such is the scarcity of store rooms and ware houses within the business region of Cincinnati, that instances are becoming frequent of persons about to open new establishments, applying to landlords for stands already occupied, and tempting them with one or two hundred dollars extra rent. Where a building is vacant, it is undoubtedly open for any competition the owner may create, but when rented and found to be a good stand, the offer by a stranger of higher rent, only serves to advance the price to the existing occupant, who will always be induced to submit to an increase of rent rather than subject himself to the inconveniences of moving, and creating a new business elsewhere. Some people have a very low standing of morality on these subjects, who would scruple directly to cheat another out of a cent. I regard, however, the decoying a servant girl away from her place, or the taking of a dwelling house or store from its tenant, by renting it without his knowledge as *stealing*, in the absolute sense of the term, and if I had the name of an individual who in a recent case, made an attempt in the line last referred to, I would place it on record in the Advertiser as a *terror for evil doers*.

Cincinnati Directory for 1845.

Two years have elapsed since I published the last *general* directory which has appeared. A *business* directory was got up for 1844, and another is getting up now, which are well enough in their proper sphere, but a register of names in which the whole population shall be fully and accurately recorded, is of vastly greater consequence. The business man or any other influential member of the community, may be readily found on inquiry, but the great mass, who have no signs up, and are to be sought only at their dwellings, can only have their residence ascertained by a directory. I have, naturally enough, been applied to by numbers to know what is doing to get up such a directory for 1845, and will now say that if any *competent* person of the hundreds who are here seeking employment, will undertake this business, I will give them all the aid in my power to carry it into effect. By competency, I mean a person who will give the necessary time and labor, as well as possess certain business aptitudes. A directory is not worth much unless it is both full and exact.

I do not consider a man rendered unfit for the work by being a stranger to the place, if otherwise qualified; and if such person will apply to me it will give me great pleasure to put him in the track of making a few hundred dollars in such employment.

Spirit of the Age.

This is the age of poetical excitement. Poetry fills the camp, the grove, constitutes a large share of patent medicine notices, and as may be seen in the specimen below, begins to form directions to, as well as contents of, letters.

The following inscription was found on a letter which passed through New York city having been mailed at a town in New Jersey.

To the State of Ohio,
Where the land is not barren,
To Goshen Post Office,
In the county of Warren,
In the township of Salem,
Where hardy boys grow.
And the little Miami
Adjoining does flow:
So please, Mr. P. M.,
Send me along,
In haste and great care,
To Isaac Armstrong.

For Cist's Advertiser.

Reminiscences of Olden Time in Virginia and Ohio.

BY HORATIO G. JONES, JR.

Leverington, Pa.

Although a stranger in "the Queen City of the West," yet I feel a great interest in every thing relating to its early history or that of any of the towns of this young but thrifty State.—I regard the man who collects and preserves such information as one upon whom in future time, will redound much honor, because materials apparently worthless, are oftentimes the very means by which the historian is enabled to elucidate some early, disputed fact.

Through the kindness of Col. Augustus Stone, of Marietta, I have learned that Dr. S. P. Hildreth, is engaged in collecting materials towards writing a general history of the State of Ohio, and is much in need of information concerning the numerous small towns settled anterior to our independence as a nation.

Now I have in my possession, a Journal kept by a traveller who passed through the southern and south-eastern part of Ohio, in the year 1772! He made the tour from Fort Pitt *in a canoe*, and travelled pretty extensively among the Delaware and Shawanese Indians, having ascended the Little Kanawha, the Muskingum and other streams. He was the grandfather of the writer of this article, and in after years was well known as an ardent friend to American

freedom—having served in the revolution as a chaplain, and also in the Indian wars under General Anthony Wayne, and in the late war on the Lakes. At present I shall make but a few short extracts; but should they meet with a favorable reception I will continue to lay before the intelligent public the whole of the Journal.

Extract from a Journal made by the Rev. David Jones, of Freehold, N. J. in the years of 1772 *and* 1773.

"I left Fort Pitt on Tuesday June 9th 1772, in company with George Rogers Clark, a young gentleman from Virginia, who with several others inclined to make a tour in this new world. We travelled by water in a canoe, and as I labored none, I had an opportunity of making my remarks on the many creeks which empty into Ohio, as also the courses of the said river. From Fort Pitt it runs for 16 miles near a north west course, then it turns near north about 14 miles, then it makes a great bend for above 20 miles, running a little south of west. Thence for 20 miles south east to the place called the Mingo Town,* where some of that nation reside; but as they have a name of plundering canoes, we passed them quietly as possible, and were so happy as not to be discovered by any of them. From this town the river runs west of south for 30 miles to Grave Creek.

Here I met my interpreter, who came across the country from the waters of the Monongahela †and with him some Indians, with whom I conversed. It was in the night when we came; instead of feathers, my bed was gravel stones, by the river side. *From Fort Pitt to this place we were only in one place where white people live.* Our lodging was on the banks of the river, which at first seemed not to suit me, but afterwards it became more natural.

Saturday, June 13. We concluded to move down to a creek, called by the Indians Caapteenin.‡ This comes from the west side of the Ohio, and is from Newcomerstown, which is the chief town of the Delaware Indians, about 75 E. S. E. We encamped on the east side of the Ohio opposite to the mouth of Caapteenin. We went over and conversed with the Indians and in the evening some came over to us. Mr. Owens§ was well acquainted with them and let them know what sort of a man I was. They all seemed to show respect to me, even afterwards when some were drunk, they were not rude to me, but would take hold of my hand and say, "you be minsta." We remained here over the Sabbath and in the evening I instructed what Indians came over. The man of most sense and consideration in this place is called Frank Stephens. I asked him before the others, if he believed that after death there was a state of eternal happiness or misery? He said this he believed and looked on God as the giver of all good things. If he killed a deer, he thought God gave him that good luck. He paid great attention to what I said, while I spoke of God and of the Scriptures which he gave us. He said that he believed that Indians long ago, knew how to worship God, but as they had no writings, they had lost all knowledge of Him; yet sometimes some of them tried to worship Him, but did not know whether their services were pleasing to Him. I told him that good people among the white folks, used to pray to God before they went to sleep, and that I was going to pray and would pray for him, and though he could not know what I said, maybe God would give him good thoughts while I was speaking. With this we all arose up to pray, and the Indians arose likewise. I spoke with a solemn heart and voice to God. I was informed that all the time, the Indians looked very seriously at me. When I ended, Frank told my interpreter that my voice affected his heart, and he thought I spoke the way our Saviour did when he was on earth. 'Tis likely this Indian had heard of our Saviour from the Moravians or their Indians. Here I expected an answer by my ambassador, whom I had sent to the chief town of the Delawares; but a trader having brought rum, there was no prospect of doing any service at this time by any longer continuance, and my ambassador delaying his return, we concluded to go down to the little Kanawha to view the land.

This was near 70 miles below, and from Grave Creek to the Kanawha the river Ohio may be said to run S. W. but it is very crooked, turning to many points of the compass.

Tuesday 16th. Set out for the Little Kanawha, and in the evening on Thursday the 18th, we arrived at the Kanawha; it comes from the east, and is near 150 yards wide at the mouth.—We went up this stream about 10 miles, and out on every side to view the land and to obtain provisions. My interpreter killed several deer, and a stately buffalo bull. The land is good, but not equal to the land nearer to Fort Pitt.—It is not well watered about the Kanawha, and consequently not the most promising for health. Here we have pine hills, but they do not appear too poor to raise good wheat. Having satisfied ourselves with a view of this part of the coun-

*Supposed to be the present Steubenville! How great the change!

†In a previous part of the work, he says, "The proper Indian name of this river, is. Mehmonawonsgehelak, which signifies, falling-in-bank-river; as it is common for the river's bank's from the richness of the soil, to break and tumble down into the stream."

‡Caapteenin is the present Captina.

§David Owens was his interpreter, whom he employed at £5, per month.

try, we set out for Caapteenin again, and arrived safe Tuesday, June 30th. Here an Indian was sent to me from the Delaware's Town, who informed me that all of their council were not at home, that they were considering the matter, and that I should soon hear from them. Had I known them as well then as I do now, I would have understood their answer better than I did then. Being rather unwell we moved up to Grave Creek, and then left our canoes and crossed the country to Ten-mile creek which empties into the Monongahela. I suppose the way we travelled, it was between 50 and 60 miles before we came to the house of David Owens.

Tuesday, July 14. Set out for Fort Pitt on horseback in company with Mr. Clark, Mr. Higgins and Mr. Owens my interpreter; but as it was some time before the Indians could be at Fort Pitt, we took another tour down to Ohio across the waste wilderness, and on the Sabbath, I preached to about 15 white people, who met in a cabin near a creek called Wheeling.

Monday July 20. Set out for Fort Pitt. We had a small path called Catfish's road, which led us through the middle of the land between Ohio and Monongahela; so that I had the pleasure of seeing a large extent of good land, but very few inhabitants. The land is uneven, but the greater part can be settled. Wednesday, July 22d, came to Fort Pitt, and conversed with several principal Indians of different nations. I found that it was some time before I might expect any further knowledge of their minds respecting my visit; therefore I wrote another letter to the Delaware King and chiefs of the nation. This letter was interpreted to one of the chiefs of the Delawares, and with it I sent a belt of wampum, which, I was informed he delivered with care; but him I saw not in my second visit. Parted from my friends here and reached home the 20th day of August.

First Mill in Hamilton County.

The first settlers here suffered greatly for provisions before the crops of their second year produced food in abundance, subsisting on short allowance of corn, which was pounded or ground into hommony in handmills. They were thankful in those days if they could only procure corn enough. Many of the families at Columbia subsisted on the roots of the bear grass. Mr. Jesse Coleman still surviving, and residing in this county, tells me that he has repeatedly had nothing more *for three days subsistence than a pint of parched corn.* He was then six years of age.

Mr. C. says the first mill in Hamilton county was constructed by his father, Mr. N. Coleman, at Columbia, who made fast two flat boats, side by side, the water wheel being put up between both. The grindstones with the grain and flour were in the one boat, and the machinery in the other. Up to this time the grinding through the whole country was by handmills. The change in fifty years to the grinding annually in Hamilton county of 250,000 bbls. superfine flour, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands of bushels corn meal, ground in the same bounds, has no parallel even in the extravagant fictions of the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

Lotteries in Ohio.

I have been under the impression that Lotteries in every shape were prohibited by the laws of this State. The following advertisement—one only of three or four of the same nature—which I condense and copy from the Wayne Co. (O.) Standard, would seem to indicate a mistake on this subject on my part. I publish it as traits of the times. As such is will be of value for future reference.

LOTTERY!!!

Grand distribution of real and personal property, by way of Lottery, to be drawn in Wooster on the 6th of June, 1845.—Capital $6,816.

The subscriber, desirous of settling up his business preparatory to his anticipated removal to Oregon, offers his real and part of his personal property, to the public, by way of Lottery, as follows: The North West Quarter of Section 24, in Township 20, and Range 14.

GRAND SCHEME.—REAL ESTATE.

First prize, Dwelling-house and 20 acres of land,	$1,200 00
2nd do. Saw Mill and 10 acres of land,	1,200 00
3d to 28th 5 acres of land in lots of $120 to $150	3,363 00
29th to 32nd 1¼ acres, each at $50,	200 00

PERSONAL PROPERTY:

One prize—sorrel mare,	$85 00
One do black filly,	60 00
One do a two horse wagon nearly new,	50 00
One do eight day brass clock,	40 00
One do large rotary cooking stove,	35 00
One do large black ox,	25 00
One do red ox, large and beautiful,	25 00
One do silver watch,	13 00
One do room-heater and pipe,	12 00
One do eight head of sheep at $1 50 each,	12 00
One do box stove and pipe,	12 00
One do silver watch,	12 00
One do steer, 2 years old, black, (white face,)	10 00
One do steer, 1 year old,	6 00
One do wind-mill and cutting box,	6 00
One do plow,	7 00
One do harrow and double and single tree,	6 00

CASH:

Twenty-five cash prizes, $1,	25 00
Fifty do do 75 cents,	37 50
Seventy-five do do 50 "	37 50
One hundred do do 37½ "	37 50
Twelve hundred do do 25 "	300 00
1502 prizes.	$6,816 00

The above property will be disposed of as indicated in the foregoing scheme, in 2272 chances, at three dollars each. The personal property will be kept in good condition and delivered to the drawers thereof on demand. A good and sufficient title for the landed property will be made to the holders of the fortunate chances in the above scheme, within two days from the drawing.

Possession of the house reserved until the first of October, 1845.

Grain in the ground reserved.

LAZARUS PLUMER.

Chester tp. March 13, 1845.

Building Architects.

In that simplification of business which tends both to economy and efficiency, house building in Cincinnati is now generally bid for, in its various departments of stone and brick masonry, carpenter work, plaistering and painting, a professional builder receiving the contracts and superintending their execution. The saving of money as well as of trouble in this mode, is so great that the charge of the superintendent would not probably equal one fourth its amount. But not only is economy consulted, but time gained, and nothing in the shape of money expenditure is left to conjecture. Accordingly, all buildings of any importance are now let in this mode.

A case or two of actual occurrence may illustrate the system.

Mr. Seneca Palmer, engaged as superintendent to the building of the Central Presbyterian Church, now putting up on Fifth street, made out his estimates for that edifice, amounting in the aggregate to 7815,83cts. When the proposals, in case contracts were actually completed at 7776, 65cts, varying only 29 dollars 18 cts, and falling so far short of the estimate.

But I have a still more striking example of the accuracy attainable in this mode.

Col. A. Dudley is building a dwelling house on Sixth street, under contract. The estimate of Mr. Palmer for the carpenter work, nails and lumber inclusive, was 1931 dollars 39 cts. The bids were as follows.

No. 1	2000
" 2	2000
" 3	1936
" 4	1881
" 5	1850

$9667 averaging 1931 dollars 40c.

I have given these particulars because individuals *wise in their own conceit*, say that actual expenditure always exceeds any estimate, and that you must add fifty per cent to estimates when you go to build. By *estimates*, they mean what I should call GUESSES. In cases like those I refer to, we have the actual cost when we complete the contract.

The Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road.

Ever since it has become manifest in our Eastern cities, that their internal rather than their foreign commerce, has been the main element of their growth and prosperity, there has been a constant rivalry in efforts between New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore to engross the trade of the West.

Our shortest, and in many other respects, most desirable route to the Atlantic, leads to Baltimore, and a rail road, as is well known, has been constructed from that city as far west as Cumberland, Md., fully one third of the distance to this city. This was intended to strike the Ohio river at Wheeling, and would have served to connect by water communication with us until a line of rail road should continue from the Ohio side through the State. But the State of Pennsylvania is unwilling to grant the *right of way* through her territory unless under very oppressive exactions, if at all; the Legislature of that State having lately adjourned, after postponing indefinitely, a measure relied on to accomplish the object. The Baltimore and Ohio rail road company in the progress of their operations, discovered what they ought to have ascertained before they commenced them, that a direct road can be made from Cumberland to Parkersburg, 80 miles lower down on the Ohio than Wheeling, and only ten miles further from Cumberland than that place; and are now unwilling to make Wheeling the terminus, encumbered as they would be by the expense of a lateral road to Pittsburgh, and other oppressive impositions as the price of right of way through Pennsylvania.

In the meantime the Wheeling interest has succeeded in the Virginia Legislature to make its termination there, an absolute condition to the concurrence of Virginia, and in these complicated difficulties of the case, the enterprise stands still. Now there is no doubt that the company are right in abandoning the Wheeling route, but they are wrong in waiting,—as it seems they are—on a change of sentiment in the Virginia Legislature to accomplish their objects. In the present position of the case, it will take at least two years to effect that change. Eastern Virginia will do nothing for Western Virginia, the two sections being as much seperated in interest and feeling as if they were seperate States, and the reason why Parkersburg should terminate the route, would probably be the very one to defeat the measure in the capitol at Richmond, namely, the building of the West into importance.

While this state of things exists, Boston with her immense means, and vigorous enterprise, has been for the last two or three years preparing to thrust her sickle into the great harvest.

Her first move was to intersect the New York rail road at Albany, so as to give her a communication with Buffalo. What next? She has just loaned 500,000 dollars for the completion of the *Little Miami and Mad River rail road* from Cincinnati to Sandusky. When that shall have been completed, and the present year will see i nearly done, what remains? A rail road along the lake shore, from Sandusky to Buffalo of less than 260 miles. This will not take long to complete, and *where then will be Philadelphia and Baltimore*, as far as regards western trade, the breath of life to those cities? I say Philadelphia and Baltimore, for owing to their proximity and facility of water communication, I consider their interest in this matter one and indivisible. As respects that trade they are now sleeping on a mine of gunpowder, ready to explode before they are aware. If something be not done at once, Boston will distance them forever in the great commercial race. The increase of that city since 1840, merely in the anticipation of her Western trade has been greater than that of any other place of equal magnitude in the United States. What will it be when she actually absorbs the trade of the great valleys of the lower Ohio and central Mississippi? In 1842, the number of buildings put up in Boston was 776, in 1843, 1117; and in 1844, 2145! What will it be in 1845? What will it be in 1846 when rail roads shall have connected Cincinnati and Boston?—Let Philadelphia and Baltimore *look to it*. Statistics like these are surer omens of coming events than the flight of birds.

What resource or remedy is left? Does any exist? I think so, and shall point it out in my next.

Sagacity of the Horse.

Two or three years ago, a remarkable narrative of a horse named John, written by his owner in one of our western cities, Nashville I believe, went the rounds of the periodical press. It is too long for me to copy, and most of my readers will recollect it when I extract two or three of its leading features.

"A few months since, I sent him from my house across the country to the Spring hill road, and up that road a distance of a mile to the house of a friend, although he had not been there for more than a year. I have often sent him such errands. I have only to go with him and show him a place and he never forgets it.—He is perfectly under command of my voice. I speak to him as to a servant, and that he understands what I say is proved from the fact that he obeys me."

The writer goes on to say, that having left his stable door open according to his usual practice, the horse on one occasion came to the kitchen door and made a loud knocking with the point of his hoofs. "From what I knew of the sagacity of the animal I judged he had not been fed, and calling up the servant, accused him of the neglect. He denied the charge. I did not believe him, but could say no more. The same thing happening several times, I as often called up the servant taxing him with neglecting the horse. He still asserted he had been fed. One day going by the kitchen door, I heard the old negro talking to the kitchen servants, laughing heartily and repeating, "John won't lie and master knows it," a laugh. "He believes John and won't believe me," another laugh. "I won't tell any more lies about feeding John."

These things and much more of the same character are very remarkable, and leave us in doubt how far the faculty of instinct is developed or understood.

I have now to add a brief statement of what is within my own knowledge, or has fallen under my own notice.

Many of my readers, who remember Philadelphia thirty years ago, will recollect Cope the butcher, who kept a stall on Market just above Third street, and in his own case, finely illustrated Dr. Johnson's mock heroic "Who slays fat oxen, should himself be fat." He resided in Spring-garden, and his slaughter house was on the same premises.

Cope had a horse remarkable for his intelligence. I have known the owner on reaching home with a large drove of bullocks, which he had driven to the gateway of the slaughter yard, to alight, secure the reins tight to the saddle, and after opening the gate to the house, leave it to the horse to drive the cattle in, which was always done as carefully and judiciously as if the rider had been present. On one occasion, I recollect, a large bullock broke away from a dozen, left under these circumstances at the gate. After running six or seven squares, pursued by the horse who was fast overtaking him, he sprang across the side walk over a board yard fence, where he was followed by the horse who succeeded in heading him at the opposite side of the lot, turned him back and made him jump out where he sprang over, and followed him home to the slaughter yard, where he shut him up, the gate closing with a pully.

There is a horse belonging to a respectable butcher here, who can drive cattle home also, but whose most remarkable trait is antipathy to strange dogs, no one of which he will suffer to remain on his master's premises, if within his reach, biting and chasing them away. His master can set him on a dog at any time by a certain signal, which he readily understands.

Are these things the result of training, or are there instincts in the brute creation yet undeveloped and unknown?

White Lead Factories.

It is but a few years since, that the Cincinnati market was extensively supplied from Pittsburgh, and still further East, with White Lead, Chrome Yellow, Chrome Green, Paris Green, &c. In these articles, however, as in many other manufactured in this place, the tide has turned, and we are now supplying home, and distant regular customers with white lead of purity and tint which cannot be surpassed anywhere—and we shall be prepared as our operations enlarge, to furnish this article, as we now do many others to advantage, in the markets whence we formerly derived our supplies. The magnitude of this interest in the home market may be inferred from the fact, that we are annually putting up twelve to fifteen hundred houses in this city, and its northern suburbs, whose finishing must necessarily consume an immense amount of paint.

For the benefit of those readers, numbering thousands in every community, who are ignorant not only of *what* this beautiful pigment, white lead, is made, but *how* it is made, it may be briefly stated that the raw material is pigiead, which being run into thin and narrow sheets of about seven inches breadth, and two feet in length, are loosely rolled and placed in crocks so made for the purpose as to let the lead rest on projections one third of the way up. These have been previously filled to that height with vinegar, and placed in squares upon horse-manure in suitable houses, provided for that purpose.

Here the carbon developed under the process of heat combines with the lead corroded by the action of the vinegar, and becomes *carbonate of lead.* It is then taken to be ground and washed. In these processes it is seperated from impure parts, and foreign ingredients, pumped up and run into boxes on a drying floor, after which it is again ground with oil, which is the last preparation to render it fit for use. It is then packed into kegs ordinarily of 25 lbs. each, and branded for market. A small proportion is put up dry.

The Emerald Green is a new article intended to supercede the Chrome Green, which has been so extensively used for shutters and blinds, but found to become dingy in the lapse of a few years. It is the arseniate of copper in chemistry, applied to practical purposes.

A few statistics on this subject will serve, however, to give a better notion of the extent of this manufacture, than any general remarks.—Some notes made not long since at the white lead factories of R. Conkling, & Co., and E. & S. J. Conkling on Court street, east of Broadway, will serve as a basis to the statement which closes this article. The first named firm is an old establishment, on the south side of Court street in which the individuals last alluded to were brought up to the business. Their factory which is of recent erection, and embracing all the modern improvements, is nearly opposite the old concern, being on the scite of Jesse Hunt's tan yard, the beginning of all things in that line in Cincinnati. These two establishments consume in their processes annually, 1,200,000 lbs. lead, 600 barrels flaxseed oil, and 2500 bbls. vinegar, which last article is made on the premises. They also manufacture their own kegs by machinery—employing some fifty hands in the various business departments. Superior Emerald, Green and Chrome Yellow are also made here. There are two other important factories in Cincinnati besides, Messrs. McLenan & Co., and T. Hills & Co., also long and favorably known in the market, to whose operations doubtless many of these remarks apply with equal force.

These four establishments are prepared to supply any amount of white lead which may be needed in this market, and are actually making at present as follows:

R. Conkling & Co. per. week		900
E. & S. J. Conkling,	do	600
B. McLenan & Co.,	do	300
T. Hills & Co.,	do	600
		2400 kegs.

In 1840 the manufacture of white lead here in three establishments was 900 kegs per week. This was increased in 1844 to 1500, and now to 2400 kegs weekly, being the largest manufacture of white lead in the West.

I referred to Hunt's tan yard as an antiquity, but we may go farther back here to the past.—The original great Elm, a superb tree, at least an hundred and fifty years old, still canopies as it then did, the well known spring, at which the aborigines drank in their expeditions to Kentucky, long before a white man was settled here.

Relics of the Past.

Capt. John Armstrong to Gen. James Wilkinson.
DEAR SIR:

Bailey and Clawson left this on the night of the 7th, which was the evening of the day they arrived. They report two miles on the other side the 17 Mile Creek, about half past 5 o'clock, P. M., they saw three Indians standing in the road with their faces towards St. Clair, and about 150 yards in their front—they took to the left of the road in order to make the fort for which they were bound; a foot from the road in crossing a branch, they saw two watching a lick—in running down the bank their belts broke, and they lost their packets—after which

at a little distance, they saw two more Indians, who pursued them. They say they heard the savages in pursuit until yesterday 10 o'clock, when they struck a creek, the centre of which they took, and kept it until they struck the river—I suppose ten miles.

Yours with great respect,

JNO. ARMSTRONG.

Ft. Hamilton, June 11 1792.

Fort Washington, June 11th, 1792.

Dear Sir:—I this morning received your letter of last evening, and regret the accident which has befallen my last dispatches, though I think it is fifty to one, the enemy have not got them, for it is probable they were not in view when the papers were dropped, and if they were, their attention would have been too much engaged to regard the pacquet.

By this conveyance you will receive the Iron, Hemp, and two Scythes, & I have ordered Hodgdon to send out the Window Glass and every other article which has not been heretofore furnished, and to strengthen your Garrison, I send you the fragment of Pratt's co. at this place.

One half the Scythes fairly assorted, must be sent forwarded to Fort Jefferson, and I must flatter myself, that you will employ your utmost exertions to procure the largest quantity of Hay profitable, in your neighbourhood. This is indeed an object of great magnitude. When the grass is finally secured, it is my purpose to throw a small quantity of salt among it, in order to render it palatable and nutritious. In this momentous business, you shall command every requisite aid, and must duly notify me of every want.

The Lieutenants stationed with you and at St. Clair, are to accompany Lieut. Hartshorn to Fort Jefferson, where they are to continue for the security of the Bullock and Grass Guards at the Post. The regular transport of provisions which we are now about to commence will furnish frequent opportunities of writing, and as the Horse will make their Head Quarters with you, you can at any time employ a party to come on to this post. I expect one hundred mounted rifle-men from Kentucky in six or seven days, engaged for three months, to ply on the communication to Jefferson.

With much esteem, I am dear sir, yours sincerely.

JAS. WILKINSON,
Brig. General.

N, B. You must consider the order restraining the movements of the commanding officers of Posts, as done away, and are to exercise your discretion. The Cavalry is to receive your orders after they return from Jefferson.

J. W.

Capt. John Armstrong.

Enlistments and Discharges.

I Arthur Conway do acknowledge myself to be fairly and truly inlisted in the service of the United States of America, and in the first United States Regiment. To serve as a Soldier for the term of three years, unless sooner discharged; and to be obedient to the orders of Congress and the officers set over me; agreable to the establishment of Congress, passed the thirteenth of April, 1789—as witness thereof I have set my hand, this 22d day of February 1794.

Witness ARTHUR CONWAY.

Adam Yohe.

Certificate.

This may certify that Casper Sheets, late a soldier in my Comp'y. was appointed Corporal 1st day of April, 1788, and was reduc'd the 17th of Sept. 1790.

D. STRONG,
Capt. 1st U. S. Regt.

Fort Washington, May 13th, 1791.

By Josiah Harmar Esq. Brigadier General in the service of the United States of America, and commanding the troops in the Western Department.

These are to certify, that the bearer hereof, Casper Sheets, private soldier in Capt. David Strong's company, and in the first regiment having faithfully served the United States for the term of two years, eight months and three days, and not inclining to re-enlist upon the establishment of the 30th April, 1790, he is hereby honorably discharged the service.

Given at Head Quarters, at Fort Washington this 4th day of December, 1790.

Attest.

JOS. HARMAR,
Brigadier General.

Wm. Peters, Lieut., Acting Adj't.

Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road--No. 2.

In my last article on this subject, after alluding to the difficulties in which the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company had plunged themselves by doing first what they ought to have done last—deciding on the route; and doing at last what they should have done first, ascertain by survey, that Parkersburg was preferable to Wheeling in directness of course for rail road purposes, I proposed to suggest means by which to accomplish the desired object, a termination of the route to the Ohio river at the proper points.

I propose then, that in place of wasting time as well as jeopardizing success, by farther applications to the Legislature of Virginia, that direct personal negotiation along the entire line from Cumberland to Parkersburg be opened by

the company to obtain from the owners of property the right of way by grant or sale.

I know that such a proposition will grate harshly on the ears of corporate institutions, who have been in the habit, under the operation of charters, to run roads without any regard to the feelings, convenience, or interest of those whose landed property they cross. But I have no doubt, every purpose sought to be accomplished, can be obtained as readily, and as cheaply in this as in any other mode. I am assured that the right of way along that route, would in most cases be given gratuitously, and if, which is probable, a few mercenary individuals would desire to fill their pockets by taking advantage of the necessity of the case, and exact unreasonable prices for land needed by the company; I feel confident still, that by this course of proceeding, the rail road company will not be paying higher in the whole, than it would cost them, under the damages which they must pay in taking land compulsorily along the whole line.

But it may be alleged, there would be individuals who will withhold their lands through caprice, or a determination to extort a price from the rail road company, which it ought not or could not pay. Such cases when they occur, may be safely left to the omnipotent influence of public sentiment. There is no man in any community, so independent of his neighbors, as to stand out for any personal advantage, to the sacrifice of the entire interests of that community, and if he were to attempt it, the united voice and action of the public would speedily bring him to reasonable terms.

Let the Baltimore and Ohio rail road company adopt this course, the only course in my judgment which they have left, if they mean to act in time to accomplish their object. Let the entire rail road from Boston and New York to Cincinnati be completed, and Philadelphia and Baltimore will, when it is too late, find that they have undervalued the importance of Western trade, and misunderstood the sources of their past growth and commercial importance.

Christ Healing the Sick.

This picture has been in process of exhibition for a few days past at the Unitarian Church in this city, and will remain for that purpose two or three weeks. I make no pretensions to connoisseurship in these things, and leave the analysis of its merits to others. Every one I think, after seeing it, will receive a more distinct as well as vivid impression of the sad and varied catalogue of human suffering which the kind Saviour was so often called on to relieve.

There appears some doubt in the community as to its being from the crayon and brush of West. I suppose that there are three pictures on this subject by West, of which in 1811, one was in the Royal Chapel at Windsor, one in the Pennsylvania Hospital, and one in the Royal Gallery. The last is the original of which the others are copies by West, and the one now exhibited is the first named. The Port Folio of 1811 contains a list of West's paintings which embraces these three on the same subject. As to his death of Gen. Wolfe, his *sixth* copy of it, is in the same list. If it has merit enough to pass for a painting of Benjamin West's, it must have merit enough to be admired for its own sake.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Cincinnati, May 3d, 1845.

Mr. Cist:

It may be interesting to some of your readers to obtain a few statistics, reminiscences and observations, (not generally known) respecting God's ancient people, the Israelites, who are dispersed throughout the world, and whose settlement in this country, especially in the West, is but recent. An individual of that nation who arrived in this city in March 1817, found himself an isolated being, having none of his faith to communicate with. But having communicated to his brethren abroad that the Lord of Hosts had provided another peaceful and happy asylum for his dispersed people;—they soon began to emigrate to this beautiful city, and to spread themselves abroad over the delightful regions of the West; and wherever they locate themselves, become excellent members of society, forming friendship with their christian brethren, conforming to, and sustaining the institutions of the country. It is a well known fact in history, that wherever the Jews congregate, and are well received, that country or city becomes happy and prosperous in all its undertakings. One proof of this is, that the first congregation founded in the West, was in Cincinnati, where they have now increased to about three hundred families. When the person above mentioned arrived in this city there were only 5,000 inhabitants, what is it now? No other city in the West has been able to compete with it! The citizens have always been friendly to the Israelites, and assisted them liberally in 1835 towards erecting their Synagogue, when they were but few in number. A Jew has always gratitude, he never forgets a benefit conferred on him;—it is characteristic of them as a body, that they always maintain their own poor; charity being one of the main pillars of their religious institutions—their hands and hearts are always open to relieve the distresses of their fellow creatures. As an instance of this, as soon as the disastrous conflagration at Pittsburgh was known, meetings were summoned of

their several institutions and societies, committees were appointed to make collections, and the following sums have been remitted to Pittsburgh.

Holy Congregation, Children of Israel,	$100 00
Hebrew Beneficent Society, (remitted separately,)	50 00
Hebrew Gentlemen's Benevolent Society,	25 00
Hebrew Lady's Benevolent Society,	30 00
Hebrew German Lady's Benevolent Society,	25 00
Hebrew Individuals (through the Committees,)	134 25
	$354 25

Besides this amount something like two hundred dollars was collected from individuals of the Jewish persuasion by the several ward committees. In my next I will continue this article with respect to their locations in several portions of the United States, and if my remarks should draw the attention of your readers, will extend my researches to the whole nation dispersed throughout the world.

J.

Facts for Physiologists.

In looking over the Kentucky legislative documents, we were struck with the following facts, found in the Second Auditor's report. (Legislative Documents, 1844-5.) From a tabular statement showing the whole number of idiots in the State supported at the public expense, we find the following facts, showing clearly that idiocy is a family misfortune.

In Adair county, we find four idiots, three of them one family name, viz: Joseph Frankums, Fielding Frankums, Hiram Frankums.

Boyle—Edward Jones. Richard Jones.

Bracken—Catharine Davis, William Davis.

Bath—Elizabeth Coffer, James Coffer.

Cumberland—John T. Scott, Parmelia Scott.

Fayette—Sally Yates, Lucy Yates.

Fleming—John Swin, Isaac Swin, Robert Kissick, Nancy Kissick.

Grant—Mahala Thornhill, Priscilla Thornhill, John Thornhill, Betsy Thornhill.

Hardin—George Arvin, Mary Arvin.

Henry—Marv Sutherland, Elizabeth Sutherland, Charles Kidwell, Mahala Kidwell.

Jessamine—Elizabeth Harbough, Lewis Harbough, Mary Harbough, James Hunter, Squire Hunter, Joseph Hunter, Davison Hunter, Asher Hunter, Sidney Hunter.

Letcher—Lincoln Croft, James Croft.

Livingston—James Caldwell, Joseph Caldwell-David Caldwell.

Madison—Lucy Gentry, John Gentry, Betsey Gentry.

Mercer—Minerva Norvell, Martha Norvell, Lydia Anderson, Jane Anderson, Marv Sanders, Sarah Sanders, Nancy Uptigrove, John S. Uptigrove, Jane Uptigrove, James Vandevere, Abram Vandevere.

Morgan—Silas Ratliff, Jeremiah Ratliff.

Nicholas—Aris Wiggins, Sarah Wiggins, John Wiggins, Jefferson Wiggins.

Ohio—Martha Davis, Valentine Davis, Cook Davis, Charles W. Davis.

Perry—Samuel Ellis, Polly Ellis, Jacob Ellis.

Pike—Isaac Taylor, Mary Ann Taylor.

Scott—Charles Riley, Lydia Riley, Cynthia Lindsey, James Lindsey.

Wayne—Lucinda Coyle, Lavina Coyle, Stephen Coyle, James Green, William Green.

Whitley—Francis Powers, John Powers, Thos. Veatch, Marion Veatch, Barbary Yancy, Sally Yancy.

Washington—Nancy Montgomery, Lucy Montgomery.

There are 415 idiots supported at the public expense in the State—Mercer county has the most of any one county, 23; Whitley, the greatest number in proportion to population, 16. The facts here stated prove that idiocy is a family disease, but from what cause it originates we are not prepared to say, and should like to have the science in explanation by some one versed in physiology.—*Kentucky Yeoman.*

For Cist's Advertiser.

Reminiscences of Olden Time in Virginia and Ohio.

BY HORATIO G. JONES, JR.

Leverington, Pa.

Extracts from the Journal of Rev. David Jones—Communicated by Horatio G. Jones jr., Leverington, Pa.

Oct. 26th, 1772, I left my house and family. For the convenience of carrying provisions and as a defence against storms I went this time in a covered wagon, but the carriage rendered the journey less expeditious. We travelled so slow and could make so little way over the Allegheny Mountains, that we did not arrive at Redstone till Nov. 17th. A few days before me the Rev. John Davis arrived here and intended to go with me to Ohio. When we came to the house of my interpreter, I found that, some time before our arrival, he had, in company with a number of Delaware Indians, gone far down the Ohio, but left word that I might find him about the Shawanese towns, or somewhere along the Ohio. In hopes of finding him, Mr. Davis and I, in company with some others set out for the river Ohio, but by stormy weather, and high waters, our journey was so retarded that we did not arrive there, until Wednesday, Dec. 2d, when we came to the house of Dr. James McMeehan, who formerly lived a neighbor to Mr. Davis. The heart of poor Mr. Davis was filled with joy to see his old acquaintance, and the river Ohio, after such a tedious journey: but dear man! his time was short, for on the 13th of the said month, he departed this life, and left me his remains to commit to the earth. Mr. D. was a great scholar, possessed a good judgment and very retentive memory. He told me, the reason why he left Boston was, because he abhorred a dependant life and popularity; that if God continued him, he intended to settle in this new country and preach the gos-

pel of our Saviour freely. The remains of this worthy man are interred near a brook, at the north end of the level land, that lies adjacent to Grave creek. About 16 feet north of his grave stands a large black oak tree; on this, with my tomahawk, I cut the day of the month, and date of the year, with Mr. Davis' name. This is all the monument that I left there, but Dr. McMeehan intended a tomb for him. *He was the first* white man that departed his life in this part of the country, but before I came away a child was laid by him.

Not finding my interpreter, I had thought of returning home, but while I ruminated on the subject, a canoe came along, bound for the Shawanese town. This canoe belonged to Mr. John Irwin, an Indian trader, with whom I was acquainted. She was 60 feet long, and at least 3 feet wide, was fitted out with 6 hands and very deeply laden. The principal hand was Mr. James Kelly, who was very kind and offered to take me along. I concluded to go, thinking that travelling by water might be conducive to my health, and in hopes of meeting my interpreter. In the morning, and on the 27th of Dec., parting with my brother and other friends, committing the event to Providence, I started on my voyage to the Shawanese Indians. The day was cold, and as it snowed at times, it was uncomfortable travelling, but I kept myself lapped up in my blankets, so that I was preserved from receiving any damage by the severity of the season. We encamped at night on the west side of the Ohio, and by the help of a good fire, slept comfortably, at least more so, than could be imagined by those who are strangers to this way of lodging.

Monday 28th. The wind blew from the south; which made the river so rough that we were obliged to lay ashore a great part of the day.—I am informed by the traders, that the wind almost universally blows up the Ohio, especially in the winter season. Indeed I never remember to have seen it otherwise, and if this continues to be the case, it must be of great use to the trade up this river. In the evening Mr. Kelly concluded that as the wind had abated, it was his duty to continue at their oars all night: therefore we set out and by morning we were, as I suppose, about 8 miles below the little Kanawha. This night proved severely cold, and my lodging was not only uncomfortable but also very dangerous, for the canoe was loaded 18 inches above its sides, and there was no berth for me, so that I had to lie on the loading.—Though I was well furnished with blankets, I was afraid my feet would have been frozen: it may be well thought, that my sleep was unpleasant. My danger was so great, that if I moved in my sleep, the bottom of the Ohio must have been my bed. This brought many thoughts into my mind what would be the event, but believing that God was able to keep me from dreaming, or starting in my sleep, I committed all into His hand and slept without fear, and in the morning found myself safely preserved through the care of Him whose tender mercies are over the works of His hands. Here on the east side of the Ohio, the country appears level and good, but I was not out on it.

Tuesday, Dec. 29th., we traveled but very little by reason of contrary winds. Wednesday 30th. The morning being pleasant, we set out for the great Kanawha, We passed Hockhocking which is a pretty large creek, coming in from the west side of the Ohio. Several creeks came in from the east side, but as we rowed all night, I had not an opportunity of making my remarks on each; but the land in general, while I had daylight, appeared level and good. About day break we passed the mouth of the Great Kanawha. This is a great river that comes from the borders of Virginia, and appears about 300 yards wide at the mouth. The land about this river, I am informed is very good, & it is thought that the seat of government will be on its banks. I am of the opinion that the great Guiandotte will be found the best place for the metropolis. The great Kanawha, according to Mr. Hutchins, is 226 miles below Fort Pitt. This morning we put ashore and took breakfast of chocolate, using rum as an ingredient instead of milk, it is deemed very useful here in the wilderness where flesh was our chief provisions; therefore it was common for us afterwards to continue the practice, though I could scarcely be persuaded at first to make a trial of it. Thursday 31st. After breakfast we set out for the Great Guiandotte. The river Ohio bears in general S. W. and a little more westerly, but it is in many places very crooked. This day we had pleasant weather and travelled a great distance, so that the next day—being the 1st of January. 1773, we passed the mouth of the Great Guiandotte. This is a very large creek, coming from Clinch Mountain, which separates it from Holston river and lies, I apprehend, west of the south part of Virginia, or west of the north part of North Carolina. This creek appears to be large enough to be navigable for canoes and small craft for a great distance up it. The land appears charming and level, covered with fine timber, and as I am informed abounds with extraordinary springs, especially about the branches that form this creek. This is an extraordinary country for pasturage, so that cattle without any further supply, than what is common in the woods, will be good beeves all winter. *Here we have the greatest abundance of buffaloes*, which are a species of cattle as I apprehend, left here

by the former inhabitants,* for it is most evident that this country has once been inhabited by some people that had the use of iron. Up some of these creeks, I have been told, by sundry persons, that there is a pair of mill stones, where in former ages a mill has stood. The bank of the Ohio, below the mouth of this creek seems near 100 feet higher than the water in ordinary times, so that here is the best place for a town that I saw on the river Ohio, as it will always be safe from floods of water, and will be easy for this new Province to transport its produce down the stream. There is another creek as large, or nearly so, about 13 miles below, called Great Sandy creek. On the heads of these creeks I am informed, is the most beautiful and fertile country to be settled, that is any where in this new Province, and I recommend it to all who design to emigrate to this new world, as most agreeable in all respects. The latitude must be in the end of 38 deg., or in the beginning of 39 deg. very convenient to this, are the most famous salt springs, which are a peculiar favour of God. I have also seen in this country, what the people call alum mines, though they rather appear to me, as a mixture of vitriol and alum. Throughout this country, we have a very great abundance of stone coal, which I have often seen burn freely. The smiths about Redstone use no other sort of coal in their shops, and find that it answers remarkably well, This one article, must be of great advantage to this country, in process of time. Another advantage which it enjoys is abundanee of lime stone, with excellent quaries of free stone, fit to erect the best of buildings.

Saturday, January 2d, it rained so that we were obliged to remain in camp, and notwithstanding we took all care to stretch our blankets, the rain was so great, that Mr. Kelly and myself were soaking wet in water, in our bed thro' the night, yet I was not sensible of any danger.

Sabbath 3d, it continued rainy, so that we remained in the same place.

Monday 4th. Set out for the river Sciota, and about the middle of the day, we came to the mouth of this river, on which the Shawanese now live. This river is better than 200 yards wide at the mouth, and was then very deep, owing to the late rains. The mouth of this river is the end of the new Province that is expected to take place. For some miles before we came to the mouth of this river, there appears an impassable mountain on the east side of the Ohio, coming close to the edge of the river, opposite the mouth of the Sciota. There is a way to pass over, rather below the Sciota, and I was informed by an old Trader, who had been often there, that after you pass east 13 miles you will come to a famous level land of fine springs, and the best pasturage. This must be connected with or part of the land, which I described above on the branches of Sandy Creek and Guiandott. This river is not called Sciota by the Shawanese, but yet something which sounds a little like this is used, as one name. I remember the name which they give it signifies *hairy river*. The Indians tell us that when the first of them eame to live on this river, the deer were so plenty that as they came to drink in the river, in the spring of the year, their hair was cast off in such abundance that the river appeared full of hair; hence this name was given to it.

* It is rather remarkable, that W. C. Bryant in one of his late poems, hazards the same conjecture.

The Cincinnati Observatory.

After the many stripes inflicted on our astronomical society and the *astronomer royal*, at home and abroad, especially the merciless ones laid on at Louisville, it will doubtless, be pouring in oil and wine to republish the following article from the N. O. Bulletin.

American Science and Enterprise.

I perceive that the Cincinnati Telescope is now mounted, and the Observatory opened.—Well done, the Queen City! What city comes next? "Don't all speak at once." Now stand aside ye moons, and planets, and common stars! Let the Buckeyes have a peep, just a little beyond an infinite distance, and describe a few thousand constellations of suns, whose light grows tired and cannot reach here, and which never could have been known but for the Buckeye Telescope.

It sounds curiously to us, and still more so to people across the water; but I must tell you the short history of this great Telescope.

Ormsby M. Mitchell, the Astromomer elect of the Observatory, a native of this glorious valley, and a distinguished graduate of the Military Academy at West Point—one in whom the American blood seems more highly concentrathed than Stillman's sarsaparilla—had been some years Professor of Mathematics in Cincinnati College, and was delivering a few popular lectures on astronomy in that city, in the spring of 1843. Public interest was aroused by the profoundness and eloquence of this man of fire, when he conceived the idea of an Astronomical Society, and a "*light-house of the skies*," in that city. No sooner thought than embarked in—he took a paper in his hand and ranged that city on his visionary scheme; and at the end of a few weeks his *Astronomical Society* numbered near four hundred members, all elected by subscribing twenty-five dollars each, and composed of all possible vocations of society—draymen, butchers, carpenters, boatmen, merchants, doctors, lawyers and gentlemen.

In three months from that date, if you could have peeped into that room of eternal silence—the *computation* room of the Greenwich Royal Observatory—you might have seen the fire of an American eye- pouring over the tables of figures, and running up lines of algebraic symbols—an assistant, *pro tempore*, to Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, and one of the most illustrious

men of the age. In two short weeks, in fact, Prof. MITCHELL had mastered the Cyclopædia of Observatory labors, in a relation never before granted to an American; and thence repaired to Paris, where his letters secured him the attentions of ARAGO, and the facilities of the Royal Observatory. Thence he repaired to Germany, whither he was bound for the apparatus of his Buckeye Observatory. FRAEUNHOFFER, who constructed the great Dorpat instrument, alone could satisfy him; and no common instrument, such as graced common European Observatories, would suit one who came from the land of superlatives. Ten thousand dollars was more than the whole heterogeneous Buckeye Society had subscribed; but that was the price of the greatest telescope, just about to be constructed, and like an American, nothing less would satisfy him; and so he contracted for it. The mechanicians stared, and philosophers thought him a madman, that he should tell of an Astronomical Society of four hundred members, in the wilds of Western America, contracting for the greatest telescope, that of Dorpat excepted, that had ever been mounted.

In September of the same season he made his report to the said *Society*, and to half the people of Cincinnati, who heartily applauded his extravagance and ubiquity, and soon ran up the lists of the society to six or seven hundred members.

Men are ever ready to be liberal, when the great work has been already done despite the want of means. Every body would now be a member.

A large lot of ground was tendered, on the highest of the tall summits around the Queen City, by that substantial friend of native genius, Mr. LONGWORTH, the early patron of POWERS; and now, upon that eminence of four hundred feet, stands a large stone edifice, and upon its top that huge instrument, the eye of astronomical science, is wheeled to the heavens by that same daring spirit, whose phantasy was sneered at by his neighbors, when first conceived, and whose crazy story was laughed at in the Royal lighthouses of European skies. Three cheers for American extravagance! Nine cheers for ORMSBY M. MITCHELL!

The city of Boston, I believe, has lately made a movement somewhat similar, but as for us, we must be satisfied with our schools, and lyceums, and libraries. An Observatory can never be successfully conducted here, for a want of firmness in our foundation—perfect quiescence being absolutely necessary for such purposes—unless our city pride could be extended to the other side of the lake for this department of science.

Organ Building.

I learn from my friend Koenke, that orders for organs are pouring in on him from all quarters. He has contracted within a few weeks for an organ at Lancaster Ohio, at 500 dollars. Two organs for Memphis at 2000 and 800 dollars respectively. One for New Orleans at 875. Two for St. Louis at 800 and 3500. He is now engaged on a fine parlor organ which ranges from C C to F, being an octave higher than any instrument of the kind in the United States, and an experiment for which the community is indebted to the ingenuity of Mr. K.

I feel deeply gratified in stating these facts, which indicate not less the increasing demand in this market for an important manufacture of Cincinnati, than the general satisfaction given by Mr. Koenke's organs, which are unsurpassed any where in power and sweetness.

Organ building here is what our more important manufactures once were; the beginnings of operations, which are to expand and enlarge to the supply of half the United States.

Early Drought.

We are experiencing a degree of drought unusual in this country, even during summer, and extremely rare for the spring season. During the last sixty days, but two showers have fallen around us. These have not sufficed much more than to penetrate the earth's surface. Mr. D. Lapham writes in from the country, that the "oldest inhabitant" does not recollect such a drought. The *oldest inhabitant* has a short memory. The early part of the year 1806, in the Miami country was characterised by just such weather as the present, with the aggravation that from the 10th of March to the 28th August not a drop of rain fell throughout the whole region, and had the country been as extensively opened, at that day as at present, serious and permanent injury to the soil must have resulted, for as is well known to intelligent farmers, the aridity of summer heats is more exhausting to land than the cultivation of a crop, which while it draws nourishment from the soil, to a great extent, shields it from the burning influences of the solar rays.

Pioneers of Cincinnati.

The following list comprehends the names so far as I have been able to obtain them with the dates of their arrival here of those of our early settlers who have been here from the commence ment of the present century.

1796 Jacob Burnet,	1798 Hugh Moore,
Isaac Burton,	Samuel Newell,
William Burke.	Ebenezer Pruden.
1804 Ephraim Carter,	1804 Jona. Pancoast,
James Crawford,	Jos. Perry.
William Crippen,	1802 Sam'l. Perry,
Henry Craven,	Wm. Pierson.
1800 Daniel Drake,	1804 Jos. Pancoast,
Jno. B. Enness,	Robt. Richardson.
Edward Dodson,	1790 John Riddle,
1800 Charles Faran.	Christop'r. Smith.
1790 Jas. Ferguson.	1802 Ethan Stone.
1790 Mrs. Mary Gano.	1796 Sam'l. Stitt,
1794 Dan'l. Gano,	Wm. Saunders.
1792 Asa Holcomb.	1804 P. S. Symmes,
1803 Caspar Hopple,	Benj. Smith,
Andrew Johnston.	P. A. Sprigman.
1798 David Kautz,	G. P. Torrence,
Wm. Legg,	1800 A. Valentine,

Nich. Longworth.	Stephen Wheeler,
1794 Jonathan Lyon.	John Wood,
1804 Benjamin Mason.	J. L. Wilson,
1797 John Mahard.	Caleb Williams.
1795 Jonah Martin.	1790 Mrs. H. Wallace.
1804 Peter McNicoll,	1801 Robt. Wallace,
Adam Moore,	John Whetsone.
Wm. Moody.	1794 Griffin Yeatman.

As I intend to correct this line as far as opportunity permits, I shall feel obliged to those who can present me the necessary information to do so.

Hopple's Row.

The increase of business in Cincinnati compels it to radiate from its former centres. Blocks of business stands are forming, East, West and North of the existing commercial regions. Thus some thirty large ware and store houses have been, or are just about to be erected on Walnut, between Water and Second streets. Commerce is finding vent down Second, Third and Front streets to the west, and up Second and Third streets to the east. That fine block known by the name of Hopple's row, and which has hardly been a year built, is now occupied with Lace and Dry Goods stores, Drug shops, Carpet warehouses, &c, in which goods are offered wholesale to as good advantage as in any other part of the city. Among these the Dry Goods store of Baird & Schuyler's may be especially alluded to, as a fine establishment.

These are the occupants of the lower buildings; up stairs is a perfect den of *wipers* in the shape of lawyers and editors.

Prince Albert at Fault.

On the occasion of her Majesty's recent visit to Scotland, the Prince was taking a turn upon the deck of the royal yacht; and on approaching the caboose, or cooking house, the olfactory nerves of his Royal Highness were sensibly affected by the "sweet smelling savor" emerging from the boiling cauldron. "What is in the pote?" asked the Royal Consort of the Queen. "Eh, surr, do you no ken it's the hoodge poodge!" was the reply of the sturdy Caledonian. "De hoodge poodge!" exclaimed the Prince; "what is him made with?" "Why, man?" said the chief de cuisine, ignorant of the rank of his interrogator; "aw'll be telling you enough; there's toorneps intelt, and there carrets intelt, and there's mooten intelt, and there's water intelt, and there's——." "Yah, yah," interrupted the Prince, "but what ess inelt?" "Am aw no tellin ye a' the time?" said the gastronomic artist; "there's toorneps intelt;" and again repeating the category of ingredients, he was a second time stopped by the Prince, who was perplexed to know the meaning of "intelt." The Scot, losing all patience, exclaimed, "ye daft gowk, it ye canna understar' me, maybe ye'd like to put your nose intelt." The Prince, somewhat disconcerted, lighted his meerschaum, walked aft, descended into the saloon cabin, and requested his secretary to refer to the latest edition of the Scottish dictionary, in order to find out "what was intelt."

OBITUARY.

It is not possible for an editor at all times to present appropriate notices of the deaths of individuals whose relation to the community seem to demand some thing more than a bare register of the fact. He has neither time nor opportunity in many cases to gather the necessary or instructive facts in the case.

Charles Tatem, who deceased on the 29th ult., in the 73rd year of his age, was born at Gosport, Va., and was brought up to the blacksmith business, at Wilmington Delaware. After serving the usual apprentice-ship, he commenced in that line on his own account, and such was the wide spread reputation for skill and ingenuity, he established for himself, that he filled orders for work of certain descriptions, not only throughout the continent, but even from France. In 1818, he emigrated to Cincinnati, where he established himself by buying out a firm—the Hodgsons—who had a foundery in the rear of the present Universalist Church, on Walnut street.—Here he commenced a business which enlarging with the increasing importance of Cincinnati, became, with one or two other establishments, the means of directing to this market that immense amount of steam boat building, and steam engine, and sugar mill business, for the Southern markets which now form such heavy elements in our manufactory statistics.

In 1827 his operations had become so much increased as to require him to add a new foundery which was put up on Plum, between 2nd and 3rd streets, and is now occupied by the Messrs. Resor. Here the business was carried on for years until he saw fit under the increasing pressure of age, to relinquish active employment.

He lived to see the City of his adoption enlarge from an extent of 1890 houses to 12,000; from a population of 9602 to 80,000; and the products of manufactured industry, in iron alone, from some fifty thousand dollars per annum to two and an half millions at the lowest estimate.

Charles Tatem was a man of singularly high minded and honorable feeling and conduct, active in every benevolent enterprise, and enjoying the esteem of the whole community. He was repeatedly nominated for public employment—in the last case for the Senate of the State of Ohio—but always declined, prefering private life.

DEATHS.

On Tuesday the 29th ult, Amelia Elizabeth, daughter of Luke Kent, aged 7 years and 9 months.

Friday the 2nd inst, Mary Chase, infant daughter of Wm. P. Steele, Esqr.

Saturday the 3rd inst, Julia F. Holmes, aged 9 years.

Sunday the 4th inst, William Henry, son of Edward G. and Jane Drake, aged 3 years 11 months 7 days.

Same day, Laura Janz, daughter of Geo. and Elizabeth Mendenhall, aged 2 years.

Thursday the 1st inst, of Dropsy, Elizabeth, relict of the late Richard Beresford, in the 81 year of her age.

MARRIAGES.

On Sunday 20th ult, by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, John Walker to Miss Isabella Weir.

Thursday the 22nd ult, by the Rev. Geo. W. Maley, Mr. James Hill, of Madison Ia., to Miss Mary Ann Taylor of this city.

Wednesday the 23rd ult. by Mark P. Taylor, Esqr., Mr. Benoni Nichols to Miss Keziah Copeland.

Thursday the 24th ult, at Waynesville, William G. Kinsey of Cincinnati, to Ann, daughter of Thos. Evans, of Warren County.

Thursday the 1st May, by the Rev. Mr. Gillaspie, Mr. Macauley Akin, of Louisville, Ky., to Miss Chloe P. Mix of this city.

Sunday the 4th inst, by Elder James Challen, Mr. Wm. Smith to Miss Louisa M. McDonogh.

Jerk Beef in Buenos Ayres.

Cincinnati, April 26th, 1845.

Mr. Cist:

Sir—A few days since you expressed a wish to have me give you a description of taking cattle and making "Jerk Beef" in Buenos Ayres, for the different markets on the coast of Brazil, and the West India Islands.

The cattle are driven from the country in numbers from two hundred to a thousand, to the *mataderos* or slaughter yards, where they are put in large fields, enclosed by ditches nine feet wide at top, and seven feet deep, tapered to a foot in width at the bottom, with the earth deposited on the outside. This is the only species of inclosure that can be made in the country, as there is no timber to be had sufficient for fencing or stone for walls. This ditch costing twenty dollars for every hundred feet, or about three hundred dollars to enclose a four acre lot.

Near this enclosure there is a pen or yard in a circular form, made by inserting posts in the ground side by side, and close together, secured by strips in a horizontal direction, laced to the posts with thongs of raw-hide. These enclosures have to be made strong and secure, the cattle being in quite a wild state, as they are fresh from the *pampas*, and on the approach of a man they crowd with great force against the side of the pen.

The entrance to this "*Coral*" is about fifteen feet wide and stopped by two poles of the palm tree placed across the opening as bars. There are generally from 25 to 30 men engaged in killing and salting the beef, including all the branches connected with the business.

Seven men are generally employed in killing —two on horse back, with each a *lazo*, and one of them has in his hand an instrument made in the shape of a crescent attached to a handle with the concave edge at the extremity. One of the mounted men enters the pen, separates a bullock from the herd, the keeper standing out of sight and lets him sally forth with the horseman after him at full speed, with his lazo attached to an iron ring made fast to the girth of the horse on the right side immediately behind the leg of the rider. The lazo is about 75 feet long with an iron ring about 2 inches in diameter at its extreme end, and with this the noose is formed, the lazo is platted round a strip of raw-hide in the centre and with four strands on the outside about 3-16 of an inch in width, with the hair shaved off and the thongs brought to an equal thickness before platting. These strips are rubbed in the hands three or four days to prevent them from becoming hard. Strips thus prepared, are platted around the center part and form a cord about ½ inch in diameter when finished. The noose is opened to about ten feet in diameter, which would bring the ring at the right hand, the "standing part," and the part forming the noose is drawn through the hand until the ring is in the centre of the opening; this makes one side of the noose heavier than the other; the balance of the lazo being in a small coil in the left hand, swinging it around in a horizontal direction over his head, the hand being back up when in front, and palm up when at the back part of the hand. Thus you will perceive the lazo does not turn over. The speed of the horse increases the velocity of the lazo until he approaches to within a proper distance, when the noose is let go through the air and falls upon the bullock with probably just space enough to encompass the horns and secure the prey.

This part of catching the animal is probably performed in 15 to 20 seconds. The second horseman approaches and cuts the ham strings of the bullock; but the method generally practised is for the other "Gaucho" or Ensayador to follow the bullock as he is fast by the head.—He runs round the first horseman sideways and throwing his lazo over the hips or hinder parts of the bullock, catches him by both hind legs; thus with the animal fast with two lazos, the horsemen move in opposite directions with a slight curvature from a right line, the bullock falls, the killer approaches and dispatches him at once; four men come up and the skin is taken off, all in about 5 minutes from the time he left the "*Coral*," being cut in quarters and removed on wheelbarrows to the "Saladero" the part of the establishment for "dissecting" and salting. This is a collection of four buildings, of from 100 to 150 feet long and 35 feet wide, made of poles and thatched with a kind of wild flag, like those used by coopers for making tight joints near the croze of a barrel, presenting to the view a shed standing on poles with a fork at the top, and the bottom end in the ground, open at the sides and ends. In the centre of this are vats built of brick about a foot deep, eight feet wide and from fifteen to twenty feet long, lined with cement, in these is first sprinkled salt and then a layer of beef, then salt and another layer of beef, this they continue until the pile is 8 or 10 feet high. On either side are poles suspended with large tenter hooks in them, to hang the quarters of beef on. The bones are all taken out, the meat cut into strips about 10 inches wide 3-8 of an inch thick, salted about 24 hours and then exposed to the sun to dry, and when thoroughly dry it is ready for shipping. The bones are saved and shipped to England and the United States for buttons, knife handles, tooth brushes, &c.

The number of bullocks killed per day at each of these "Saladeros," varies from 150 to 300, according to the number of men employed.

T.

Bathing.

With all the advance in civilization and improvement which characterizes the Anglo-american race, it may be well doubted if we have not left it to those we stigmatise as barbarians, or at least semi-civilized, habits and customs which we ought to have carried with us along the tide of time and improvement. Among these may be named the use of the bath, which enters so largely into the modes of living in three fourths of the globe. I know no reason it should be neglected in the United States to the extent it is, but our national characteristic, to sacrifice or undervalue every thing which withdraws us from "*the one great idea*" of making money. We have not *time* to bathe!

It is true that time is money, but is it not also true in the same sense, and indeed to a greater gdeeer that *health* is money. There are few will dispute this. Well then, I tell my fellow citizens, that the man who goes without bathing from week to week during any period of the year, is injuring his health, and laying foundations for disease, and that the man who does so during the heats of summer is absolutely committing suicide. This is strong language, but I can render its truth apparent, by a few facts—equally important and interesting—with which I have lately made myself acquainted, and which are indisputable.

1st. MM. Lavoisier and Seguin, French physicians, by way of experiment, for thirty years, weighed themselves, their food and their excretions, and ascertained in a most conclusive manner, that five-eighths of what they ate, passed off by the pores of the skin. Another series of experiments, demonstrated that the weight of what was thus discharged, was twenty ounces every twenty-four hours, being greater than the united excretions of both the kidneys and bowels.

2nd. Concentrated animal effluvia forms a very energetic poison, and late medical observations render it certain that malaria, the plague, spasmodic cholera, and other epidemics, are absorbed by the skin.

3rd. By the agency of absorption, substances placed in contact with the skin, are taken up and carried into the general circulation. This is demonstrable in the process of vaccination, and by the mercurial preparations, which, rubbed on the skin are absorbed, and affect the patient precisely as when swallowed. The effect of poison from the bite of rabid animals, and wounds received in dissections, which are familiar occurrences, are referable to the same principle.

It results from all this—and I have barely glanced at the more important points—that those who suffer themselves to go from day to day, and week to week without purification of the skin by bathing furnish a ready, cause for various complaints, and are exposing themselves to dangerous and fatal consequences.

I need only advert to the benefit derived from frequent ablutions by those—even in our own country—whose bodily purification is part of their religious ritual. Still further; in none of my reading and reference to travel in the Levant, or any where, in which bathing is a regular and frequent habit, can I find any notice of the existence of rheumatism. One writer, who travelled extensively in Turkey, and resided there many years—Slade, expressly says, he he never saw nor heard of a case of rheumatism throughout the East.

Besides the direct attack of disease invited by the neglect to which I allude, there can be little doubt that the general debility which is so prevalent in summer is ascribable to the same cause.

Bathe! then, bathe! The bath house is the true *Hygeian Fountain*, where Health presides, and *Woodruff* at the ARCADE on Sycamore, opposite the National theatre, is the priest who officiates at the shrine. A trifle of expense in these ablutions will save days and nights of suffering, and dollars upon dollars in physician's bills.

Public Meetings in Cincinnati.

On Thursday the 15th inst. the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church holds its annual meeting, and for the first time in Cincinnati. This is a delegation from the whole Presbyterian church in the United States, and will probable be composed of rising 250 members. Several of those who have never been in the west, will probably bring their families, or at least their wives. In addition, there will be numbers present on that occasion, of those who have business to transact with the assembly, and of those who will be attracted from the neighboring counties, and adjacent States, by a desire to witness what they have never seen, the supreme ecclesiastical court of the church to which they belong. Under these circumstances, I look for a temporary addition to our population of more than a thousand adults. There are several important questions that will come up for discussion, and settlement, which must give considerable interest to its meetings. Of these are

1. The Elder question.
2. The validity of baptism in the papal church.
3. The removal of the Board of Domestic

Missions to the west.

4. The marriage question.

5. The abolition question.

The list of members, so far as I have examined it, enrolls a full share of the weight of talent, learning, and experience belonging to that denomination of Christians; and I think it probable that our citizens and their guests may make interesting and profitable acquaintance with each other.

By the time the Assembly shall have adjourned, a still larger body will convene in Cincinnati, as "the *friends of Constitutional Liberty*," on Wednesday the 11th June. It is understood that the Second Advent Tabernacle, corner of John and Seventh sts. will be the place of meeting; and there is little doubt, from arrangements already made, that it will be as crowded an assemblage as filled and overflowed that building, during the late Theological debate. Most of the eminent Liberty men of other States will no doubt be present. And as that party commands its full share of the speaking talent of the community, many interesting addresses may be expected.

Burr's Expedition.

At this distance of time, we can smile at the excitement produced throughout the whole west, by the chimerical expedition of Burr, Blennerhassett and others. In that day however, the whole subject was clothed in so much mystery, that no one could ascertain the extent of the preparations or resources for doing mischief, and the whole Ohio and Mississippi valley was on the *qui vive* for the explosion threatened by these movements.

The letters which follow are worthy preservation, as part of the documentary history of that enterprise, the main objects of which the public at large are to this day as ignorant of as they were forty years since. The Major Riddle alluded to is *John Riddle*, of this place, one of the few survivors of our early pioneers; and as regards length of residence as well as age may be considered the patriarch of Cincinnati. *Tiffin* it seems was Governor of Ohio at that period, as was *Gano* the commanding officer of the Ohio militia in this section of country.

Chillicothe, Dec. 17th, 1806.

His Excellency Gen. Gano:

Dear Sir—I received yours per mail—the moment I received the information I attended at the Collector's office, and found that John Carlisle Esq., had assumed payment for one tract, and that previous to his receiving your information, two tracts, part of them had been sold for the tax—but since Mr. Carlisle has compromised, the particulars I presume the squire has informed you of per mail. You I presume, are master of any information that is of any great consequence. I am informed that the people of Cincinnati discover great patriotism—I am pleased to hear it—it is what every man ought to do who is a friend to his country.

I hope to hear by next mail, that those boats which have been built in consequence of the nefarious scheme, that there appears but too good reason to believe are on foot, will be taken; and those fellows who have designs of attempting the destruction of our government—if such there be, may be brought to meet condign punishment. It behooves every friend of liberty to be active—and willingly would I sacrifice my life and little property in support of the Union of the United States; for I am led firmly to believe, that if ever a separation take place—that then we may bid adieu to that liberty that is necessary to the promotion of national happiness. The piece of ordnance consider under the control of you and his honor Judge Nimmo. I have a swivel that lays at home in my cellar that may be useful; if so, call on Mrs. McFarland and ask her to let you have it. Any thing I can do to aid the government, be it ever so little shall with pleasure be contributed.

Accept sir, the high assurances of my respect

And believe me your excellency's

Obedient servant,

WM. McFARLAND.

Chillicothe, Dec., 14th, 1806.

Dear Sir:

I have just received a communication from the Secretary of war of the United States, a copy of which I herewith enclose to you. I have also just received a letter from Judge Meigs, of Marietta, informing me that he has arrested ten Batteaux, forty feet long each, with stores &c. on the Muskingum as they were descending the river, and that four more remaining on the stocks will be arrested, that Comfort Tyler was lying with a number of fast running boats at Blannerhassett's Island, and about 50 men armed, &c. &c.

I have sent this off as soon as I could obtain an express and get my letters wrote, authorizing you to raise immediately two companies of volunteer militia, agreeably with the letter of the Secretary of war to me, each company composed of one Major, one Captain, one Lieutenant, and one ensign, and sixty non-commissioned officers, privates and musicians. I delegate the power to you to appoint these officers, and to direct that the instructions given in the Secretary's letter to me be complied with—and due returns &c. be made. You will observe they will be under the pay &c., of the United States. I have ordered one company to be raised at Marietta, as the boats are arrested there, for the pur-

pose of keeping them secure—and have directed these two companies to be raised at Cincinnati, that my instructions to you of the 10th inst., may be most certainly put into effect. I have only to repeat, that I wish the orders there given to be most strictly attended to, and not suffer a boat to pass unexamined and arrested, if suspicion in the least degree be attached thereto.

Blannerhassett and Comfort Tyler have made their escape, but Col. Phelps, of Virginia with a party of men are after them.

In haste, I remain dear sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

EDWARD TIFFIN.

Gen. J. S. Gano.

Chillicothe, Jan. 8th, 1807.

Dear Sir:

I received by the mail yours of the 28th ultimo, and by Mr. Goforth yours of the 2nd. inst. I was in hopes ere this to have received further instructions from the Secretary of war, but herein I am disappointed; when I first ordered out a detachment of our militia on duty at Cincinnati; it was for the express purpose of endeavoring to arrest Comfort Tyler and Blannerhassett's boats, part of which was represented to be armed, and in a situation to make a resistance—as well as any others which might be descending the Ohio with hostile views. Part of this object was accomplished by our troops at Marietta who have taken fourteen boats and secured them,—the other part of the object failed, as Tyler had passed Cincinnati before you were in a situation to arrest them. Had I not received orders from the Secretary of war to raise men which would be paid by the United States, I should not have felt justified after these occurrences to have either subjected this State to the expense, or our citizens to the burthen of being drafted on further duty.

I believe I have got pretty correct information, that from the vigilance of the general government in providiug to secure some boats that are said to be built up the Alleghany river with hostile views, and the stationing of troops at different points on the Ohio, as well as the precautions I have taken at Steubenville, at Marietta and elsewhere—that all who were engaged in the enterprize above us, gave it out—and that no armed boats will either get leave, or dare to descend the Ohio. Under this state of things, and not knowing that the Secretary of war will agree to pay any men but who are regularly enrolled under the orders I gave for enlisting two companies of volunteer militia, I have to repeat the directions I gave two weeks ago, for you not to draft any more of our citizens on duty.

I shall write to Major Riddle, who I understand you have appointed to the command of these troops, how to act, &c. You observe Capt. Perry has enlisted 30 men, and Capt. Carpenter 15. I hope they will get their companies complete—and these men who are raised under the authority, and in the pay of the United States, will be sufficient for any service that can be required of them; it is quite unnecessary to harrass men when we are certain no hostile boats are to come down, or to have more out than is necessary to bring to any who may be suspected for examination.

I shall therefore give the necessary orders to Major Riddle, and I beg you to accept my thanks for your kind and patriotic exertions during the late occurrences, and am with great respect and regard,

Yours &c.,

EDWARD TIFFIN.

Gen. Gano.

P. S. Gen. Buell enlisted his men for three months unless sooner discharged, and his quota complete in a day and a half.

A Deep Bite.

At this season of assessing the property and business taxes of Cincinnati, I am reminded of an incident in the operation of past years here. Jonathan Pancoast, an old citizen, although at that period not so well known among the active business men in Cincinnati, as he deserved to be, had been appointed assessor, and one of the first individuals he called on was an extensive wholesale dealer in drygoods, who bore as many names as he had feet to his height, *Gustavus Vasa Hannibal D———*. What illustrious names were here thrown away on a merchant, which should have graced a general's commission at least! Pancoast entered the warehouse with the air and appearance of a country storekeeper, and glancing around the piles of dry goods that reached from the ceiling to the floor and on the shelves, at length remarked, "A pretty smart chance of goods you seem to have here. I suppose a man could suit himself in your store with every thing he might want." "Yes," said the merchant, who mistook his visiter for a buyer from the country, "We can suit a customer here with all he needs—but walk up stairs if you want to see a fine stock of goods." So taking his visiter up one two & three pair of stairs, through rooms filled up with merchandize.—"There" said he, "is'nt there a pile for you to pick among." "I should think there was," replied Pancoost, "and I suppose there can't be less than eight or nine thousand dollars worth of goods." "Eight or nine!" exclaimed the merchant in a contemptuous tone, "There is sixty or seventy thousand dollars worth, at least!"—"Very well," said the assessor, taking a large roll of paper from one of his coat pockets, "that

will do," and while the undeceived salesman stood petrified with astonishment, and chagrin at his own folly, made his entry, "*G. V. H. D. dry goods merchant, value of stock* 60,000 *dollars!*" This swell cost the unfortunate merchant all of 300 dollars extra taxes.

A Legend of Cincinnati.

Most of my readers are familiar with the narrative of the late Oliver M. Spencer, and have read in various shapes the account of his capture by Indians between Cincinnati and Columbia, while on his way home to the latter settlement in July, 1792. There is a legend connected with that event very current among the early settlers which refers to an incident connocted with that narrative, to wit, the escape from those Indians of Mrs. Mary Coleman, by her floating down to Cincinnati, supported by her clothes which are stated to have buoyed her up all the way, from the scene of those events a distance of four miles.

A late visit to Montgomery in this county has given me an opportunity to enquire of *Mr. Jesse Coleman*, son of the lady named, and who at the period referred to, was a boy old enough to know something of the circumstances. He is now considerably over sixty, and his intellects are clear and strong. He gave me the following statement, which he has repeatedly heard made by his mother, by which it appears that the distance she thus floated was not more than a mile, and affords some interesting particulars I had never known.

The scenery of the Ohio between Columbia and Cincinnati was in those days truly romantic; scarcely a tree had been cut on either side, between the mouth of Crawfish and that of Deer creek, a distance of more than four miles The sand bar now extending from its left bank, opposite to aportsman's Hall, was then a small island, between which and the Kentucky shore was a narrow channel, with sufficient depth of water for the passage of boats. The upper and lower points of this island were bare, but its centre, embracing about four acres, was covered with small cotton wood, and surrounded by willows extending along its sides almost down to the water's edge. The right bank of the river crowned with its lofty hills, now gradually ascending, and now rising abruptly to their summits, and forming a vast amphitheatre, was from Columbia, extending down about two miles, very steep, and covered with trees quite down to the beach. From thence, nearly opposite the foot of the island, its ascent became more gradual, and for two miles farther down, bordering the tall trees with which it was covered was a thick growth of willows, through which in many places it was difficult to penetrate. Below this, the beach was wide and stony, with only here and there a small tuft of willows, while the wood on the side and on the top of the bank was more open. Not far from this bank and near the line of the present turnpike, was a narrow road leading from Columbia to Cincinnati, just wide enough for the passage of a wagon, which, winding round the point of the hill above Deer creek, descended northwardly about four hundred feet, and crossing that creek, and in a southerly direction ascending gradually its western bank, led along the ground, now Symmes street, directly toward Fort Washington, and diverging at the intersection of Lawrence street to the right and left of the Fort, entered the town.

The river between Columbia and Cincinnati is thus minutely described, not only to give an idea of the former appearances to those who have come to reside here since, but also to explain the statement which Mr. C. give me.

Spencer, as he tells us in his own narrative, had got on board a canoe at the bank in front of Fort Washington, which was just ready to put off from the shore on the afternoon of the 7th July. It was a small craft, and hardly fit to accommodate the party, which thus consisted of a Mr. Jacob Light, a Mr. Clayton, Mrs. Coleman, young Spencer, a boy of 13, and one of the garrison soldiers, which last individual being much intoxicated, lurched from one side of the canoe to the other, and finally by the time they had got up a short distance above Deer Creek, tumbled out, nearly oversetting the whole party. He then reached the shore, the water not being very deep at the spot. Spencer did not know how to swim, and had become afraid to continue in the canoe, and was therefore as his own request put on shore, where they left the soldier, and the party in the boat and Spencer on shore, proceeded side by side. Light propelled the boat forward with a pole, while Clayton sat at the stern with a paddle which he sometimes used as an oar, and sometimes as a rudder, and Mrs Coleman a woman of fifty years, sat in the middle of the boat. One mile above Deer creek, a party of market people with a woman and child, on board a canoe, passed them on their way to Cincinnati. Light and the others had rounded the point of a small cove less than a mile below the foot of the island, and proceeded a few hundred yards along the close willows here bordering the beach, at about two rods distance from the water, when Clayton looking back, discovered the drunken man staggering along the shore, and remarked that he would be "*bait for Indians.*" Hardly had he passed the remark when two rifle shots from the rear of the willows struck Light and his comrade, causing the latter to fall towards the shore, and wounding

the other by the ball glancing from the oar.—The two Indians who had fired instantly rushed from their concealment, to scalp the dead, and impede the escape of the living. Clayton was scalped, and Spencer in spite of all his efforts to get off, was made prisoner, but Light soon swam out of reach of his pursuers, and Mrs. Coleman who had also jumped out, preferring to be drowned to falling into the hands of Indians, and floated some distance off. The Indians would probably have reloaded and fired, but the report of their rifles brought persons to the opposite shore, and fearing to create further alarm, they decamped with their young prisoner in haste, saying "squaw must drown." Light had first made for the Kentucky shore, but finding himself drifting under all the exertions he could make in his crippled state, directed his way out on the Ohio side. Mrs. Coleman followed as well as she could by the use of her hands as paddles, and they both got to shore some distance below the scene of their events. Light had barely got out when he fell, so much exhausted that he could not speak, but after vomiting blood at length came to. Mrs. Coleman floated nearly a mile, and when she reached the shore, walked down the path to Cincinnati, crossed Deer creek at its mouth, holding on to the willows which overhung its banks—the water there in those days flowing in a narrow current that might almost be cleared by a spring from one bank to the other. She went direct to Captain Thorp at the artificer's yard, with whose lady she was acquainted, and from whom she obtained a change of clothes, and rested a day or two to overcome her fatigue.

Mrs. Coleman, deceased six years since at a very advanced age, at Versailles, Ripley county, Indiana.

Literary Notice.

I adverted a few weeks back to the *Pictorial History of the World*, by John Frost L. L. D., writing out a notice of the character of the first number. Nos. 2 and 3 are now both on my table.

Egypt, Ethiopia, Babylonia, Assyria, Asia Minor and Syria, form subjects of the three earlier numbers published. Nothing can be treated more judiciously than the early history of these regions, objects of the deepest interest, to the reader alike of classic and sacred literature. I have already spoken of the typography, engraving, and paper of this publication. They are perfect of the kind.

I observe also by a circular handed me on the subject, that the Ohio Dental College has been organized; and that lectures will be delivered in the Institution on the first Monday of November ensuing, the session to continue four months. It speaks well for the west that this is the only college of Dental Surgery in the United States, that of Baltimore excepted. We leave *transcendental science* to the Bostonians, intending ourselves to *transcend dental science* as it exists in any part of the republic.

A Chapter on Names.

These are in every measure of oddity and variety throughout the United States, and in many respects illustrate the character of our respective communities. A man in Baltimore bears the name of Origen L. Herring. He goes by no other name than *Original* Herring. This name in turn naturally reminds us of Preserved Fish, of New York City, who ought to have been called Pickled Fish, on the dictionary principle that to pickle is to preserve.

I have heard of a man who had vowed to name his first child Thomas Jefferson, of course he calculated on a boy, but his first born was a female. He kept his oath however, and the lady bearing this unfeminine appellation is still living, and called by her little nephew and niece, *Aunt Jiffy*.

Another individual, a Mr. New, had his first born baptised something, and the next nothing. These were of course—the first, *Something New*, and the second, Nothing New. An auctioneer in N. Orleans called his first daughters who were twins, *Ibid* and *Ditto*. His three boys who followed, were *A Lot*, *One More* and *The Last*. What name he could give his sixth, if he should have had one after this I, cannot conjecture.

A man by the name of Stickney up the Great Miami, determined on a succession of numbers as names for his children, and actually had them baptised, One Stickney, Two Stickney, and so on to the babe at the breast who was called Nine Stickney.

I knew a storekeeper in Pennsylvania who promised one of his customers, a married woman, half a dozen frock patterns for her infant baby if she would allow him to give the name, adding, as he was considered little better than an infidel, it should be a Scripture name. The banter was accepted, and the name handed in accordingly *Mahershallalhashbaz*. He had named it thus, expecting that the dresses would be given up rather than taken encumbered with such a name. But the mother kept the name and the clothes too.

The following is an actual list of names in one neighborhood in Georgia. Drusilla Narcissus Baker, William Green Marion Stibbs, Peggy Caroline Amanda Steele, Matilda Polly Araminta Jacobs, David Thomas Jasper Jackson, Rebecca Tabitha Jane Armor, Violet Delilah Clementine Bell, Abraham Orlando Symmachus Jones, Miranda Delia Sally Williams.

Enough for one dose.

Modern Traveling.

Dr. Brisbane now travelling eastward, gives the following table of travelling expenses from Cincinnati.

Passage to Wheeling, steamboat,	$5
Wheeling to Philadelphia,	13
Philadelphia to New York,	4
New York to Boston,	3 50
Seven meals,	3 50
Porter's fees,	1 00
	30 00

Tour five days eighteen hours.

Let our rail road once be completed via. Sandusky and Buffalo to Boston, and we can be taken on to the last named place in 50 hours and at an expense not exceeding ten dollars. I remember when the eastern practicable route hence to Philadelphia alone cost the traveller twelve days and an outlay of fifty dollars.

Ingenuity of Germans.

There is in many minds a prejudice against the German nation, on account of the stupidity unjustly laid to its charge. On examining the subject I find the following inventions have originated in Germany.

A. D.	
350	Saw Mills
898	Sun Dial
996	Fulling Mills
1070	Tillage of hops
1100	Wind Mills
	Oil Painting
1270	*Spectacles*
1300	Paper of linen rags
1312	Organs
1318	Gun powder
	Cannons
1350	Wire making
1330	Hats
1379	Pins
1389	Grist mills
1423	Wood engravings
1436	Printing
1439	Printing press
1440	Copperplate engraving
1450	Printing ink
1452	Cast types
1487	Chiming of bells
1500	Watches
	Letter posts or mails
	Etching
1500	Bolting apparatus
1527	Gun locks
1535	Spinning wheels
1546	Almanacs
	Stoves
	Sealing wax
1590	Telescopes
1610	Wooden bellows
1620	Microscopes
1638	Thermometers
1643	Mezzotint engraving
1650	Air pumps
1652	Electrical machines
1656	Pendulum clocks
1690	Clarionet
1706	White china ware
1707	Prussian blue
1709	Stereotyping
1715	Mercurial thermometer
1717	Piano Fortes
1738	Solar microscope
1753	The gamut
1796	Lithography.

Besides these are several German inventions of which I cannot ascertain the date—such as door locks and latches, the modern screw auger, and gimlet, the cradle for harvesting, &c. &c.

Surely a nation which has made such contributions to the interests of literature and the arts must occupy a high rank in intellect and ingenuity.

Western Heroines.

CINCINNATI, May 12th, 1845.

MR. CIST:

As opportunity now offers I will proceed to redeem my promise by giving you another of "Old Tim Watkins' " tales. On the Illinois river, near two hundred miles from its junction with the Mississippi, there lived at the time I write of an old pioneer, known in those days as "Old Parker the squatter." His family consisted of a wife and three children, the oldest a boy of nineteen, a girl of seventeen, and the youngest a boy of fourteen. At the time of which we write, Parker and his oldest boy had gone in company with three Indians on a hunt, expecting to be absent some five or six days.—The third day after the departure, one of the Indians returned to Parker's house, came in and sat himself down by the fire, lit his pipe and commenced smoking in silence. Mrs. Parker thought nothing of this, as it was no uncommon thing for one or sometimes more of a party of Indians to return abruptly from a hunt, at some sign they might consider ominous of bad luck, and in such instances were not very communicative. But at last the Indian broke silence with "ugh, old Parker die." This exclamation immediately drew Mrs. Parker's attention, who directly enquired of the Indian, what's the matter with Parker? The Indian responded Parker sick, tree fell on him, you go he die. Mrs. Parker then asked the Indian if Parker sent for her, and where he was? The replies of the Indian somewhat aroused her suspicions. She however came to the conclusion to send her son with the Indian to see what was the matter. The boy and Indian started. That night passed, and the next day too, and neither the boy or Indian returned. This confirmed Mrs. Parker in her opinion that there was foul play on the part of the Indians. So she and her daughter went to work and barricaded the door and windows in the best way they could. The youngest boy's rifle was the only one left, he not having taken it with him when he went

to see after his father. The old lady took the rifle, the daughter the axe, and thus armed they determined to watch through the night and defend themselves if necessary. They had not long to wait after night fall, for shortly after that some one commenced knocking at the door, crying out mother! mother! but Mrs. Parker thought the voice was not exactly like that of her son—in order to ascertain the fact, she said "Jake where are the Indians?" The reply which was "um gone," satisfied her on that point. She then said as if speaking to her son, put your ear to the latch-hole of the door I want to tell you something before I open the door. The head was placed at the latch-hole, and the old lady fired her rifle through the same spot and killed an Indian. She stepped back from the door instantly, and it was well she did so, for quicker than I have penned the last two words two rifle bullets came crashing through the door. The old lady then said to her daughter, thank God there is but two, I must have killed the one at the door—they must be the three who went on the hunt with your father. If we can only kill or cripple another one of them, we will be safe; now we must both be still after they fire again, and they will then break the door down, and I may be able to shoot another one; but if I miss them when getting in you must use the axe.—The daughter equally courageous with her mother assured her she would, Soon after this conversation two more rifle bullets came crashing through the window. A death-like stillness ensued for about five minutes, when two more balls in quick succession were fired through the door, then followed a tremendous punching with a log, the door gave way, and with a fiendish yell an Indian was about to spring in when the unerring rifle fired by the gallant old lady stretched his lifeless body across the threshold of the door. The remaining, or more properly surviving Indian fired at random and ran doing no injury. "Now" said the old heroine to her undaunted daughter "we must leave." Accordingly with the rifle and the axe, they went to the iver, took the canoe, and without a mouthful of provision except one wild duck and two blackbirds which the mother shot, and which were eaten raw, did these two courageous hearts in six days arrive among the old French settlers at St. Louis. A party of about a dozen men crossed over into Illinois—and after an unsuccessful search returned without finding either Parker or his boys. They were never found. There are yet some of the old settlers in the neighborhood of Peoria who still point out the spot where "old Parker the squatter" lived.

Respectfully,

G. REDDING.

Relics of the Past.

FORT WASHINGTON, May 4th, 1792.

SIR:

A disappointment on the part of the Contractor, prevents my despatching the heavy escort so soon as my last letter mentioned, and the party which now goes on, is to endeavor to join Fort St. Clair under cover of night. They are to halt with you the day they may arrive, and you are to cross thence over the river, on the evening of that day after sun-set, taking the necessary precaution to prevent the enemy from discovering their numbers. You will give the Corporal orders to reach St. Clair, in the course of the night on which you despatch him. His safety and the safety of the little convoy, depend on the strict observance of this order. Captain Peters, with the efficient escort, waits the arrival of a drove of bullocks, which have been injudiciously halted at Craig's, and will not reach this place until the 8th inst,—by him you will receive a volume, from

Yours sincerely,

JAS. WILKINSON,
Lieut. Col. Com'dt.

JNO. ARMSTRONG, Esq. Capt. Com'dt.

P. S. I expect to break an ensign here tomorrow, he is under trial.

FT. HAMILTON, May 7, 1792.

LT. COL. JAMES WILKINSON.

Dr. Sir—on the evening of the 5th inst. your letter was handed me by the Corporal conducting the escort. As Indians had shown themselves on the the opposite shore for three succeeding days, I detained the escort until the evening of the 6th, and in the interim detached Lt. Gaines with 20 men, five miles on the road leading to St. Clair with directions to recross Joseph's creek, and to form in ambuscade, until the small party pass him—which promises an ample reward; if there was nothing improper in the request, I would solicit their continuance here until the opening of the campaign.

Yours,

JNO. ARMSTRONG.
Capt. 1st Regt. U. S. A.

MARRIAGES.

On Friday 11th ult., Miss MARY E. SHERWOOD, daughter of Mrs. Ann S. and step-daughter of S. W. Davis, to Mr. WILLIAM L. THOMAS.

At Baltimore on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Trapnell, Mr. LEWIS A. HOWSER, to MARY ANN BURDICK, of Wheeling.

On Sunday evening, 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lynd, Mr. JACOB HOFFNER to Miss FRANCIS A. SMITH—all of this city.

On Tuesday, 6th inst. Mr. GEORGE MELLUS, of N. Orleans, La., to Miss SUSANNAH BATES, of this city.

DEATHS.

On Thursday, 8th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH ANN SMITH

Monday, 12th inst. Hon. WILLIAM MILLER, aged 83.

Journal of Rev. David Jones.

Communicated by Horatio G. Jones Jr., Leverington, Pa.,

We encamped on the east side of this [the Scioto] river, at a place called Red Bank, and indeed this was the first place that we could encamp with safety, for in floods the waters of the Ohio and Scioto spread over the low land at the mouth of the latter. For about one mile or more, the two rivers were near the same course, and are not far apart. The mouth of this river, according to Mr. Hutchins, is in lat. 28 deg. 22, and he calculated it only 366 miles, as the river runs from Fort Pitt, but it is accounted 400 by the traders, and I am persuaded it will be found good measure. I am informed this river has its source towards Lake Erie, and that there is but a very small land passage between this river and the streams that empty into that lake. The Scioto is very crooked but not rapid, so that men with canoes can stem the current to the head. Tuesday June 5th, I went out and killed some turkeys, and the men rowed up the canoe 6 or 7 miles and were obliged to encamp, because of the depth of the water. Wednesday 6th, moved but slowly, and spent some time in fitting poles of paw paw wood, which is very plenty here and very light, so that it is used chiefly for canoe poles; we encamped on the west side of the river. It rained very hard, so that our lodging was not the best. Thursday 7th. As the canoe was polled up the stream, I chose for the advantage of killing game, to walk on land; but mistaking the way that the river turned, I lost myself on the finest and largest walnut bottom that my eyes ever beheld. The sun did not shine, and after some time I perceived that I was lost, and what added to my surprise on the occasion, was that it drew near night. After ruminating on my case with some degree of disquietude, and reflecting on the course that I came, I thought I knew which way the west was, and therefore ran over many bad places, and at last saw the top of a very high hill, which I apprehended would afford me a prospect of the river. To this I made with all speed, and before I ascended it far, I saw the river; this was pleasing, but I knew not whether the canoe was above or below me. However I first went up the river, and both whistled and halloed, but finding no answer, I turned down again and went many miles back until I was sure they were above me. Thereupon I retraced my steps, and was marching up the stream, expecting nothing else than to be left in the wilderness, with but little ammuniiton. While many thoughts arose in my mind, I heard them fire for me at their camp. I supposed they were three miles above me, and began to run firing as I went, but as the wind blew towards me, they never heard the report of my gun, though I heard theirs every shot. I ran as fast as I could in the night, they continuing to fire. At last I arrived safe and was received with great joy by all; for they were more distressed about me, than I was myself. This day we passed a large creek on the west side of the Scioto, and several small ones on the east side.

Friday 8th, passed some miles up the river and encamped on the west side. Saturday 9th, we overtook Mr. William Butler and his canoes. He had met with an accident and got some of his goods wet, which retarded his progress, so that we came up to him, though he had set out several days before us. We went in company with him past a place where some very unruly Indians were, who had been violent to Mr. B. though he sustained no great damage. Our crew knew the disposition of Indians better than I; therefore as their greatest safety, they made themselves nearly half drunk, and made a great bustle, so that the Indians were afraid to molest us, as we were afterwards informed; for Indians are extremely afraid of any one when intoxicated, because such are looked upon as mad, and among themselves, in such a condition, they are always for killing each other. Encamped this night near the crossings of the river and rested safely. Sunday 10th, we moved up to a place known by the name of Kuskuskis—sometimes it is called Kuskuskis Cabins. This is the common place to disload part of the canoes, and carry the goods from here to some of the towns on pack-horses; but they can come much nearer, though it is with considerable labor. as the bend of the river makes the distance much farther. Here some Indians encamped near us, who were going to Pickaweke, an Indian town on Deer creek. Monday 11, Mr. Butler and Mr. Nailor concluded to take part of their load by land, their horses being brought by hands employed for that purpose. I was very desirous to leave the canoe, and therefore requested Mr. Butler and Mr. Kelly to intercede for me to the Indian who was going to Pickaweke, that he would hire me a horse to ride to the town. The gentlemen were very kind, and by many good words and good treatment I got a horse; so we set out about 10 o'clock and came that night to Paint Creek, which is considered about 14 miles from Kuskuskis, and I think the last part of the way was due north. The Indian name of this creek is *Alamoneethecpeera*, and is so called from some kind of paint that is found there. This creek comes from the west and empties into the Scioto, near where we encamped. The water is exceedingly clear and beautiful, demonstrating that it has its riso from excellent springs. On branches of this creek, are situated some chief towns of the Shawanese, of which I shal

speak hereafter. Tuesday 12th. After taking breakfast with Messrs. Butler and Nailor, I set out for Pickaweke, in company with my Indian friend (whose name was Cuttleway,) his wife and some other Indians. It may well be supposed that my journey was lonesome, for I knew not one word of the Shawanese language, and my fellow traveller knew not one word of English; so that we could converse little more than the horses on which which we rode. The day was cold and we rode fast, so that about 2 o'clock, we came to the town. When we came within one mile of it, my friend displaced part of his load, and leaving the women behind, he made signs for me to ride on with him. I apprehend the reason of his conduct, was lest he might be molested by drunken Indians, for when intoxicated their abuses to white people are unlimited. As I drew near the town many thoughts arose in my mind as to what I should do, for I knew not whether there was one white man in the place, but my anxiety was soon removed by seeing Joseph Nicholas, with whom I was acquainted at Fort Pitt. He received me very kindly, and entertained me with such refreshments as the situation afforded. While we were refreshing ourselves, Mr. John Irwine came in and invited me to his habitation. Mr. Irwine resides chiefly in a small town, called by the English Blue Jacket's Town—an Indian of that name residing there; but before I speak of it I shall describe Pickaweke. This town is situated south of a brook that empties into Deer Creek. It is named from a nation of Indians called Picks, some of them being the first settlers, and it signifies the place of the Picks. Now, its population is about one hundred souls, being a mixture of Shawanese and other tribes, so that it is called a Shawanese town. It is a remarkable town for robbers and villains, and yet it pretends to have its chief men, who are indeed the veriest scoundrels, being guilty of theft and robbery. Leaving this town I went home with Mr. Irwine, whose civilities to me during all our acquaintance. were very marked. Blue Jacket's Town is on Deer Creek, about 3 miles west and by north, from Pickaweke. It is situated south-west of a large plain and east of the creek, which is a clear and beautiful stream, appearing useful for mills, and beautiful for the inhabitants. The buildings are of logs, and their number is about 12. It is a quiet and peaceable place. In this town *Kishshinottisthee* lives, who is called a king, and is one of the head men of this nation. In English his name signified Hardman. Wednesday 13th. Mr. Irwine invited the king and some of his friends to take breakfast with me. He had informed the king, that I was no trader but was a good man, whose employment among white people was to speak of heavenly matters, and came with that view to see my brothers—the Indians. This nation never saw a minister, except a chance one at some Fort; so that they have no prepossessions, but such as are natural. When the king came, he met me with all appearance of friendship, and respectfully gave me the right hand of fellowship, with some kind of obeisance, and ordered the others to do the same. When breakfast, which consisted of fat buffalo meat, beaver tails and chocolate, was ready, I acknowledged the goodness of God in a solemn manner, and desired Mr. J. to let the king know the meaning of my proceedings; he did so, and told me that the king well approved of it. The king desired to know my business among them, seeing that I did not trade. I informed him that I could not perfectly tell him at present, because I could not speak his language, and had not yet got an interpreter who could rightly speak for me, but expected to get one soon, when he should fully know my errand. At present I told him only a little respecting divine things, as Mr. J. could not interpret very well, except on common affairs, not having traded long, in this nation. *Kishshinottisthee* is indeed a man of good sense, and ever remained my hearty friend. If he could have had his will, I would have instructed them in the knowledge of God; he was however but one, and the Indians at Chillicothe were unanimously against him. While I remained here I went to see the king in his own dwelling, he always received me kindly, and treated me with hickory nuts (of which their food consists in part,) being much superior to any of the kind in the east. He is neither distinguished in apparel or dwelling, his house being one of the least in town, being about 14 feet by 12. While here I was very unwell, one day—and the queen was so kind as to bring me, what she thought light food for my stomach. The present consisted of dried pumpkins boiled, and bear's grease, of which I ate a little, rather out of politeness than from any appetite. About this time it snowed 6 inches deep, and seemed as cold as winter commonly is at Philadelphia, though I am of the opinion that it is nearly 2 degs. south. Before I moved from this town, Capt. McKee arrived from Fort Pitt, in company with Major Smallman. Mr. McKee is agent for this department of Indians. I acquainted him with my design and he appeared very well pleased and promised to do any thing in his power, that might be of service to make my journey prosperous.—Of him I enquired about an interpreter, for the Indians told me that my old one—David Owens, was away below the Falls, towards the Wabash river. Mr. McKee recommended one whose name was Cæsar, who is a foreigner, and un-

derstands something about religion, and therefore would be the best interpreter on that subject. We parted in expectation of seeing each other at Chillicothe. I was unwilling to leave this town, before I had the assistance of an interpreter, but being disappointed I concluded to remove to the chief town. Accordingly on Friday 22d, Mr. Irwine and I came to Chillicothe, far in this town Mr. I. kept an assortment of goods, and for that purpose had rented a house from an Indian whose name was *Wappeemoneeto*. We went to see Mr. Moses Henty a gunsmith and trader from Lancaster. This gentleman has lived for some years in this town, and is lawfully married to a white woman. who was taken captive so young, that she speaks the language as well as an Indian. She is a daughter of Major Collins, who formerly lived on the south branch of the Potomac, but latterly on the Ohio, near the little Kanawha. Mr. Henry lives very comfortably, and was as kind to me as a man could be. Soon after I came to this town I dieted altogether with Mr. H. but slept on my blankets at Mr. Irwine's. Chillicothe is the chief town of the Shawanese nation, and is situated north of a large plain adjacent to a branch of Paint creek. This plain is their corn-field which supplies all the town. Their buildings are in no regular form, as every man erects his house just as fancy leads him. North of this town are the remains of an old fortification, the area of which may be 15 acres. It lies nearly four square and appears to have had gates at each corner, and likewise in the middle. From the west middle gate there went an entrenchment including about 10 acres, which seemed designed to defend the Fort on all quarters. Mr. Irwine told me that there is one exactly resembling this on the river Scioto, but the banks of that are much higher, for if men ride on horse-back with the bank between them, they cannot see each other. 'Tis evident to all travellers that this country has formerly been inhabited by a people, who had the use of tools, for such entrenchments could not otherwise have been made; but of this part of antiquity, it is likely, we shall ever remain ignorant. Saturday 23, in company with Mr. I. went to see Capt. McKee, who lives about 3 miles west and by north, from Chillicothe in a small town called *Wockachalli*, which signifies Crooked Nose's place. Here the Indian relatives of the Captain lives. The town seems quite new, and not much ground is cleared; it is situated east of a creek which must be a branch of Paint creek. The Indians who live here have a great number of the best horses in the nation, and cattle also, so that they live chiefly by stock. Capt. McKee was very courteous and still promised well.

Relics of the Past.

I have been led to the publication of the following letters from the fact that they convey a lively idea of the political feeling produced by the presidential election of 1801, and which has never been surpassed in intensity since. Gen. Gano's letter affords some interesting views on lawyers and marriage, which are just as true now as they were forty years ago. It seems also that our predecessors have been as much annoyed by incendiaries as ourselves.

CINCINNATI, April 3d, 1803.

DEAR SIR:

Yours of February last came to hand this week, for which please to accept my thanks —it has not been for the want of esteem that you have not had a line before this from me, but the great revolution and change in our government, and politics has left every thing respecting offices &c. &c., at an uncertain and precarious issue, and what effect it will have on the minds of the people at present I cannot inform you, and have delayed writing on that account; but as our legislature is now in session, and have a number of important appointments to make, it will soon be known, when the new government comes into full operation, whether the change will be of advantage or not. I am in hopes it will encourage population and add to the prosperity and happiness of the people of our new State. The base conduct of the Spaniards on the Mississippi has injured the western country very much in their commerce this season, though there has been considerable shipments of flour and pork from this place, notwithstanding the uncertainty of the market. I am pleased with your having undertook the study of the law, and have no doubt but you will find it of great service to you whether you practice it or not. We may look round and see the most popular men in the State, and in society, have been of that profession; that alone ought to be an inducement for you to persevere. Many other motives can be mentioned; we find them generally rich after a few years application to business—they have advantage in trade, and making contracts &c. I cannot till I see the Judiciary Law inform you, how the practice of law will be affected by the change of government; I will then write you my opinion more particularly on that subject, from the P. S. &c.

In your letter I find you are still anticipating something in the hymenial order. It is certainly a very desirable object in this life, but it sometimes strews our path with thorns, thistles, briars, rocks, mountains, valleys, &c., and make our passage more difficult than the road from Providence to Hillsdale. Do not understand me as wishing to discourage you, for as many or

more happy effects may be produced by it, and it may make the passage through life as serene as a May morning in a garden of flowers, and delightful plants where all nature appears designed to make us happy, and you press on with the current of bliss in the enjoyment of the greatest felicity that can be in the possession of mortals—my pen and tongue cannot describe it justly. *So much for that.* We have been greatly distressed in my family, and neighborhood, lately by fire--we have had three fires in quick succession, and the farthest not 100 yards from my dwelling; and it appears as if it was nothing but the kind interposition of providence in directing the wind, that saved my buildings. We are obliged to keep a night-watch, as the incendiary cannot be discovered, though we do not feel safe at night. There is a man imprisoned on suspicion; but I cannot allow myself to think he is so base as to be guilty.

We have no news interesting except what I have related, I therefore close, as I think you must be tired by this time with reading this scrawl. John and the rest of the family desires love and compliments to my brother and family. And believe me to be with much esteem,

Your friend and humble servant.

JOHN S. GANO.

Mr. John Holroyd, Providence.

Providence, June 9th., 1803.

Respected Sir:

Yours of April 3rd came duly to hand, and should have been answered before, but that I was induced to wait till this opportunity; knowing this to be safer than trusting to the *giddy flights of an infatuated satelite of J——n.* The bearer of this is a cousin of mine, who intends, if he is suited with the country, to settle in Cincinnati. His companion is a young man who is master of the ropemaking business, and intends to set up that business in your country if he finds it will suit. My cousin lost his parents while young, since which time he has lived with my father, and seems as near to me as any of my brothers. You will find both them upright, honest and industrious men. If they should succeed in their undertaking, I think they will be very useful to your part of the country. A recommendafion from me is unnecessary, as I make no doubt your brother will do them justice, and all that lies in his power to make them agreeable to you. However any attention you will please to bestow on them, will be gratefully acknowledged by me. I was much pleased in perusing your favor to find sentiments perfectly agreeing with mine. I believe, if the subject of matrimony was more seriously considered, before entered into thousands, would have been free from the difficulties in which they are now involved. I am happy in saying, however anxious I may be to be married, yet to plunge myself and her I love into poverty and wretchedness, would be the height of folly and extravagance. I believe I have chosen a profession, which, by diligence, honesty and punctuality on my part, will not fail of enabling me to obtain a livelihood. I feel a great degree of pleasure in striking upon the profession I have chosen, and much more since you have favored me with your sentiments upon that subject.—But the profession of the law, is not now very profitable in this place, (except to a few characters.) I wish very much to settle in your country, and I hope my wishes will be gratified, after I have finished my studies, which will be in a year from next September.

Politics are about the same as when you was here, but I think appearances are more in favor of the federal party. I think the time is not far distant, when democrats shall hide their heads in shame and blush at their folly and wickedness. When federalism shall shine resplendent as the sun, and this country shall once more become as happy and respected as when under the wise and politic reign of the sage and hero of *Mount Vernon*. Business is very dull, every one complaining there is nothing due—the want of money is the cry. *The wise policy of our present rulers* cannot save us from the cruel hand of pinching poverty; and I fear, will not protect us from the merciless and bloodthirsty Spaniards: Secure with *Sally*, in the cabin at Monticello, the *Hero of Carter's Mountain* fears no storm while his retreat can be effected. We have had the honor of a visit from the President's *giddy man.* His arrival in town was announced in a paper, stiled the Phœnix, under the guidance of a host of democratic desperadoes. Enclosed is a piece of our newspaper, containing proposals for the life of the detestable Arthur Fenner, Governor of this State. I think it will afford you much amusement.—You will there see some of his numerous crimes portrayed in colors no way exaggerated. I hope it will not be long before I shall receive a line from you. My respects to John and your family, though a stranger to them.

I am with sentiments of esteem,

Your friend and humble servant,

JOHN HOLROYD.

Col. John S. Gano.

Jones' Patent Changeable Locks.

As the late fire at Pittsburgh has demonstrated that while there are many Fire Safes absolutely worthless and *unsafe*, so daily experience serves to show that there are many locks termed *thief detectors* which not only fail to *detect thieves* but to defy picklocks.

Mr. H. C. Jones of Newark, New Jersey, is the Patentee as well as manufacturer of this truly ingenious piece of mechanism, which in addition to the usual safeguards to bank-vault door locks, possesses peculiar protective features of its own. These will be understood in some measure by the description of it which follows, and a personal inspection of the article which is left for sale at Isaac Young's, No. 100 Main street, will serve to explain and illustrate this statement. The lock is of great strength, exact construction, and convenient size, and the bolt which is secured inside of it by a proper staple, when it is shut is of equal thickness inside and outside of the lock in this respect defying the power of violence. It has six tumblers and duplicate keys, with twelve moveable bitts made of cast steel, as are also the tumblers.

Each tumbler has a distinct and separate groove in which to rise and fall, whereby two distinct setts of bitts—six at a time, may be made to operate on either of the grooves. The bitts of one sett being numbered from 1 to 6, and those of the other from 10 to 60. Each tumbler is so numbered as to correspond with its appropriate bitt, so that the bitts to the key may be changed in a minute, in the event of losing one of the keys, so as to prevent the lock being opened with the missing key. *It* must be obvious by this statement, that when the owner has received his lock, he is protected from the power of any one, even the maker, to open it. And it is the only lock in the world, which even the man that made it cannot pick. But this lock has a farther security. If the maker or any other person becoming possessed of a duplicate key, were to attempt unlocking it with a different bitt from that which aided in locking it, the key would derange the tumbler, throwing it into a cog or tooth so as to prevent even the proper key from opening it until its reacting motion should accomplish it, and put the owner on his guard by affording him evidence that the lock had been tampered with. The tumblers are protected from friction by washers, so that no amount of use can ever put them out of fit to the proper keys. Each tumbler has its appropriate recurved elliptical spring, so ingeniously contrived as to distribute the pressure equally along its length, and which is made of wrought brass rolled out under the pressure of rollers an half ton weight each, which completely closes the pores of the metal and gives it the elasticity and durability of steel without subjecting it to the influence of dampness so prejudicial to this last substance.

The tumblers of the lock, after it is locked, fall down to a level, which renders it impossible to take an impression for making a false key.—The bolt of the lock is secured independently of the main tumbler by a cog or tooth held by a cam or lever, to be relieved only by a revolving eccentric, passed around by the proper key with a pin or projection at the bottom of the key, requiring it to carry the cog to an elevation so exact that a thickness of tissue paper would intercept its passage. This cog is susceptible of being raised higher than its proper key will carry it, which being done, the bolt will not pass back, although each and every tumbler be raised to its proper elevation to pass it through its groove. This eccentric with its peculiar arrangements is entirely a new feature in this lock rendering it different in these respects from all others, foreign or home made. If any instrument in the shape of a key is introduced into the key-hole, it cannot be turned round to act on the bolt without covering the key-hole below, which prevents the insertion of any other instrument to aid in picking the lock. An additional guard against picking it, is found in the arrangement, that when the tumblers fall to the level in front of the stud or stump of the lock, the stump is secured at each end, so as to prevent the forcing of the bolt by any instrument inserted at the key-hole. Nor can it be picked by the aid of pressure as in ordinary cases, there being teeth on the edge of the tumbler corresponding to teeth in the face of the stump which shut in each other. The tumblers and bitts are arranged on the principle of combination and permutation, making the chance of the picklock to open it after he has got hold of the lost key as one possibility out of 134,217,728 trials.—These, a life time, if devoted to the employment, would not furnish leisure to effect. The combination and permutation powers are 22 in number, nearly that of the English alphabet, and some idea of the almost infinite variety attainable here, may be formed by reminding my readers of the fact, that millions upon millions of pages have been written and printed, no two of which are alike.

This lock took the first premium at the fair of the American Institute held last fall, being exposed on the table there for three weeks, with a placard, offering 500 dollars to any person who should open it with its own key, left there for the purpose.

This safety lock has been already introduced into many of the principal stores, banks and broker's offices at the east, and into a few of the banks of our own State.

We can all comprehend the importance of firstrate engraving as a means of protecting the banks, and through them the community from counterfeits. Not less important is a safety lock, which is protecting alike for the benefit of the bank and the bill holder, the funds required for

the redemption of the notes which constitute our currency.

This lock commends itself to public favor as an American invention, being designed to supercede CHUBB's thief detector, a foreign article heretofore relied on by the banks. What protection these afford may be judged by the fact of which *I* saw the certificate, by the Town Council, Newark, N. J., that Mr. Jones set one of his boys to pick it, which he accomplished successfully *in eight minutes*. But Chubb's day of security is past. *I* observe even Mrs. Caudle, in her last lecture speaks in terms of unbounded contempt of it, as having failed to afford the protection it promises.

One convenience may arise to a certain species of banks from the use of this particular lock, of great value. The lock being safe alike from force or fraud, and not susceptible of being picked, all they need when they wish to suspend specie payments, is to discover *that they have lost the key of the vault.*

The Metroscope.

A very ingenious instrument, called a METROSCOPE, which has been lately invented for the purpose of taking the measure of the human head so as to furnish an exact fit of hats in every individual case, has just made its appearance here. Most persons appear to think that variations in men's heads consist only in the difference of size. Those who are of that opinion will be undeceived by calling at DODD's hat store on Main below Fourth street, where they may see more than an hundred patterns, taken from the heads of citizens well known here, of every conceivable variety in form, and no two alike. They will find as great diversity in size, shape and features to the human head as exists in the human face. Indeed the outlines are so strange, and at the same time so characteristic, that *I* fully expect *craniometrology*, or the philosophy of head-measurement will soon rank with Mesmerism, Phrenology, Etherology and other occult sciences of the age. Be this as it may, it is wonderful what a degree of luxury and comfort belongs to hats made on these models. These are attained by following the sinuositics and indentations around the head, and conforming the hat in its fit accordingly. And a customer by once getting his measure taken, has his pattern card placed on file, and can at any future time, by ordering a hat, be certain of as perfect a fit as if he were present. *I* apprehend most of the complaints made of headache by exposure to the sun will be obviated by the use of this kind of hats, which by dividing the pressure in perfect equality over the entire head, renders the weight on the parts usually affected comparatively nothing. *If* any one is inclined to suppose too much consequence attached to this, I would seriously ask, what is it that enables us to bear tons in weight of atmospheric pressure upon our persons, but the circumstance that it is equally distributed over the whole body exposed to its influence?

Sheriff's Sales of Property.

Persons at a distance who read or hear statements of the rise of value to property in Cincinnati, are disposed in many instances to regard them as based on fictitious estimates. *I* have therefore annexed a memorandum of prices obtained at Sheriff's sale, on Monday the 19th, on a certain property at the north-east corner of Vine and 4th streets, with the appraised value, and prices which brought.

Nos.	Appraisement.	Actual Sale.
1	4,800	6,000
2	5,200	5,550
3	5,000	5,225
4	4,500	4,250
5	13,000	11,200
6	4,230	4,150
7	4,230	4,250
8	9,400	7,600

It is a singular fact that the reason why the last lot fell so far short of the appraisement was *that it had two brick houses on it.* The naked lots averaged almost 200 dollars per front foot. Those with the houses on them brought the same price. This indicates the constantly improving value of open lots as compared with property ready for renting.

The history of this property is curious. Forty-five years since it was part of a cornfield of four acres, which might then have been bought at one hundred dollars per acre. *In* 1802, Ethan Stone bought a portion of that field or block 250 feet on Vine by 200 feet on Fourth, including the property referred to for 220 dollars, little more than the price per foot at the late sale. Estimating his whole purchase at the value set on it by actual sale at the Court house, this property has advanced in value in forty-three years from 220 dollars to 62,250 dollars. And this it must be recollected, does not include any value conferred on it by improvements.

The Last Tree.

Those who remember the original line of the river bank between Main street and Broadway as far back as the commencement of the present century, need hardly be reminded of an ancient black-walnut tree which survived the destruction by the axe, or by natural causes, of its cotemporaries which were found here in great numbers from Western Row to Broadway, and from the brow of the river bank to the swamp which stretched from Columbia street to the foot of the hill, and was in fact the only aborigine of the kind in the first plat of Cincinnati.

This tree stood where at a point or angle which would intersect lines drawn from Huddart's tin ware shop on Main street and south from the Cincinnati Insurance Company office. It was nearly four feet in diameter. The top of the main trunk was dead, and had been perforated by woodpeckers into holes in which the martens had built their nests. In June 1807, this tre was lightning struck, and the top being dry as well as dead it took fire and burned with great rapidity, which rendered it necessary to cut the tree down to prevent further mischief or injury to a salt shed 50 feet by 16 which occupied ground to its north. At the corner of the landing, and what was then a corner of Main and Front streets, stood a two story brick building in which Henry Weaver, one of the early merchants of Cincinnati carried on business, the upper part unfinished at first, and afterwards occupied for a council chamber by those conscript fathers of the city who first sat in that capacity to legislate for public interests. This was a building of about 25 feet square. Immediately east of it was a frame tenement 1½ story high, occupied as a provision store. The whole space on Front street to perhaps 150 feet east of the line of Main street, and south as far as along the line of the salt shed was enclosed in a worm fence as late as 1806 and perhaps later. During this period the title to the public landing was in litigation between Joel Williams and the city of Cincinnati, and this occupation of the premises was kept up in behalf of Williams. After a protracted controversy the title was adjudged to be in the city, and the Sheriff, Goforth, put the municipal authorities in formal possession of it by offering them a spade full of earth, thus delivering a part for the whole.

The frame buildings refered to, were built of plank taken from the first bridge built over the mouth of Mill creek, when that bridge gave way, under circumstances which shall form hereafter the basis of another article of pioneer history.

Short Articles.

Brevity, condensation, pith and marrow, nuts without shell, are in demand now-a-days. Most readers are discouraged at the bare sight of a long article. Reporters dread long speeches, children long remarks, and people long sermons.

It would seem at first that ever body is fully impressed with the solemn truth, "The time is short:" "whatsoever is to be done must be done quickly." And whether it be that God may be the more glorified or themselves the better gratified, so it is that every body is in a hurry—every thing must be done with dispatch—journeys of hundreds of miles must be compressed by steam into the space of a few hours—tidings communicated from city to city by something "swifter than a post." And the minds and hearts of men must be impressed, if at all, by Daguerreotype process.

Thereforefore let the press be admonished.—Editors take heed—writers, condense and be brief, or you will spend your breath for nought. Are you too lazy or too hurried to allow you to condense' then do not write at all—you will exclude many better writers from the columns of the journal which you occupy. I do not wish the room, but others may.

Statesmen, be not so lavish of your words.—Long speeches are tedious. They indicate vanity on your part, and cause vexation of spirit to others. You may speak, speak well, speak to the point, but then stop! Superintendents and teachers in Sabbath schools and school committees, when you address children be brief. It will cost you much effort to address children profitably—make your preparation therefore beforehand; if you do not, you had better say nothing. For you will weary young hearts that are longing for release, and do them more hurt than good.

Preachers, make your sermons short. Firstly, secondly, sixteenthly, lastly, finally, in conclusion, and once more, will tire your hearers all out. Your congregations are not composed of Jobs. They will not endure it—they will not be edified by your preaching, because they will slumber before you come to the point. Paul himself could not keep all his hearers awake during a long sermon. Therefore be brief.—Take time to condense. Study the Proverbs. See the conclusion of the wise Preacher. How brief, how comprehensive, like a nail in a sure place. Three reasons for brevity and condensation.

Short articles if printed will be read. It will not take much time or cost much labor to gratify curiosity by reading them, and they are read. But multitudes have neither time nor inclination for reading long articles. Many therefore read the review of a work and content themselves without reading the work—for the review is much the shortest, or should be.

Let the preacher announce from the desk that he shall consider his subject under sixteen grand divisions, apply it in seven important points, and close with some pertinent remarks, natural reflections, and a brief exhortation, and I have heard enough. The prospect tires me. A long prayer at its commencement leads my heart upward to God, and kindles the fire of devotion in my bosom, but my heart returns, and the fire is extinguished by the time the prayer is done. Christ's prayers are not too long for me. But it wearies me to hear Christians use vain repetitions as the heathens do, in order to lengthen out their prayers.

Short articles will be remembered. Men always admire brevity of speech, whether spoken or written. When the Spartan mother gave her son the battle shield, saying, "This, or upon this," could that son forget the patriotic lesson thus impressed? No—in the din of battle it rung in his ears—it nerved his arm in the hour of conflict. Look at the parables of Christ—none of them are long—all of them are easily remembered. And is it not partly at least on account of their brevity? The impression of a brief article is apt to be distinct upon the memory. It must be apparent to all that memory grasps most easily and retains most permanently, brief articles, sententiously expressed.

Short articles, other things being equal, will do most good. This is evident from the fact that they will be read and remembered. But this is not all. If one hears a short sermon and

it closes too soon, he will reflect upon it when it is done, prosecuting the subject in his own mind. If he reads a short article and wishes it had been longer, he will naturally read it again. Its brevity furnishes his own mind something to do to supply what is wanting. He involuntarily attempts to do this. The powers of his intellect are excited to action. An impulse and a direction is given to his own thoughts. And to me it seems by no means the least benefit of brief and weighty articles, from the pulpit or the press, that they excite and direct the energies of the mind without wearying, serving as a projectile force to one's own thoughts.

Pioneers of Cincinnati.

The following list comprehends the names so far as I have been able to obtain them with the dates of their arrival here of those of our early settlers who have been here from the commencement of the present century.

1796 Jacob Burnet,	1798 Hugh Moore,
Isaac Burton,	Samuel Newell,
William Burke.	Ebenezer Pruden.
1804 Ephraim Carter,	1804 Jona. Pancoast,
James Crawford,	Jos. Perry.
William Crippen,	1802 Sam'l. Perry,
Henry Craven,	Wm. Pierson.
1800 Daniel Drake,	1804 Jos. Pancoast,
Jno. B. Enness,	Robt. Richardson.
Edward Dodson.	1790 John Riddle,
1800 Charles Faran.	Christop'r. Smith.
1790 Jas. Ferguson.	1802 Ethan Stone.
1790 Mrs. Mary Gano.	1796 Sam'l. Stitt,
1794 Dan'l. Gano.	Wm. Saunders.
1792 Asa Holcomb.	1804 P. S. Symmes,
1804 Caspar Hopple,	Benj. Smith,
Andrew Johnston.	P. A. Sprigman.
1798 David Kautz,	G. P. Torrence,
Wm. Legg.	1800 A. Valentine,
Nich. Longworth.	Stephen Wheeler,
1794 Jonathan Lyon.	John Wood,
1804 Benjamin Mason.	J. L. Wilson,
1797 John Mahard.	Caleb Williams.
1795 Jonah Martin.	1790 Mrs. H. Wallace.
1804 Peter McNicoll,	1801 Robt. Wallace,
Adam Moore,	John Whetsone.
Wm. Moody.	1794 Griffin Yeatman.

As I intend to correct this line as far as opportunity permits, I shall feel obliged to those who can present me the necessary information to do so.

Newspaper Paragraphs.

The mischief which may result from the practice of hastily making up articles for newspapers, is forcibly illustrated by the following incident, which is derived from the most authentic source.

"When Baron Humboldt sailed from Europe in 1799, to prosecute his scientific inquiries in the new world, he agreed with the commander of the exploring expedition about to be sent by the French Government into the Pacific, that if he should take the route by Cape Horne, he would join him at Chili or Peru, or at any port where the vessels would touch. At Cuba, Humboldt saw in an *American newspaper*, that the expedition had sailed from Havre, and also, that *it would make the circuit of the Globe from east to west.* The last was a gratuitous supposition, but in reliance upon the correctness of the information, Humboldt and Bonpland, his associate, hired a small vessel to transport them to Porto Bello, on the Spanish main, and crossed the isthmus to the Pacific, and it was not until after a journey of eight hundred leagues, that they found at Quito they had been deceived by the American journalist."

Family Government.

The following is not new, but it is both good and true. Parents, whose children 'tease them to death,' commit suicide, being themselves the cause of the teasing.

Child.—Mother, I want a piece of cake.

Mother.—I havn't got any; it's all gone.

C.—I know there's some up in the cupboard: I saw it when you opened the door.

M.—Well, you don't need any now——cake hurts children.

C.—No it don't (whining) I do want a piece; mother, mayn't I have a piece?

M.—Be still, I can't get up now, I'm so busy.

C.—(still crying) I want a piece of cake.

M.—Rising hastily, and reaching a piece; there, take that and hold your tongue! Eat it up quick. I hear Ben coming.——Now don't tell Ben you've had any.

(*Ben enters.*)

C.—I have had a piece of cake; you can't have any.

Ben.—Yes I will; mother, give me a piece.

M.—There, take it, it seems as if I never could keep a bit of any thing in the house. You see, sir, if you get any more.

(Another room.)

C.—I've had a piece of cake!

Young Sister.—Oh, I want some too.

C.—Well, you bawl, and mother'll give you a piece; I did.

MARRIAGES.

IN Henry Co., Missouri, on the 8th ult., Dr. J. EMERY of Paris, Mo., to Miss ELIZABETH B. DANA, of Harmar, Ohio.

ON Thursday 15th inst., by the Rev. Geo. W. Maley, Mr. MILTON J. WOODWARD to Miss SARAH GILDERSLIEVE, of Covington, Ky.

Same day, by the J. T. Brooke, Wm. H. THOMPSON to LAURA GRAHAM, neice of T. H. Yealman, Esqr.

Same day, by Rev. Dr. Thompson, JOHN FRAZER Esqr. to Miss ROSANNA B., daughter of Calvin Fletcher.

I have to make my acknowledgements to my friend FRAZER, who "lapt in Elysium," and placed under circumstances that might have led a man to forget even taking up a note in bank, remembered his friend the editor. The Pound cake was moistened with Adam's ale of my own providing, and was easier for me to take than any of Dr. Ridgely's proscriptions for ten years past. My best wishes and sincere prayers for the happiness of the new married couple, will be theirs for life.